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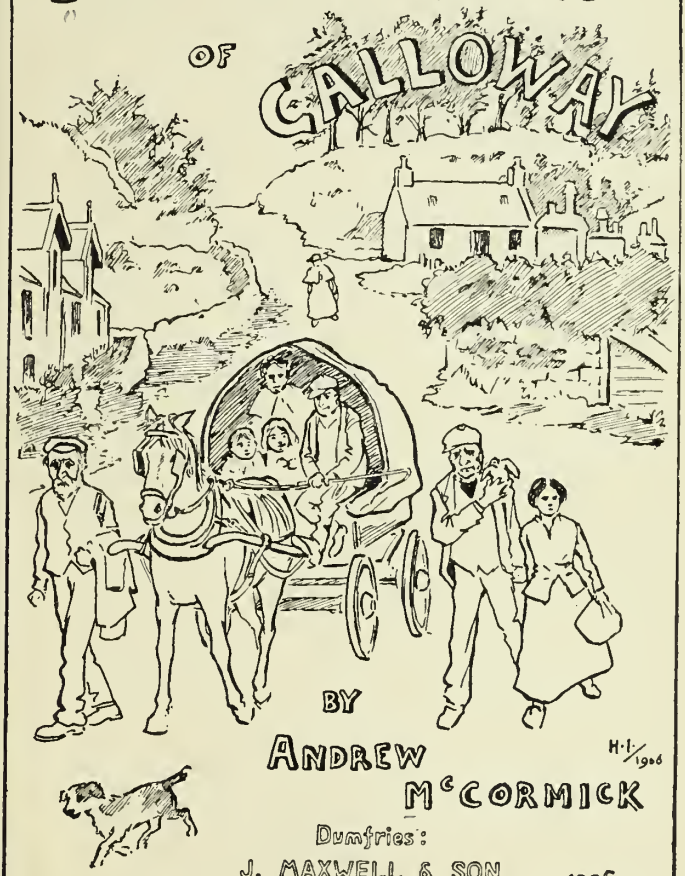
THE TINKLER-GYPSIES OF GALLOWAY



BY

ANDREW McCORMICK

H.I./1906

Dumfries:
J. MAXWELL & SON.
1906.

MIT

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

513824

". . . . I tell you what, brother, frequently as I have sat under the hedge in spring or summer time, and have heard the cuckoo, I have thought that we chals and cuckoos are alike in many respects, but especially in character. Everybody speaks ill of us both, and everybody is glad to see both of us again."

Jasper Petulengro in George Borrow's
"The Romany Rye."

513824

A Gypsy Child's Christmas.*

The child arose and danced through frozen dells,
Drawn by the Christmas chimes, and soon she sate
Where, 'neath the snow around the churchyard gate,
The ploughmen slept in bramble-banded cells:
The gorgios pass'd, half-fearing Gypsy spells,
While Rhona, gazing, seem'd to meditate;
Then laugh'd for joy, then wept disconsolate:
"De poor dead gorgios cannot hear de bells."

Within the church the clouds of gorgio-breath
Arose, a steam of lazy praise and prayer
To Him who weaves the loving Christmas-starr
O'er sorrow and sin and wintry deeps of Death;
But where stood He? Beside our Rhona there,
Remembering childish tears in Nazareth.

* From "The Coming of Love" (Rhona Boswell's Story), eighth edition.

Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton, author of *Aylwin*, *The Coming of Love*, &c., in kindly granting permission to the author of this book to use the foregoing beautiful sonnet, writes him as follows :—

The Pines, Putney Hill,
24th November, 1906.

Dear Mr M'Cormick,

Of course I shall be delighted to have my sonnet "A Gypsy Child's Christmas" reprinted in your book. It attracted more attention and gave more pleasure to my readers than any other part of *The Coming of Love*. I have had scores of letters from unknown friends upon *The Coming of Love*, and most of them have specially dwelt upon this sonnet. I can say this without laying myself open to the charge of egotism, because the subject of the sonnet was suggested by a beautiful anecdote of the child Lavinia Lee given in Frank Groome's charming volume *In Gypsy Tents*.

I am, and always have been, a great lover of children, and I know them well in all their varieties, and I do not hesitate to say that for whimsical fascination the Romany children surpass all others. They combine the bright-eyed intelligence of Gorgio children with the unspeakable, unconscious fascination of kittens.

As to your graphic and admirable sketches, when I read them in the proof I felt grateful to you for this labour of love of yours. Your book will be greatly prized, not only by all Romany Ryes, but by all who take interest in Gypsydom.

Two of the friends I have lost, George Borrow and Frank Groome, would have prized it more than any volume that has issued from the Press for a long time past, and whatever may be its acceptance at the present moment its documentary value will increase every year as time goes on, and as the pictures of the Romanies become more and more shadowy dreams of the past.

Believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

PREFACE.

I AM grateful to all who have in any way helped me in the preparation of this book. I must commend and thank my friends the tinkler-Gypsies themselves for their unfailing courtesy and kindness to me during my many interviews with them. They have flung their "coats upon the green" over some points treated of in this book, and manfully maintained their arguments by hard blows given and taken in real tinkler fashion, but they have on all occasions been kindly disposed and polite to me. I owe a special word of thanks to Mr David MacRitchie, Edinburgh, formerly co-editor (with the late Mr F. H. Groome) of the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*, for invaluable advice, help, and encouragement; also to the late Mr Alexander Waugh, banker, Newton-Stewart, and Dr M'Kie, Newton-Stewart, for information in regard to local folklore and for helping with the revisal of the proof sheets; and to Dr J. Maxwell Wood, the editor, and Messrs J. Maxwell & Son, the publishers of *The Gallovidian*, for their forbearance and kindness when the work was passing through the Press. To Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton, the author of *Aylwin*, *The Coming of Love*, &c., &c., I am greatly obliged for leave granted to make use of the foregoing beautiful sonnet and generously-worded letter. To Miss E. M. Johnstone, Edinburgh; Dr Hamilton Irving, Huddersfield; Mr Malcolm M'L. Harper, author of *Rambles in Galloway*, &c.; and Mr John Copland, artist, I am indebted for sketches, and to Mr R. B. Sutcliffe for a

plan, specially drawn for this book, and to numerous other friends for illustrations and information supplied.

The articles included—with the exception of chapter VII., now published for the first time, and chapter VIII., which appeared in abbreviated form in the *Galloway Gazette*—appeared in *The Gallovidian* under the title "Billy Marshall, the Caird of Barullion and King of the Galloway Tinklers." In respect that Billy Marshall was the most noteworthy of the tinkler-Gypsies of Galloway that title was not altogether inappropriate, but in view of the scope of the work it has been thought advisable to change the title to "The Tinkler-Gypsies of Galloway."

The book itself is a record of some gleanings along a literary Gypsy by-path. There is a Polish proverb which says, "He who fraternises with a Gypsy becomes himself a Gypsy," and so far as treatment of the subject is concerned I have grown Gypsy-like, for I have roamed about far and near—and ofttimes searched many a blind alley—to rescue and record some of the meagre information still obtainable about our tinkler-Gypsies, and indeed (must I admit it?) I have at times strayed into subjects merely akin to Gypsyism. In the hope of enabling others, better able than I am, to judge of the former gangs by the present-day lot, I have recorded a number of my interviews with some of the latter at camps and elsewhere, and copiously illustrated the book by photographs. Even the "nimminy-pimminy people" who think such a subject *low* may find, by thoughtfully studying the so-called *common* tinkler-Gypsies, much that will not only interest them but broaden their minds and add to their humility and charity—unless they are only capable of seeing what is *low* in these creatures formed by God as part of the plan of the universe. Indeed, such a book as the late Mr F. H. Groome's *In Gypsy Tents*

might, with propriety—and splendid results too—be commended by "My Lords" as a model of the behaviour which parents should extend towards their children, and *vice-versa*.

It has been shown that the Irish tinklers' language, *Shelta* or *Sheldru*—discovered quite recently by the late Mr C. G. Leland—is none other than the same as was used by the ancient bards of that country, and surely it is worthy of an effort on the part of philologists to try to prove what the cant (*cainnt*-speech) of the Scottish tinklers is?

In publishing this reprint I take courage from the fact that the late Mr F. H. Groome has left it on record that "There lives not a Romany Rye that has not something new to impart to his fellow-students." Loving to ramble in the open air, and fond of reading, I have already extracted sufficient reward for making this somewhat belated attempt to rescue information about the strange people treated of in the following pages. In summer my visits to camps have added zest and excitement to many an enjoyable walk in this lovely Galloway of ours. Only those who have caught the cult of Gypsyism can tell what an extraordinary charm and fascination there is in studying and reading and writing about the Gypsy race. If, perchance, I have succeeded in communicating some of that enjoyment or of my enthusiasm to any of my readers I shall feel doubly rewarded.

A. M'CORMICK.

Newton-Stewart,
Christmastide, 1906.

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BILLY MARSHALL:

The Caird of Barullion and King of the Galloway Tinklers.

"The duddy deils, in mountain glen,
Lamenteth ane an' a', man;
For sic a king they'll never ken
In bonnie Gallowa', man."

Epitaph on Billy Marshall (MacTaggart).

CHAPTER I.

ILLY MARSHALL was held in high regard by the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies of whom he was Chief, and even after the lapse of over a century since Billy's death his name and fame are known in every home in Galloway.

In the annals of the Gypsy race Billy stands pre-eminent on account of his remarkable longevity, and if the facts of his life could be completely laid bare to the gypsiologist, that would enable many a point in dispute with regard to the Gypsy race to be settled. Billy was both a tinkler and a Gypsy, and is supposed, besides being a renowned Gypsy Chief, to have been the

last of the Pictish Kings. A study of the languages used by him and his gang should therefore prove an invaluable auxiliary, not only to the philologist in settling whether Billy really was both a Gypsy and a Pict, but also to the gypsiologist in determining the proper degree of relationship of the Scottish tinklers and tinkler-Gypsies to the wave of Gypsies which entered Ireland or Great Britain either towards the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Our attitude towards the tinklers renders it somewhat difficult to obtain information from them. When we chance upon a gang of tinklers —such as that depicted in Mr Malcolm M'L. Harper's excellent sketch of a tinklers' encampment, showing "Will Marshall, the Protestant Tinkler," a descendant of our hero, busy making tin cans—what are our feelings? Do we not admire the picturesque scene, and then noting the tinklers themselves and the primitive conditions under which they exist, does not something akin to contempt take possession of us? These same feelings are the direct descendants of the feelings which have always drawn out, in self-defence, the worst characteristics of the Gypsies. Their physical beauty graced by a pretty style of dress and ornamentation charmed our forefathers, who, nevertheless, persecuted

(The original of above interesting picture of a typical Marshall Encampment was painted by Mr M. M'L. Harper at Blackcraig, Newton-Stewart, in the year 1886. It was exhibited in Edinburgh, and is now in the possession of Miss Hotson, 4 Rothesay Terrace Edinburgh, to whom we are indebted for kind permission to reproduce it here.)

and even hanged many of them merely because they were habit and repute Egyptians. Need we wonder, then, that in self-defence they retaliated! and so is it now. Our attitude of contempt towards the poor tinkler-gypsies is our surest way to perpetuate their worst characteristics. Why should we treat them so? There is much in their ancestry and history to be justly proud of. They possess a strong strain of Pictish and Gypsy blood. It is the strength of that strain that has caused them to cling longer than their neighbours to the manners and customs of their ancestors. Their individuality has been too strongly marked to allow them to change with changing polities. Don't let us pass them by merely as objects of idle curiosity. They are a most intensely interesting class, and if we would only break down that barrier of reserve which we, by our attitude of contempt for these poor strugglers with their own individuality, have created in them, we would draw out what is best in them, and, whilst improving their minds and adding to their comforts at the same time, obtain much useful and interesting information. Our perpetuated attitude of contempt for the tinkler-gypsies makes them reserved and uncommunicative in the extreme, but when once this defensive wall is broken through, as Mr Watts-Duntons,

the late George Borrow, and F. H. Groome have all affirmed "the charm of the Romany character is 'frankness and simplicity.'" Often as the reader may have seen and conversed with the Marshalls, MacMillans, and other tinkler-gypsies who frequent Galloway, did he ever imagine that they possess the remnants of languages unknown to ordinary Gallovidians? It was only last summer, so the Marshalls say, that any outsider has ever learned from them that they possess a speech or "cant" of their own in which there are many Romani words.

It is unfortunate that no systematic attempt was made immediately after Billy's death to record the stirring events of his life, and any meagre particulars now obtainable are open only to those having access to a few rare books, and who have an opportunity of meeting with Billy's descendants, of hearing traditions related by old residenters, and of visiting the lonely haunts which Billy used to frequent.

Since even such meagre particulars as remain of Billy's eventful life can only be found in that scattered form, it may be of interest to readers of "The Gallovidian" if, in order to get a better insight into Billy's lifework and character, an attempt is made to compile the essential parts of written accounts, and if the opportunity

thus afforded is taken to place upon record as many as possible of the floating traditions and particulars as are yet obtainable about Billy. Even at this eleventh hour it may prove useful to rescue from oblivion what little information still remains. It is only by supplying from all quarters where gypsies and tinklers frequent carefully collected local information that sufficient data will ever be obtained to enable some clever gypsologist to write an up-to-date history of the gypsies, and in this connection it is a thousand pities that "The Gypsy Lore Journal" has become defunct, for it is only through the medium of a central journal, such as it was, that the collection of such information can be judiciously encouraged and the material so obtained carefully classified.

There are many books in which references to Billy occur, but in most cases these have merely been culled from former records, and in this account of Billy's life the primal record of any event will, as far as practicable, be taken.

The M'Culloch family of whom there are at present several branches of landed proprietors in the Stewartry, appear to have taken a kindly interest in Billy, and in return he appears to have been very grateful to them ; indeed to this day Billy's descendants speak highly of the various branches of that family. Billy and his

gang seem often to have halted at the home of the M'Cullochs, and it is fitting and fortunate that a scion of that house, the late Mr James Murray M'Culloch of Ardwall, should have placed upon record in the following letter to Blackwood's Magazine,[1]* what is the most trustworthy account of Billy's life :—

Some Account of Billy Marshall, a Gypsy Chief.

"Mr Editor,—Among some instructive and many very entertaining articles in your magazine, I have been a good deal amused in reading your account of the gypsies, and more particularly of the gypsies of our own country. The race has certainly degenerated (if I may be allowed to use the expression), and is in some risk of becoming extinct, whether to the advantage of society or not, I will leave to the profound to determine. In the meantime I am very well pleased that you have united with the anonymous author of Guy Mannering in recording the existence, the manners, and the customs of this wonderful people.

"But I have been, I assure you, in no small degree disappointed when reading the names of the Faas, the Baileys, the Gordons, the Shaws,

* Such numbers refer to a list of authorities which will be subjoined to the final chapter.

the Browns, the Keiths, the Kennedys, the Ruthvens, the Youngs, the Taits, the Douglasses, the Blythes, the Allans, and the Montgomeries, &c., to observe, so noted a family as the Marshalls altogether omitted. I beg leave to add that your author will be considered either a very ignorant or a very partial historian by all the readers and critics in the extensive districts of Galloway and Ayrshire if he persists in passing over in silence the distinguished family of Billy Marshall, and its numerous cadets. I cannot say that I, as an individual, owe any obligations to the late Billy Marshall; but, sir, I am one of an old family in the Stewartry of Galloway with whom Billy was intimate for nearly a whole century. He visited regularly twice a year my great-grandfather, grandfather, and father, and partook, I daresay, of their hospitality, but he made a grateful and ample return; for during all the days of Billy's natural life, which the sequel will shew not to have been few, the washings could have been safely left out all night without anything from a sheet or a tablecloth down to a dishclout being in any danger. During that long period of time there never was a goose, turkey, duck, or hen taken away, but what could have been clearly traced to the fox, the brock, or the fumart; and I have heard an old female domestic of ours declare

that she had known Billy Marshall and his gang, again and again, mend all the 'kettles, pans, and crackit pigs in the house, and make twa or three dozen o' horn spoons into the bargain, and never tak a farthin' o' the laird's siller.' I am sorry that I cannot give you any very minute history of my hero; however, I think it a duty I owe on account of my family, not to allow as far as I can hinder it, the memory and name of so old a friend and benefactor to fall into oblivion when such people as the Faas and Baileys, &c., are spoken of.

"Where he was born I cannot tell. Who were his descendants I cannot tell; I am sure he could not do it himself if he were living. It is known that they were prodigiously numerous, I daresay numberless. For a great part of his long life he reigned with sovereign sway over a numerous and powerful gang of gypsy tinkers who took their range over Carrick in Ayrshire, the Carrick mountains, and over the Stewartry and Shire of Galloway; and now and then by way of improving themselves and seeing more of the world they crossed at Donaghadee, and visited the countries of Down and Derry. I am not very sure about giving you up Meg Merrilies quite so easily; I have reason to think she was a Marshall, and not a Gordon; and we folks in Galloway think this attempt of the Borderers to

rob us of Meg Merrilies no proof that they have become quite so religious and pious as your author would have us to believe, but rather that with their religion and piety they still retain some of their ancient habits. We think this attempt to deprive us of Meg Merrilies almost as bad as that of the descendants of the barbarous Picts now inhabiting the banks of the Dee in Aberdeenshire, who some years ago attempted to run off with the beautiful lyric of Mary's Dream, and which we were under the necessity of proving in one of the courts of Apollo to be the effusion of Low's muse on the classic and romantic spot, situated at the conflux of the Dee and the Ken, in the Stewartry of Galloway. But to return from this digression to Billy Marshall—I will tell you everything more about him I know, hoping this may catch the eye of some one who knew him better, and who will tell you more.

"Billy Marshall's account of himself was this—He was born in or about the year 1666, but he might have been mistaken as to the exact year of his birth; however, the fact never was doubted, of his having been a private soldier in the army of King William, at the battle of the Boyne. It was also well known that he was a private in some of the British regiments, which served under the great Duke of Marlborough in

Germany, about the year 1705. But at this period Billy's military career in the service of his country ended. About this time he went to his commanding officer, one of the M'Guffogs of Ruscoe, a very old family in Galloway, and asked him if he had any commands for his native country. Being asked if there was any opportunity, he replied, yes; he was going to Keltonhill Fair, having for some years made it a rule never to be absent. His officer knowing his man thought it needless to take any very strong measures to hinder him; and Billy was at Keltonhill accordingly.

"Now Billy's destinies placed him in a high sphere; it was about this period that, either electively or by usurpation, he was placed at the head of that mighty people in the south-west, whom he governed with equal prudence and talent for the long space of eighty or ninety years. Some of his admirers assert that he was of Royal ancestry, and that he succeeded by the laws of hereditary succession; but no regular annals of Billy's house were kept, and oral tradition and testimony weigh heavily against this assertion. From any research I have been able to make, I am strongly disposed to think that in this crisis of his life, Billy Marshall had been no better than Julius Cæsar, Richard III., Oliver Cromwell, Hyder Alley, or Napoleon

Buonaparte. I do not mean to say that he waded through as much blood as some of those to seat himself on a throne, or to grasp at the diadem and sceptre, but it was shrewdly suspected that Billy Marshall had stained his character and his hands with human blood. His predecessor died very suddenly, it never was supposed by his own hand, and he was buried as privately about the foot of Cairnsmuir, Craig Nelder, or the Corse of Slakes without the ceremony, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the benefit of a precognition being taken, or an inquest held by a coroner's jury. During this long reign he and his followers were not outdone in their exploits by any of the colonies of Kirk-Yetholm, Horncliff, Spital, or Lochmaben. The following anecdote will convey a pretty correct notion, of what kind of personage Billy was, in the evening of his life ; as for his early days, I really know nothing more of them than what I have already told.

"The writer of this, in the month of May, 1789, had returned to Galloway after a long absence. He soon learned that Billy Marshall, of whom he had heard so many tales in his childhood, was still in existence. Upon one occasion he went to Newton-Stewart, with the late Mr M'Culloch of Barholm and the late Mr Hannay of Bargaly, to dine with Mr Samuel

M'Caul. Billy Marshall then lived at the hamlet or clachan of Polnure, a spot beautifully situated on the burn or stream of that name. We called on our old hero—he was at home—he never denied himself, and soon appeared; he walked slowly, but firmly, towards the carriage, and asked Mr Hannay, who was a warm friend of his, how he was. Mr Hannay asked if he knew who was in the carriage? He answered that his eyes 'had failed him a gude dale,' but added that he saw his friend Barholm, and that he could see a youth sitting betwixt them whom he did not know. I was introduced, and had a gracious shake of his hand. He told me I was setting out in life, and admonished me to 'tak' care o' my han', and do naething to dishonour the gude stock o' folk that I was come o'"; he added that I was the fourth generation of us he had been acquaint wi'. Each of us paid a small pecuniary tribute of respect. I attempted to add to mine, but Barholm told me he had fully as much as would be put to a good use. We were returning the same way, betwixt ten and eleven at night, after spending a pleasant day, and taking a cheerful glass with our friend, Mr M'Caul; we were descending the beautifully wooded hills, above the picturesque glen of Polnure, my two companions were napping, the moon shone clear,

and all nature was quiet excepting Polnure Burn and the dwelling of Billy Marshall, the postillion stopped (in these parts the well-known and well-liked Johnny Whurk) and turning round with a voice which indicated terror, he said 'Gude guide us, there's folk singing psalms in the wud.' My companions awoke and listened. Barholm said 'psalms, sure enough,' but Bargaly said 'the deil a-bit o' them are psalms.' We went on, and stopped again at the door of the old king. We then heard Billy go through a great many stanzas of a song in such a way as convinced us that his memory and voice had, at any rate, not failed him; he was joined by a numerous and powerful chorus. It is quite needless to be so minute as to give any account of the song which Billy sung; it will be enough to say that my friend Barholm was completely wrong in supposing it to be a psalm—it resembled in no particular, psalm, paraphrase, or hymn. We called him out again; he appeared much brisker than he was in the morning. We advised him to go to bed, but he replied that 'he didna' think he wad be muckle in his bed that night, they had to tak' the country in the morning' (meaning that they were to begin a ramble over the country), and that they 'were just takin' a wee drap drink to the health of our honours, wi' the lock siller we had gi'en them.'

I shook hands with him for the last time: he then called himself above one hundred and twenty years of age; he died about 1790. His great age never was disputed to the extent of more than three or four years: the oldest people in the country allowed the account to be correct. The great grandmother of the writer of this book died at the advanced age of 104; her age was correctly known. She said that Wull Marshall was a man when she was a bit callant (provincially, in Galloway, a very young girl). She had no doubt as to his being fifteen or sixteen years older than herself, and he survived her several years. His long reign, if not glorious, was in the main fortunate for himself and his people. Only one great calamity befel him and them during that long space of time in which he held the reins of government. It may have been already suspected that, with Billy Marshall, ambition was a ruling passion, and this bane of human fortune had stimulated in him a desire to extend his dominions, from the Brig'-end of Dumfries to the Newton of Ayr, at a time when he well knew the Braes of Glenapp and the Water of Doon to be his western precinct. He reached the Newton of Ayr, which I believe is in Kyle, but there he was opposed, and compelled to recross the river by a powerful body of tinkers

from Argyle or Dumbarton. He said in his bulletins that they were supported by strong bodies of Irish sailors and Kyle colliers. Billy had no artillery, but his cavalry and infantry suffered very severely. He was obliged to leave a great part of his baggage, provisions, and camp equipage behind him, consisting of kettles, pots, pans, blankets, crockery, horns, pigs, poultry, &c. A large proportion of shelties, asses, and mules were driven into the water and drowned, which occasioned a heavy loss, in creels, panniers, hampers, tinkers' tools, and cooking utensils, and, although he was as well appointed, as to a medical staff, as such expeditions usually were, in addition to those who were missing many died of their wounds. However, on reaching Maybole with his broken and dispirited troops, he was joined by a faithful ally from the county of Down, who, unlike other allies on such occasions, did not forsake him in his adversity. This junction enabled our hero to rally, and pursue in his turn. A pitched battle was again fought, somewhere about the Brig of Doon or Alloway Kirk, when both sides, as is usual, claimed a victory, but, however this may have been, it is believed that this disaster, which happened A.D. 1712, had slaked the thirst of Billy's ambition. He was

many years in recovering from the effects of this great political error; indeed, it had nearly proved as fatal to the fortunes of Billy Marshall as the ever memorable Russian Campaign did to Napoleon Buonaparte, about the same year in the succeeding century.

"It is usual for writers to give the character along with the death of their prince or hero. I would like to be excused from the performance of any such task as drawing the character of Billy Marshall, but it may be done in a few words by saying that he had from nature a strong mind, with a vigorous and active person; and that, either naturally or by acquirement, he possessed every mental and personal quality which was requisite for one who was placed in his high station, and who held sovereign power over his fellow creatures for so great a length of time. I would be glad if I could, with impartiality, close my account here; but it becomes my duty to add that (from expediency, it is believed, not from choice) with the exception of intemperate drinking, treachery, and ingratitude he practised every crime which is incident to human nature, those of the deepest dye, I am afraid, cannot with truth be included in the exception. In short, his people met with an irreparable loss in the death of their king and

leader, but it never was alleged that the moral world sustained any loss by the death of the man." (Intd.) L.

Edinburgh, May 26, 1817.

Fortunate it is also that no less an authority than Sir Walter Scott has furnished us—in his additional Prefatory Note to "Guy Mannering"[2] —with a list showing some of Billy's peculiarities. That list, though not by any means exhaustive, is sufficiently comprehensive and characteristic to indicate that Billy was at least entitled to notoriety: "Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshall, one of the Royal Consorts of William Marshall, more commonly called the Caird of Barullion, King of the Gypsies of the Western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice from the following peculiarities. He was born in the Parish of Kirkmichael about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkcudbright, 23rd November, 1792, he must then have been in the 120th year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the Naval

Service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married, and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts was, after his 100th year, the avowed father of four children, by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshall is buried in Kirkcudbright Church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two tups' horns and two *cutty* spoons."

Some of these peculiarities when practised amongst Galloway men who fought and bled to uphold their covenanting principles, and who at the period in question seldom read aught save books on religious instruction—such as the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Boston's "Fourfold State"—would have branded any man as infamous. Nevertheless, if the reader fails to remember that Billy Marshall was a Pictish King and a Gypsy Chief ruled by different laws and customs from those prevailing in the district frequented by his gang, he will do the memory of Billy a grave injustice. And, whisper it softly, it can be clearly demonstrated that many of Billy's worst "peculiarities" are not Romani characteristics, and must be attributed to his Pictish origin, an ancestry common alike to the tinklers of Galloway and to many another Gallovidian.

Reprehensible as many of Billy's peculiarities may appear when judged by modern standards, it would seem "that parsons contended for him, and different parishes claimed the honour of his nativity." Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire, and Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, and Crossmichael and Minnigaff in Kirkcudbrightshire, appear to be the claimants for this honour.

The Scots Magazine[3] gives the palm to Kirkmichael Parish, Ayrshire, in the following obituary notice under date November 28, 1792:—

"At Kirkcudbright, aged 120, William Marshall, tinker. He was a native of the Parish of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire."

Sir Walter Scott, as above indicated, also names Kirkmichael—but does not say whether of Dumfriesshire or Ayrshire—as his birthplace, and that information, according to the "Memoir of Joseph Train, the antiquarian correspondent of Sir Walter Scott,"[4] would be obtained from Train, who lived at Newton-Stewart and Lochvale Cottage, Castle-Douglas, from 1813, till his death on 7th December, 1852, both towns being situated within Billy's sphere of influence. It is interesting to note that the Old Statistical Account[5] for the Parishes of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire (1793), and Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire

(1791) makes no reference to Billy Marshall: but in the Old Statistical Account for the Parishes of Crossmichael (1791), Minnigaff (1793), and Kirkcudbright (1794)—all in Kirkcudbrightshire, the following references occur:—

CROSSMICHAEL.—Vol. I., p. 168.

By the Rev. John Johnstone.

"The people live not in towns or villages, and most of them are employed in agriculture, which is favourable at once to health, longevity, and morals. Within these twenty years at least 12 persons have died in the lower parts of Galloway from 100 to 115 years old. William Marshal, a tinker in this place, is now 118. He might pass for a man of 60. His faculties are unimpaired, and he walks through the country with ease."

MINNIGAFF.—Vol. VII., p. 53.

By the Rev. John Garlies Maitland.

"Instances of longevity are frequent in this parish. One man, still alive, is said to be 118 years of age. This, however, rests chiefly on his own testimony, as no authentic record of his birth has ever been produced. His name is William Marshall; he has the remains of an athletic frame. In his youth he was a soldier. He says he served under King William in Ireland. If this was the case he certainly does not exaggerate his age, but of this part of his history there is no better evidence than that of his age itself. That his age, however, is very great there is this presumptive proof, that none of the oldest people in the county have ever contradicted his assertion."

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.—Vol. XI., pp. 15 & 16.

By the Rev. Robert Muter, D.D.

"The following instances of longevity it may be proper to insert. . . . . And on 28th November, 1792, William Marshall, tinker, died here at the astonishing

age of 120[*]. Though he was not a native of this place, but of Kirkmichael in the shire of Ayr, yet for several years before he died he resided often in this burgh. This miracle of longevity retained his senses almost to the last hour, and distinctly remembered to have seen King William's fleet when on their way to Ireland, riding at anchor in the Solway Firth, close by the Bay of Kirkcudbright, and the transports lying in the harbour. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people of all ranks, who paid due respect to his astonishing age."

It is only fair to Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire, to add that the following interesting account, which may or may not refer to Billy, appears in the Old Statistical Account for that parish (1791):—

KIRKMICHAEL IN COUNTY OF DUMFRIES.—Vol. I., p. 57.

"One man in the parish is 103 years old. His account of himself is that he was born in the borrowing days of the year that King William came in (*i.e.*, in one of the three last days of March, 1688), and that he was baptised in hidlings (*i.e.*, secretly) by a Presbyterian minister the following summer, as the curates were then in the kirks. Though he is now mostly confined to bed, he retains his mental faculties very distinct, and three years ago he wrought at the harvest in perfect health and spirits."

However, the accounts of Billy in the Statistical accounts for Crossmichael, Minnigaff, and Kirkcudbright seem to negative any probability of that account being a

[*] Erroneously quoted as 90 at p. 521, Vol. II. reprint of "Chalmer's's Caledonia."

description of Billy. The fact also that when Mr M'Culloch met with him in the month of May, 1789, he was so hale and healthy as to be able to indulge in an all-night spree before proceeding "to tak' the country in the morning," and that, when in his 120th year, he had journeyed from Kirkcudbright, where he then lived, to Newton-Stewart, where, on 21st March, 1792, he signed the conveyance of his property at Minnigaff, precludes that it could be reasonably claimed that the man referred to in the Kirkmichael (Dumfriesshire) Account is the same as the one (William Marshall) actually named in the other three Accounts.

In the New Statistical Account (1845)[6] for the five parishes above alluded to the following is the only reference made to Billy :—

"Minnigaff.—The parish is healthy, and instances of longevity are not infrequent. The person mentioned in the last Account as being 118 years of age died aged 121."

In "Heron's Tours"[7] the conflicting claims of Minnigaff and Crossmichael are thus dealt with :—

"William Marshall, a man of the gypsey-gang, a native of the adjacent parish of Minnigaff, died lately at an age considerably above an hundred years. . . . Old William might have said that Parsons had contended for him and different parishes had claimed the honour of his nativity.

. . . Old Marshall has been claimed as a native of two different parishes. One clergyman, willing to do his parish all possible honour, took advantage of Marshall's being accidentally in his neighbourhood, and popped him down in his Account. When the minister of the parish to which William truly belonged came to give in his account to the compiler he found it necessary to reclaim the waif. I am not sure, however, that any personal contention took place between the two clergymen on account of Mr Marshall."

And again Heron disposes of the question thus :—

"Later and more curious enquiry has, however, evinced that Egypt has no better a claim to be considered as the parent country of the gypsies than Crossmichael to be regarded as the native parish of old William Marshall."

Other references might be made, but these, it is thought, are merely quotations from one or other of the authorities already quoted. Now, it will be observed that the Accounts for Minnigaff and Crossmichael above quoted do not bear out—as alleged by Heron—that these parishes claimed to be his birthplace, but it should be noted that Heron made his tour through Galloway in the autumn of 1792, that is to say just about three months before Billy died, and may have obtained private information about the claims of the respective parishes, either then or when helping Sir John Sinclair in compiling the Old Statistical Account. At this late hour in the day it is difficult to bring any further

evidence to bear upon Heron's contention. Even William Marshall, the present "King" of the Marshall gang, is at a loss to throw light on the matter; and in an amusing letter recently received from him by the writer anent the birthplace of his illustrious ancestor, he hints that Kirkcudbright and Moniaive have also somehow laid claim to the honour of being Billy's native place. He says—"Just a few lines to let you know that I could not find out where my friend was boren, though no' boren in Kirkcoobrie. As far as I can hear he was born in Mineyhive, and no' Kirkcoobrie."

It would seem, however, that the honour of being Billy's birthplace lies between Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, and Minnigaff, Kirkcudbrightshire, but rather than give an opinion upon such conflicting evidence, we prefer to content ourselves with having recorded the *pros* and *cons* of the case, and to leave the point undecided in the hope that someone may yet be able to produce evidence, making it clearer which parish is Billy's birthplace.

But whether or not Heron is correct in his contention that Minnigaff is Billy's birthplace, it is certain that Billy made Minnigaff his headquarters for a considerable portion of his life. We hear of him having as his headquarters a

house, which he owned, in old Minnigaff Village, and a cottage in Bargally Glen, both in the parish of Minnigaff.

The title deeds[8] show that Billy was actually proprietor of that royal residence in Old Minnigaff from 21st November, 1766, to 21st March, 1792. As will be observed from the illustrations, Billy's signature to the deed purchasing the property is written in a bold masterly hand thoroughly in keeping with his character, and his signature on the deed disposing of the property—though somewhat shaky—is surely not only highly creditable to him, but unique as a specimen signature of a Pictish King and Gypsy Chief written in his 120th year.

Billy, according to a tradition, for which we are indebted to Mr James G. Kinna's admirable "History of the Parish of Minnigaff,"[9] being unable to sign his name, "conscientious scruples would not allow of his making the sign of the cross, but a printed copy of his name was placed before him which he imitated as nearly as possible." But the reader may nevertheless ask, "Are these signatures genuine, and was the later signature really written during Billy's 120th year?" The disjointed letters in all the seven signatures adhibited to the two deeds go to confirm the tradition that Billy had copied from a specimen signature, and it seems

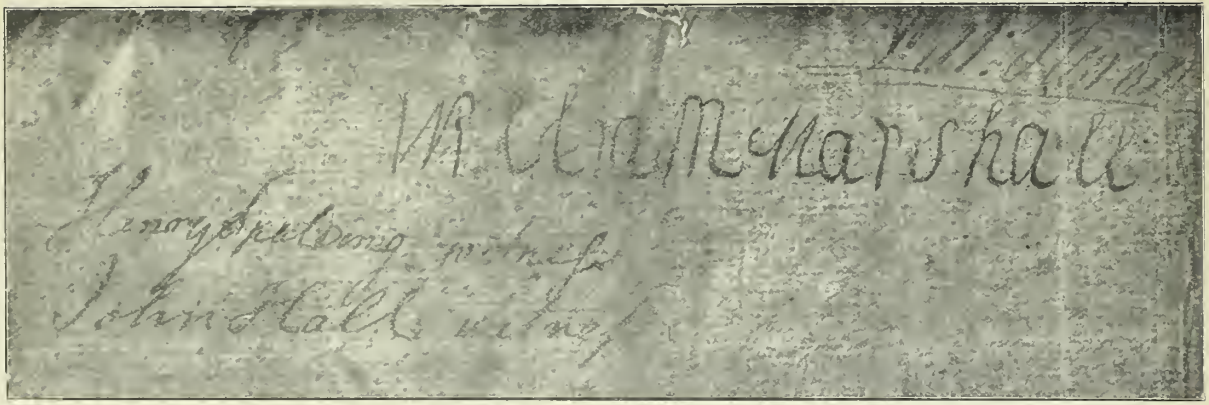


Photo by] BILLY MARSHALL'S SIGNATURE (FAC-SIMILE). *[J. P. Milnes.*

[Published by kind permission of Mrs Wither, Bladnoch, the proprietrix of the property formerly owned by Billy Marshall.]

from one of the deeds that the signature has in the first instance been written in pencil, and that Billy has simply copied it over in ink. Here and there throughout the signature there are still distinct pencil markings indicating that Billy had simply filled in with ink the signature previously traced in pencil. But, apart from the light which the story about Billy's "conscientious scruples" undoubtedly throws upon the adhibition of his signatures, the tradition must be of some interest to readers of Gypsy Folk Lore:

The late Mr F. H. Groome, in the introduction to his "Gypsy Folk Tales,"[10] says — "Du Cange's last passage is by far the most interesting. 'Anonymus de Passione Domini. And when they arrive at the place, the *komodromos* coming to crucify him, &c.' Why so interesting? there does not seem much in that, my readers may exclaim. Why, because there is a widely spread superstition that a gypsy forged the nails for the Crucifixion, and that henceforth his race has been accursed of heaven. . . . . It is a far cry from the Greek Archipelago to the Highlands of Scotland, but in the "Gypsy Lore Journal" (III., 1892, p. 190) is this brief unsigned note: 'I should be pleased to know if you have the tradition in the South of Scotland that the tinkers are descend-

ants of the one who made the nails for the Cross, and are condemned to wander continually without rest.' No answer appeared ; and I know of no other hint of the currency of this belief in Western Europe, unless it be the couplet :—

> 'A whistling maid and a crowing hen,
> Are hateful alike to God and men,'

'because,' according to Lieut.-Col. A. Fergusson (Notes and Queries, August 1879, p. 93), though he gives no authority, 'A woman stood by and whistled while she watched the nails for the Cross being forged.' "

That the tradition about the whistling maid also wields a powerful influence over the superstitious Irish peasantry is evidenced by the following quotation from a recent article[11] :— "Morning, noon, or night that Mairgread Kelly would be going or coming through the village it is either laughing or whistling she'd be, oftenest whistling. At that sound the women would *cross* themselves and murmur one to another—

> 'A whistling maid or a crowing hen,
> There's never luck in the place they're in.' "

According to a writer in the "Gypsy Lore Journal,"[12] the tradition about the gypsy forging the nails for the cross is also widespread amongst the Continental gypsies.

In "Gypsy Folk Tales,"[13] No. 14, "The Red

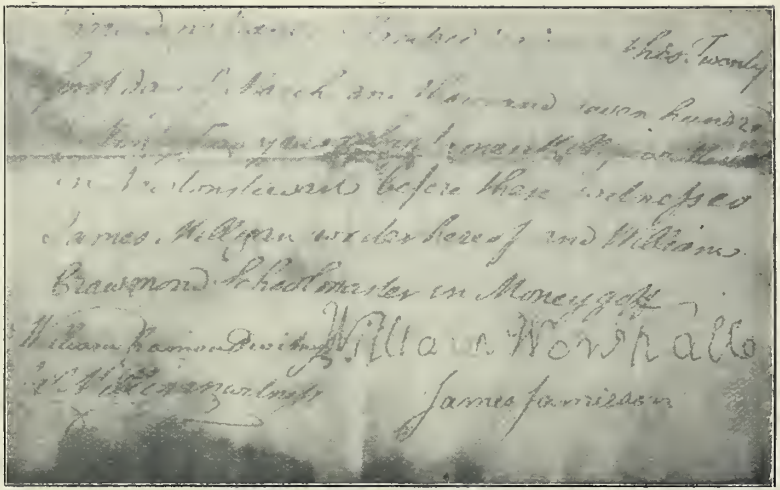


Photo by] BILLY MARSHALL'S SIGNATURE. [*J. P Milnes.*

(Published by kind permission of Mrs Wither, Bladnoch, the proprietrix of the property formerly owned by Billy Marshall.)

King and the Witch," will be found this further confirmation of the superstition with which gypsies regard the Sign of the Cross: "His father gave him a couple of sacks of ducats, and he put them on his horse. The lad went and made a hole on the border of the city. He made a chest of stone and put all the money there, and buried it. *He placed a stone cross* above and departed. And he journeyed eight days and came to the king of all the birds that fly. . . . He came where his father's palace stood, and looked about him. There was no palace, no anything. And he fell to marvelling: 'God, Thou are mighty.' He only recognised his father's well, and went to it. His sister, the witch, when she saw him, said to him, 'I have waited long for you, dog.' She rushed at him to devour him, *but he made the sign of the cross, and she perished.*"

Another writer in the "Gypsy Lore Journal"[14] also points out that the Lithuanian Gypsies possess a tradition that they steal under Divine patronage: "Stealing, they say, has been permitted in their favour by the crucified Jesus, because the gypsies, being present at the Crucifixion, stole one of the four nails, by the aid of which the Saviour was nailed to the Cross; hence it is that, when the hands had been nailed fast, there was only one nail left for the

feet, and God allowed them to steal, and it is not accounted a sin to them."

In reviewing Mr Andrew Lang's "Custom and Myth" (London, 1885), in the Athenæum of 21st February, 1885, Mr Watts-Dunton, then Mr Theodore Watts, complains that Mr Lang had ignored altogether Romani customs and traditions, and states, among other examples, that the cross is the most powerful of all symbols amongst the Romani: "Tattoed on the breast of the South Papuan women we find the same cross (or sanscrit *trisula*), which the Romanis believe to be the most powerful of all symbols—so powerful that the rainbow will fade from the sky 'at the very sight of it.'" [15]

Then most readers will remember the important part "The Trúshul" (gypsy, a cross) is made to play in Mr Watts-Dunton's delightful gypsy story, "Aylwin,"[16] and the superstitious awe with which the gypsies of "Aylwin" regarded it:

"A trúshul?" (queried Henry Aylwin). And then the gypsy heroine, Mr Watts-Dunton's Sinfi Lovel, is made to reply:

"What you call a cross. There's nothin' in the world so strong for cussin' and blessin' as a trúshul, unless the stars shinin' in the river or the hand in the clouds is as strong. . . ."

In "Ancient and Modern Britons"[17] Mr David MacRitchie ably discusses Billy's claim to be descended from a family of ancient standing, and in that connection it is also interesting to note that, in the various Marshall arms registered in the Lyon Office at Edinburgh, the Saltire—*i.e.*, the St. Andrew's Cross—appears as the principal charge.[18]

There is also this further tradition[a*], among the present gang of Marshalls, relating to the Sign of the Cross: Dr M'Kie, Newton-Stewart—when attending a little boy, one of the descendants of Billy Marshall—asked the boy if he was a descendant of Old Billy, and the boy's mother at once said, "Oh, ay, he's a real Marshall; he's even got the 'Marshall mark.'" "What's that?" asked the Doctor. Thereupon she drew the little boy forward and showed the Doctor the deeply indented mark of an X upon the boy's hand. The sceptical will no doubt say, "Many a one has a similar marking on his hand," but have they ever heard of any one in humble circumstances who had a similar tradition about the lines on the palm of his hand? It would, therefore, have been highly appropriate for Billy to have used the Sign of the Cross in place of a signature, and, as a matter of fact,

[a*]Such letters refer to a list of authorities, for traditions, which will also be subjoined to the final chapter.

BOY'S HAND SHOWING "MARSHALL MARK."

Photo by J. P. Milnes.

(Published by kind permission of Mrs Alexander Marshall, Tinkler, Galloway.)

Billy has actually carved with his own hands an X between his initials on the horn mug afterwards alluded to; and the only explanation for his declining to sign by a cross must lie in the fact that the gypsies as a class are most superstitious, and Billy, as will afterwards be shown, was a victim to superstitious fears.

Bearing in mind that the Marshalls one and all avow themselves to be Protestants, and that the "Marshall mark" cannot therefore be regarded as a Roman Catholic holy symbol, may not, therefore, these two traditions—about Billy's superstitious aversion to signing by an X, and of a descendant possessing the "Marshall mark"—form a belated though somewhat indirect answer to the query contained in Mr Groome's quotation from "The Gypsy Lore Journal?"

The genuineness of Billy's signature is proved by all the requirements of the law of Scotland, the signing, of each document, has been duly witnessed by two witnesses —the witnesses to the one deed being the steward and the servant of Patrick Heron of Heron, the superior of the ground whereon the house stood, and to the other deed a merchant and a schoolmaster.

Then, as to Billy's age, it will be more convenient, when all these excerpts are fresh in mind, to discuss this vexed question :

The obituary notice, already quoted, in "The Scots Magazine"[8] at the time of Billy's death stated his age at 120, and the age given therein is also corroborated by the following obituary notice which appeared in "The New Annual Register"[10] immediately after Billy's death :—

NEW ANNUAL REGISTER, 1792, No. 34, part. 2, p. 47.

"Died. 28th. (Nov., 1792). At Kirkcudbright, Scotland, at the great age of 120, William Marshall, tinker. This miracle of longevity retained his senses almost to the last hour of his life. He remembered distinctly to have seen King William's Fleet, when on their way to Ireland, riding at anchor in the Solway Firth close by the bay of Kirkcudbright, and the transports lying in the harbour. He was present at the siege of Derry, where, having lost his uncle, who commanded a King's frigate, he returned home, enlisted in the Dutch service, went to Holland and soon after deserted, and came back to his native country. Naturally of a wandering and unsettled turn of mind, he could never remain long in any particular place. Hence he took up the occupation of a tinker, headed a body of lawless banditti, and frequently traversed the kingdom from one end to the other. But it is to be observed to his credit that of all the thieving wandering geniuses who, during the weakness of the established government, led forth their various gangs to plunder and to alarm the country, he was far the most honourable in his profession."

But there are even more reliable evidences than those of obituary notices published at a time when it was out of the question to trouble enquiring for confirmation of such communications when forwarded from a distance :

The Selkirk family, who helped in many ways to make Billy's burden lighter for him in his old age, do not appear to have doubted that Billy was as old as he professed to be. In the month of October of last year an old box—belonging to the Selkirk family—which had remained sealed for a great many years, was opened, and amongst other interesting relics handed over by Captain Hope of St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbright, to Mr John McKie, R.N., then Honorary Curator of the Stewartry Museum, Kirkcudbright, were the Horn Mug and Spoon, which had been presented by Billy and his son to Dunbar, Earl of Selkirk. Thanks to the above disinterested act on the part of Captain Hope and to the kind permission granted by the Honorary Curator of the Stewartry Museum, we are pleased to be able to reproduce a photo of these very interesting relics. The description embodied in the photo is taken from the original labels found attached to the mug and spoon, and it will be noted that Billy has actually carved on the mug his own initials across, and the year of carving ; and on the other side his age, " 115," has also been carved by him :—" W x M 115. 1788." Since Billy carved that X between his initials the question naturally arises did he, in this particular instance, have recourse to a compromise by combining his initials with

Photo by T. H. Barclay.

the "Marshall mark," or did a perception of the distinction between *signing* by a cross and *carving* a cross suffice to allay his supposed conscientious scruples and superstitious fears as to using the sign of the cross?

If, however, it was to Billy's interest to be regarded as a miracle of longevity, then some may be inclined to doubt his credibility. That Billy's family are a long-lived race is further supported by the writing on his tombstone in Kirkcudbright Churchyard, and by the statement on one of the above-mentioned original labels that one of his sons "lived to be over 100 years old." But perhaps the best proof of all will be found in the recorded evidence—of Mr James Murray M'Culloch, of Ardwall, who had actually met and conversed with Billy—contained in his interesting and instructive letter above referred to. That letter shows that Billy's great age was never disputed to the extent of more than "three or four years," and that the "oldest people" in the country allowed the account to be correct. Mr M'Culloch states that Billy's own account was that he was "born in or about the year 1666, but that he might have been mistaken as to the exact year of his birth," but as he undoubtedly died in 1792, and as it is claimed that he was then 120, he must have been born in 1672 or 1673. So it

would appear, in stating his age at 120, that the "three or four years" which may have been disputed have already been deducted. The carving upon the mug also indicates that Billy himself must, notwithstanding Mr M'Culloch's statement, have understood he was born either in the end of 1672 or in the beginning of 1673. In addition to Mr M'Culloch's own testimony, and his record of the opinions in regard to Billy's great age held by the "oldest people" in the country we have, in the letter above quoted, this more particular and convincing, although also second-hand comparison of the ages of Billy Marshall and Mr M'Culloch's great-grandmother, Mrs M'Culloch of Kirkclaugh, corroborating the view that Billy must have been about 120 years of age at his death: "The great-grandmother of the writer (Mr M'Culloch) of this article died at the advanced age of 104; her age was correctly known. She said Wull Marshall was a man when she was a bit callant (provincially in Galloway, a young girl). She had no doubt as to his being fifteen or sixteen years older than herself, and he survived her several years." Further corroboration may also be had from "The Life of James Allan" (1818),[20] and M'Taggart's "Gallovidian Encyclopædia" (1824)[21], and Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering."[22]

To sum up then—That Billy lived till he was about the age of 120 is borne testimony to by (1) "The Scots Magazine"; (2) "The New Annual Register" in their respective issues immediately after Billy's death; (3) "The Old Statistical Account" for Crossmichael, Minnigaff, and Kirkcudbright Parishes—the reports alluding to Billy's longevity being in all likelihood written by Ministers who would know Billy; (4) "The New Statistical Account" (1845) for Minnigaff Parish; (5) Robert Heron, author of "Heron's Tours" (Autumn of 1792); (6) Mr James Murray M'Culloch of Ardwall, who had conversed with Billy, as will be seen from the letter above quoted, three years before the date of Billy's death; (7) Billy's own carving upon the Horn Mug, presented by him to the Earl of Selkirk (1788); (8) "Life of James Allan" (1818); (9) M'Taggart's "Gallovidian Encyclopædia" (1824); (10) Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering;" and (11) The Epitaph on Billy's Tombstone in Kirkcudbright Churchyard. Is it not amazing that there should remain such a formidable list of corroboratory authorities, and yet even these may fail to satisfy the hypercritical who, none the less, may quite readily swallow every tradition that has been handed down accrediting Billy with immorality, rapine, and murder! But how many of those, of the men of Billy's

day, who had no notion of becoming famous in the days to come, have left such a mass of artlessly corroboratory evidence as to their respective ages?

CHAPTER II.

"With gypsy gangs, in dales and dells,
In woods and caves, on moors and fells,
Bedecked with bonny heather bells,
Where te-wits flew,
A caird I ken, who often tells
What lilts he blew."

From Verses on James Allan.

BILLY MARSHALL had a daughter named Jean, who was married to James Allan, the celebrated Northumberland Piper, and but for Billy's appreciation of good music and Allan's uncommon dexterity in "shivering the back-lill,"* Billy's Royal assent to the marriage might not have been obtained. The following is the account of the presentation by Princess Jean, of her consort, to the King of the Galloway Gypsies[23]:—

"They (James Allan and Jean) soon arrived at a hovel near Carrick, where they found Will Marshall and some of his gang. He received Allan's companion with a hearty welcome, enquiring what success had attended her journey and what places she had visited; to all of which questions she gave the most satisfactory answers.

*See Note I. in Appendix.

At length, viewing Allan with particular attention, Will said—'But wha's that wi' ye, Jean?' She replied—'My husband; we were lawfully pledged in presence of a lowland tribe.' 'Weel, weel, lass, but what can the callan do?' 'He can play fou weel on the sma' pipes,' replied the nymph.

"Will rubbed his left elbow with his right hand, as was his custom when pleased, and said, 'Gi'en that be leel, ye hae made a braw bargain; but let's hae a swatch o' his skill.' Jean then requested Allan to play 'Felton Lonen,' her favourite tune; knowing he was in the presence of Royalty, James exerted his utmost skill, but before the tune was half-finished, Will rose from his seat, and, shaking Allan by the hand, said—'Ye're weel worth your room; nae music pleases me but the pipes: Tam Fairbairn could maist hae made them speak, but, puir chiel, he lost his spunk wi' mony mair.'"

The homes and haunts of Billy are situated in a district famed for its romantic beauty and savage grandeur. For a freedom-loving people, the Galloway of those days held special attractions. There were then no railway communications, and so commodities and information took a long time in transit. That made Galloway, isolated as it was, admirably suited alike for doing legitimate business

and for pursuing a nefarious calling. Where in all Scotland could a more suitable district be found? Where in all Scotland could Billy have found three more beautiful spots for his dwelling-place than those at Old Minnigaff, Palnure, and Cairnsmore?

There is living in Kirkcudbright an old gentleman whose grandmother knew Billy Marshall well, and who has often heard his grannie speaking highly of Billy, and here is how he sums up Billy's avocation:—"Billy was no tinker in the modern sense. He was a horner and handicraftsman. But the tinworker was in Billy's day not so much in vogue. These were the guid aul' days of water stoups, horn spoons, and porridge noggies—and that was the case long after Billy's day. Billy made such things, and also wrought in metals—making smoothing-irons, etc., and was probably a locksmith—and hence it was the Hammermen admitted him to membership of the Master Craft and took the part they did at his funeral."[b] Billy's ordinary avocations sufficed as a mask to enable him and his numerous gang to move about over all parts of the district without exciting suspicion, and at the same time to attend to the more lucrative departments of their calling.

At the time in question Gallovidians were still bearing a grudge for the treatment meted

out to them in Covenanting times, and many of them were ever on the alert to take up arms, as in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and they looked upon smuggling as quite a legitimate way of settling old scores. A weak government and an impotent arm of the law made Galloway and Ayrshire an ideal country for such a band to operate in. In fact, in many districts gypsies were actually employed as constables, and the writer has learned of one such case in Galloway. Billy Marshall, however, without even obtaining such an appointment, acted as chief constable from Ayr to Dumfries, and his gang of ruthless desperadoes policed the district, the whole gang exacting blackmail, chiefly in the shape of food for themselves and fodder and bedding for their horses, and billeting themselves wherever they pleased. Woe betide the man who dared to say them nay. Formerly,

> "'Twixt Wigtown and the town of Air,
> Portpatrick and the Cruives o' Cree,
> No man need think for to bide there,
> Unless he court Saint Kennedie."

But then, from the Brig-En' o' Dumfries to the braes o' Glenapp, Billy Marshall lorded it over rich and poor. The gentry, however, naturally received most of Billy's awkward patronage, for it was one of Billy's traits of character never to molest or wrong the poor. The old gentleman

above referred to, whose grannie knew Billy well, says that she held Billy in very high regard and resented any suggestion that Billy was a common tinker—in the latter-day sense—or any reflections upon his character. She held that he was far above the average for honesty and respectability, and so, it would seem, he can have been no common or indiscriminating thief or footpad.

Billy showed much tact in choosing the centres from which he operated. Minnigaff Village had many admirable qualities to recommend it to him. Being situated just between the flat lands surrounding Wigtown Bay and the Minnigaff hills, a speedy retreat could readily be effected to his mountain fastnesses. It was also a place much frequented by smugglers, with whom Billy conducted a profitable trade in aiding and abetting them in their nefarious calling; and occasionally in levying blackmail upon even the smugglers themselves. In "The Book of Galloway, 1745"[21] (published 1882), M'Kerlie, in his imaginary tour, points out that the inhabitants of Minnigaff were so much addicted to smuggling that even their houses were deafened to conceal smuggling operations. M'Kerlie asked a mason why they used this miserable substitute for lime, to which he replied, "We like oor hooses weel deafened

here (to conceal smuggling operations), even the quality are trying half-baked clay instead o' fog." In addition to these qualifications, Minnigaff Village was also admirably suited on account of its being the principal market town in Galloway, which circumstance afforded Billy and his gang—particularly the women folks—a fine chance for attending to the "cutpurse" department of their calling. One can fancy Billy sitting in his old thatched dwelling as the receiver of stolen goods. An old residenter said his house in old Minnigaff had been described to her as "a rum aul' den, a' hung roun' wi' tipps' horns."[c] No foe dare venture in, but if a friend should have lost his purse or pocket-book in the market, Billy could produce, from a safe hiding-place, a large assortment to enable him to pick out his own.

There is a place—just at the corner of the wood at Thorneybrae, Minnigaff—which still goes under the name of "The Tinklers' Loop." Although being now enclosed with a dyke, and no longer used as an encampment, in olden times large companies of Billy's gang were wont to assemble there. A daughter of Billy Marshall by his last wife was married to one Philip Phie, a woodman, and they lived at Thorneybrae Cottage. It is said by one whom the present

William Marshall would term "an aul' desidenter" (residenter) that there was a time when every second tumbril or cart that went up Minnigaff belonged to one of the Marshall gang. It appears, however, that our hero, when going on a tour through his domains, seldom left Old Minnigaff with more than one or two followers; but if any one happened to meet him amongst the hills the next day, the gang then consisted of large numbers of men, women, and children. A descendant of a farmer—Mr Carter, the Slack—who used to have frequent visits of Billy and his gang, says that there were usually about thirty men in his gang, and a large number of women and children besides. On one of these visits, Mr Carter happened to be behind with his harvest, and the whole gang turned in and soon finished the work. They never dreamed of asking for pay; but, of course, the big set-pot had to be filled—

"To set their gabs a-steerin' O."

When asked if they never stole anything from the farm, the writer's informant replied, "Not they; they were like the craws—they aye gaed awa' frae their nests to steal."[1]

A heap of stones is all that now marks the site of Billy's dwelling-place in Palnure Glen. It should be noted that many of Billy's deeds

of derring-do happened in places far from the present public roads, but on closer enquiry it will almost invariably be found that an old coach or military road used to run close to the place indicated. Billy's house in Palnure Glen, for example, is situated a considerable distance from the new public road, and yet the old road ran close by it. The site of that place of abode will be found about 300 yards above the falls on the Mill Burn near Bardrochwood. It is said that this particular rendezvous, besides being a place of comparative safety, owing to its proximity to Cairnsmore and Craignelder, enabled Billy to do a good trade in distilling whisky.

Tradition has it that when dyking operations were renewed on Cairnsmore—not commenced there, for it must be remembered that the famous "Deil's Dyke" runs across Cairnsmore—Billy succeeded in killing two birds with one stone. The laird was greatly annoyed at the slow progress made in building the dykes, and eventually, on that account, dismissed the dykers; but it was shrewdly suspected that Billy not only did a roaring trade in supplying the dykers with whisky made at his still on the Stell Brae on Cairnsmore, but also—in pursuance of his "levelling" propensities, and in case a ready market should be removed from the neighbourhood—kept knocking over each night a bit of

the dyke which the men had built on the previous day.[e] Such may have been the real inception of the great rebellion by farmers, crofters, gypsies, and labourers against the proprietors, for fencing and annexing fields, moorlands, and commonties, and demolishing old houses, and which innovations "The Levellers" considered to be a blow calculated to prevent many from earning a livelihood.

On Cairnsmore Billy may have learned to use the "kent" stick to the greatest advantage in knocking over a dyke. It appears that each leveller "was furnished with a strong *kent* (or piece of wood) from six to eight feet in length, which he fixed into the dyke at the approved distance from the foundation and from his neighbour. After having ascertained that all was ready, the captain bawled out 'Ow'r wi't, boys,' and ow'r accordingly it tumbled with a shout that might have been heard at the distance of miles."[25] Billy's experience thus gained may have secured for him the leadership of the levellers. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., in his *History of Dumfries and Galloway*,[26] says :— "The ringleader of these levellers was the celebrated Billy Marshall, of the blood royal of the Gypsies, who deserted from the Royal Regiment of Dragoons (the Scots Greys), when serving under Marlborough in Flanders," and the author

of the "Memoir of Joseph Train"[27] thus refers to Billy's leadership of the levellers:—"Another worthy, Train mentions, namely, Willie Marshall, the King of the Randies, who encouraged the insubordination of the peasantry of Galloway in their last ebullition of discontent. This happened in 1724, and their attack was principally directed against the King's fences. In this they were led by Marshall, who, despising all rule and authority, was a proper person to direct the movements of the rebellious peasantry. The summer fair of Keltonhill was at that time the most general rendezvous in the south-west of Scotland for the transaction of business. Among others, delegates from all the parishes in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright met for the purpose of concerting measures for the levelling of all the 'ring fences' in the country. Over these presided the King of the Randies. Before the period mentioned, he had been frequently sent to the army, and had served several campaigns in Flanders; but he always deserted in time to reach Keltonhill Fair, which, it is said, he attended regularly for above a hundred years, without being once absent.

"The levellers found in him an active leader, and under his directions they conducted their operations with such secrecy, that every stone which was laid above another for the formation

of a ring fence during the day, between Thigger Law and Shambelly, was thrown down in the night, without a single person concerned therein being discovered either by the landholders or their agents The levellers became at length more daring. They practised the use of firearms on the hills by the light of the moon, formed themselves into companies, and openly resisted every attempt on the part of the proprietors to enclose their land. Many witty sayings are related of Marshall. He was, like the rest of his fraternity, greatly addicted to whisky, which some individual in his hearing denounced as slow poison. 'It maun be d—d slow, for I ha'e drunk it for a hunner years, an' I'm livin' yet.'

"It was found necessary to march a regiment of dragoons from Edinburgh, to restore tranquillity to the country. Marshall himself was taken prisoner, but escaped by the assistance of his intimate friend, Edie Ochiltree, or Andrew Gemmil, then a private soldier in the regiment of Black Horse."

An account of the actions of the levellers will be found in the second volume, p. 393, *et seq* of Rev. W. Mackenzie's (Nicholson's) "History of Galloway," and those who wish more elaborate information upon that subject can turn with profit to Mr Crockett's "Dark o'

the Moon" and Mr Armstrong's "The Levellers." It was due to the astuteness of Mr Heron of Kirroughtree that this local rebellion fizzled out, and here is how that satisfactory termination was effected:—"The levellers likewise exhibited much courage and coolness. On their route from Kirkcudbright, through the parish of Tongland, they knew that their motions were strictly watched by a party of dragoons, in company with a number of gentlemen whom the increasing danger had roused into exertion and called unto one place. The insurgents proceeded along the east side of the small river Tarff, and took up a position on the *braes* of Culquha, nearly opposite to Barcaple, where the military were stationed. The levellers having held a consultation, arranged themselves in order of battle, and seemed prepared to make a desperate stand. The counsels of their opponents were divided; some proposed that they should immediately cross the river and attack the insurgents, while others wished to spare the effusion of blood and try the effect of negotiation. Mr Heron, of Kirroughtree, who had been in the army, was present with the gentlemen of the district, and dissuaded them from their rash design. He plainly informed them that, from the appearance of the insurgents, he was convinced they numbered among

them individuals well skilled in military affairs; and he entreated his friends not to hazard an encounter which might prove dishonourable to themselves and disastrous to the country. Mr Heron's experience added weight to his representations. A flag of truce, accompanied by several gentlemen and ministers, repaired to the position of the outlaws. This judicious step produced the desired effect; for, after some fair promises had been made, the country people partially dispersed, and never again mustered in numbers so formidable and overbearing. The last remains of these deluded men were defeated at Duchrae, in the parish of Balmaghie. The commanding officer of the military party behaved on this occasion with great lenity, and prohibited his men from using their swords, unless in self-defence. The prisoners, amounting to upwards of 200 men, he marched to Kirkcudbright; but many of them were allowed to make their escape on the road thither.

"Mr Heron had been right in his conjecture, for, exclusive of many of the disbanded soldiers of inferior note, the ranks of the levellers were dignified by the presence of the celebrated gypsy chief, the redoubted William Marshall, who had been in the army."[28] Surely no ordinary man, this gypsy chief, who, either electively

or by sufferance, commanded the combined forces of farmers, crofters, cottars, and gypsies !

The Brig o' Dee has long been a recognised abode of Marshalls, but it does not seem quite clear that Billy actually possessed a house of his own there. Probably, when attending Kelton Hill Fair, he may occasionally have lived with his relatives there, but it is more likely that he simply encamped on the Kelton side of the Dee, near the Brig o' Dee, where the site of his camp is still pointed out. Its proximity to Kelton Hill, where important fairs were frequently held, rendered it singularly well situated for transferring other folks' money and valuables into the treasury of the Marshall gang. Mactaggart, in his entertaining "Gallovidian Encyclopædia" (1824)[29] gives the following detailed and graphic description of Keltonhill fair, from which one is inclined to conclude that Mactaggart had frequently been present at this interesting annual agricultural function :—"Keltonhill Fair.—This is one of the largest meetings or gatherings of Gallovidians that are to be met with. This fair is held on a day about Midsummer every year, on rising ground beside the *clauchan of Rhonehouse*, in the parish of Kelton. At this fair one is gratified with a sight of the peasantry of both Scotland and Ireland ; and here may sometimes

SITE OF BILLY'S CAMPING GROUND, NEAR BRIG O' DEE.

(Photograph by D. Gass, Rhonehouse.)

be *lifted* a tolerable idea of the Donnybrook of Erin or Ballinasloe; at one time in danger of having the skull bared with a cudgel; at other times hemmed in, as it were, with *rowly-powly men*, *fling sticks*, and *sweetie wives*. Then the ears get charmed with the hoarse throats of ballad singers, and not infrequently nearly rode over with *horse jockies*. And all this humbug and jostling combined form the best of fun; one gets delighted. *Tennant's Anster* rather seems flatter than the reality, though sometimes we see with the drollish poet. While the scenes thicken the tents get crowded; whisky is skilted over like whey; bonny lassies are to be met with, who cling round one like binwud; and who would not cling to them in return, sweet souls? For an hour or two of bustling nonsense, then, I know of few places where it is to be had in greater perfection than at Keltonhill fair."

Billy's usual mode of raising a ruction at the Fair was to send a number of his gang into a drinking booth, and then from the outside of the tent pressing himself under the counter he raised himself up and upset the whole concern!

The following story shows the *modus operandi* of the cutpurse gypsies at the fair. "An uncle of ours," quoth the relaters of this tradition, "on our mother's side told us that two of

their forefolks, Milroys of the Blairs—a farmer and his wife—went to Kelton Hill Fair on one occasion. The farmer had a horse to sell. When passing through the fair a woman—probably a Marshall—came up to her and asked her to hold her child for a moment. She consented, and suddenly the mother disappeared. As she was long in returning, the farmer's wife put the child on her shoulder and proceeded to wend her way through the Fair in the hope of catching the eye of the gypsy woman. Suddenly a man came rushing through the crowd, and as he ran past the farmer's wife he thrust something into the breast of her dress, which at that time was worn open at the neck. Next moment the gypsy woman came back, claimed the child, and disappeared ere the farmer's wife took any thought about what the gypsy man had done. She found sticking inside her dress her husband's pocket-book with the price of the horse which the gypsy man must have stolen from him and had intended to pass on to the gypsy woman, but the child being on the shoulder of the farmer's wife he (the gypsy man) had unconsciously restored the money to its rightful owner."[g]

Then there remain to be considered two other resorts said to have been frequented by Billy, viz.:—The Fell o' Barullion, in the parish of

Mochrum, Wigtownshire, and "a large cave or cavern in the high grounds of Cairnsmore in Galloway" (the Stewartry). Obviously, both places had great advantages as retreats in case of pursuit, or as places for concealing plunder; but Billy knew that those particular retreats enjoyed other advantages. Billy's gang undoubtedly were deeply implicated in the smuggling trade, which, at that time, must have been regarded as an honourable department of his profession, for even the hands of ministers were not clean in that respect. A story is told that somewhere on our coast a vessel, containing a cargo of brandy, had been stranded—whether by fair or foul means is not said—but, in the bacchanalian orgie that ensued, a stranger thought fit to intervene. "Are there no revenue officials present?" he ventured to inquire. "Thank gudeness, there's nane," was the laconic reply. Then, said he in desperation, "Where's the minister?" "That's him," was the answer, and a hand pointed towards a man in black, holding up a torch to enable the smugglers to broach another keg. In Sir H. E. Maxwell's *History of Dumfries and Galloway*,[30] above referred to, there is an interesting account, showing the great extent to which smuggling was carried on in this district, and indicating that the gypsies were instrumental in forwarding "run goods" to their proper destination :

"The gypsies were numerous in the Border counties in those days, and were among the most intrepid riders concerned in smuggling. There were many grades of them, from big Will Baillie, the chief of one sept, who marauded on the romantic scale of Robin Hood, to the common "tinklers," or "cairds," who pitched their tents in Nithsdale, and harboured among the Galloway Hills. Sir Walter Scott, who never, so far as is known, was in Galloway,* was able to make use of information given him by Joseph Train, an Excise Officer in Castle-Douglas, and to describe truthfully, in *Guy Mannering*, the position held by gypsies in the social scale.

* * * * * *

"The contraband trade had become almost as common an investment for men of capital as any other business. Merchants fitted out well-found vessels for smuggling ; lairds and ministers not only connived at it, but put their money into the venture. Mr Carson, minister of Anwoth, was deprived of his living in 1767, because he was proved to be deeply implicated in the 'fair trade.'" The lingtowmen were in the habit of requisitioning the services of horses belonging to crofters. On one occasion a lingtowman shouted out after the procession had passed

* Sir Walter Scott did visit Galloway, as will be afterwards shown.

a crofter's house, "Did ye mind Grannie Milligan's rum?" Whereupon a keg was taken back, and the door being found to have been conveniently left open, an entrance was readily effected. A can of water sitting inside the passage was emptied, and the can was then filled up with rum. Grannie Milligan unwittingly made her porridge with that rum, and ever afterwards avowed that no dish could equal "rum porridge."[h]

A glance at the map will show that both places were admirably suited for keeping an eye upon all "run goods," and for headquarters from which to essay when the services of Billy and his gang were required to act as "lingtowmen," to ensure a safe transit. An old road ran along through amongst the hills nigh to Billy's retreat on Cairnsmore, and was also connected with the military road which passed over "The Corse o' Slakes," one of the Marshall gang's favourite places for waylaying and robbing travellers. The Corse is thus described in M'Taggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*[31]:—"Corse o' Slakes, Cross of Rocky Hills—*Slakes*, in Saxon, meaning rocky hills or rocky brows. In Galloway, there are no roads so wild as the one which leads over the celebrated pass of the above name, between Cairnsmoor and Cairnhattie; it is a perfect Alpine pass, and was a haunt of

Billy Marshall and his gang in the days of yore—even yet, it is frequently selected as a suitable station for the bludgeon tribe."

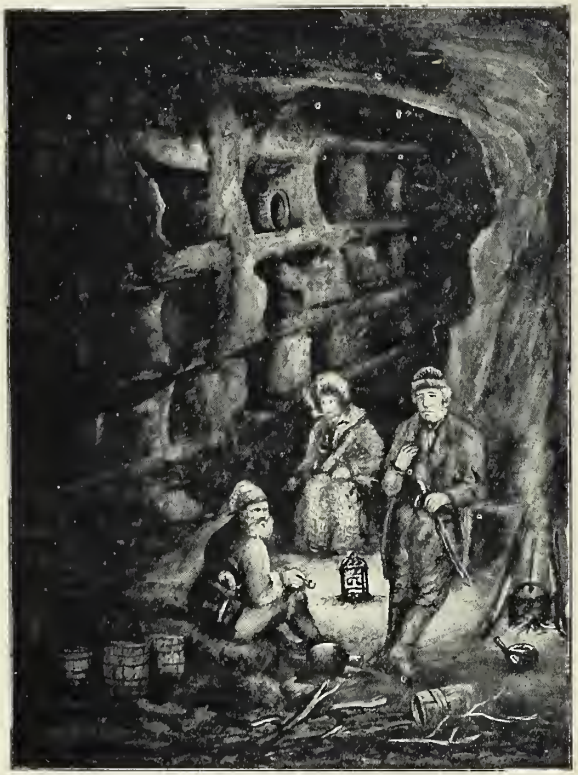
Billy is believed to have co-operated with the celebrated Yawkins, the "Dirk Hatteraick" of *Guy Mannering*."[32] In the additional prefatory note to that book, Sir Walter says:—"*The Black Prince* (Yawkins' smuggling lugger) used to discharge her cargo at Luce, Balcarry, and elsewhere on the coast; but her owner's favourite landing places were at the entrance of the Dee and the Cree." In "The Memoir of Joseph Train,"[33] will also be found particulars about the illicit traffic, Yawkins and his smuggling lugger, "The Black Prince," and of the *modus operandi* of the smugglers; but this interesting description of the lingtowmen—who would often be gypsies—had better be recorded here:

"The carriers from the coast to the interior were called lingtowmen, from the coil of ropes, or lingtows, which they generally wore like a soldier's shoulder belt when not employed in slinging or carrying their goods. The fixed price for carrying a box of tea, or a bale of tobacco, from the coast of Galloway to Edinburgh, was fifteen shillings; and a man with two horses could carry four packages. Two hundred horses have been frequently laden in a night at Balcarry, and at the Abbey Burn-foot of Dundrennan."

One of the most famous of these Galloway caves is that known as "Dirk Hatteraick's Cave," near Ravenshall, whereof the following minute and graphic description is contained in *Galloway Glimpses*,[34] the new edition of which should be in the hands of all lovers of Galloway: —"After resting ourselves in this delightful summer-house, on the top of the moat-hill (Ravenshall), and surveying the extensive scene presented from it, we descend and wander down to the sea-beach in search of the famous cave of Dirk Hatteraick. The way to it, eastward, along the shore, is in places difficult of walking—the boulders being large and necessitating careful footing. But, after a scramble of a quarter of a mile or so, we arrive at that part of the heuch which leads up to the mouth of the cave. It requires a quick eye, or the guiding of some one who has been there before, to discover the entrance, for it is wooded, and hidden up on the face of the cliff by large boulders all around. The ascent from the shore to the mouth of the cave is steep and rough, and part of it requires to be climbed up on hands and knees. Arrived at it, the entrance is found to be narrow and difficult, the rock on each side forming something like two sides of a triangle. Peering through the opening, nothing can be seen in the darkness which prevails down in the cave. On

throwing a stone down into it, one ascertains by the hollow sound below, that the floor of the cave is composed of gravel, and is a considerable way down. After squeezing yourself through the narrow entrance for a few yards, you come to the edge of a precipice. You must then get down on your hands and knees, turn your back to the cave, hang on with your fingers to the ledge of the precipice, let yourself down all your length, and (full of faith) allow yourself to drop into darkness. You land several feet down, on the gravelly bottom of which we have spoken. Recovering your breath and equilibrium, and having come prepared with matches and candle, you strike a light, and the spacious cavern is disclosed to view.

"The writer recollects his first introduction—very many years ago—to this cave. With some companions, he had sailed across from the Wigtownshire coast. None of the party had ever been there before. Arrived at the mouth of the cave, and peering down into the darkness within, the question arose, who was first to enter and make the drop into the unknown bottom. Lots were drawn, and the lot fell to the present writer. Not then knowing anything about the interior, and summoning up as much courage, faith, and hope as he could pump up, he descended to the edge of the interior precipice, held on by his



DIRK HATTERAICK'S CAVE (INTERIOR), NEAR RAVENSHALL.

(By M. M'L. Harper).

fingers, if not by the skin of his teeth, closed his eyes, and—dropped into the dark abyss. The result was that he found himself prone on the shingle of the floor of the cave, thankful, however, that he had not dropped fathoms deep into water!

"The cave within is a high-arched, roomy place, capable of comfortably accommodating a considerable number of persons. Along one side of the rock has been built a wall, perforated with square pigeon holes for holding Dutch bottles. The use to which the cave had been put—a smuggling cellar—is thus disclosed. At the upper end is a natural bunker in the rock, very much like a berth in a ship's cabin, and evidently used for sleeping purposes. At the top, and quite close to the rock-ceiling of the cave, it is stated that there is a crevice, which admits a man's recumbent body sideways, and leads to yet another cave on the western side. Many people, who have been in the principal cave, and thought they had fully explored it, have never seen this high crevice, or had any suspicion that there was another cave entering only from the top of the interior wall of the the principal one. In the event of this latter being besieged and taken, this second cave would prove a useful refuge, not likely to be easily discovered. Altogether, the place is a very

Sketch by BARHOLM CASTLE, "ELLANGOWAN," RAVENSHALL. *J. Copland.*

interesting one. No doubt the cave was used by smugglers, and amongst others, by that notorious Dutch Captain, Hawkins (Yawkins), the Dirk Hatteraick of *Guy Mannering*, who long visited the coast with contraband goods, setting revenue officers and cutters, and the laws of God and man, at defiance." With the aid of a flash-light photograph, of the cave, kindly lent by Mrs Cliff-M'Culloch of Kirkclaugh, Mr M. M'L. Harper has been able to produce an excellent black and white sketch of Billy, his wife (Flora), and Yawkins in the midst of imaginary smuggling operations within Dirk Hatteraick's cave, Ravenshall, and we are pleased to be allowed to reproduce it as an illustration. Near to Dirk Hatteraick's cave is situated Barholm Castle—one of the places having claims to be the "Ellangowan" of *Guy Mannering*; but of that anon. Meantime we direct the reader's notice to the accompanying graphic sketch, of Barholm Castle, by Mr John Copland.

It is evident that Luce Bay and Wigtown Bay were favourite places for discharging "run goods," and Billy's supposed retreat at Cairnsmore would form a splendid point for observation. The following account of a procession of lingtowmen from Wigtownshire shows that the old path taken on such occasions

led right past "The Dore of Cairnsmore," where Billy's cave dwelling is supposed to have been situated:—"In old times, smuggling was a common practice in Galloway. All classes were engaged in it more or less; even the gentry did not disdain to take part in it. Wigtownshire was a nest of them. W. Burnie, The Cuill, when a young man, had seen eighty pack horses (with men in attendance), laden with brandy and tea, pass the house on their way through the moor by the Dore of Cairnsmore. They avoided the public roads, all classes aiding and abetting them, and none seeming to think there was any harm in the practice."[i]

The smugglers from the Ravenshall side would take the back road, which led from Dirk Hatteraick's Cave, up The Cleugh, over the Nick o' Doon, past "The Gypsy Weil," and strike the Corse Road at Billy's Brig. That lonely road, the Corse, passes within a couple of miles of The Dore of Cairnsmore, where Billy's famous cave is supposed to have been situated, and from which point of vantage Billy could not only see whatever chanced to pass up the Cuil road or along The Corse o' Slakes, but also what was going on in Wigtown Bay and even in Luce Bay.

In regard to that "large cave or cavern in the high grounds of Cairnsmore in Galloway," no

one living appears ever to have seen any cave which corresponded with that description, and still less with descriptions given in books subsequently published. The first hint given of the existence of such a cave is contained in the following story published in *Blackwood's Magazine* of 1817[35]:—"A correspondent (says the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*) has lately sent us the following anecdote of Billy Marshall, derived, as he informs us, from Black Matthew Marshall, grandson of the said chieftain:—Marshall's gang had long held possession of a large cave or cavern in the high grounds of Cairnsmore in Galloway, where they usually deposited their plunder and sometimes resided secure from the officers of the law, as no one durst venture to molest the tribe in that retired subterraneous situation. It happened that two Highland pipers, strangers to the country, were travelling that way; and falling in by chance with this cave, they entered it to shelter themselves from the weather, and resolved to rest there during the night. They found pretty good quarters, but observed some very suspicious furniture in the cave, which indicated the profession and character of its absent inhabitants. They had not remained long till they were alarmed by the voices of a numerous band advancing to its entrance. The pipers expected

nothing but death from the ruthless gypsies. One of them, however, being a man of some presence of mind, called to his neighbour instantly to fill his bags (doing the same himself) and to strike up a pibroch with all his might and main. Both pipes accordingly at once commenced a most tremendous onset, the cave with all its echoes pealing back the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" or such like. At this very unexpected and terrific reception—the yelling of the bagpipes, issuing from the bowels of the earth, just at the moment the gypsies entered the cave—Billy Marshall with all his band precipitately fled in the greatest consternation, and from that night never again would go near their favourite haunt, believing that the blast they had heard proceeded from the devil or some of his agents. The pipers next morning prosecuted their journey in safety, carrying with them the *spolia optima* of the redoubted Billy and the clan Marshall." The presence of bagpipers—who were apparently not gypsies—and the story being told by a gypsy—a race of great folk-tale tellers—suggests that this story may be a folk-tale, like all the other wonderful tales of bagpipers playing in subterranean galleries. The parties in this case are, however, not even accompanied by fairies. The tale is, of course, spoiled in the recording. How different Black

Matthew's language would have been from the "*spolia optima*" of the recorder! But it had better be stated that the present Marshalls as a class are not nearly so fond of telling folk-tales as the Macmillans. The only seemingly direct confirmation obtainable of the existence of such a cave is contained in "The Life of James Allan," the celebrated Northumberland Piper, containing his surprising adventures and wonderful achievements in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, India, Tartary, Russia, Egypt, and various other countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, taken principally from his own relation" (1818),[36] and while we regard the book as of doubtful authority upon the subject under consideration, it is only fair to cite it in possible confirmation of the tradition. There is no intention, however, to cast doubt upon the credibility of its author. Nevertheless, one requires to take *cum grano* the stories told to him by one whom the author shows in almost every page of his book to be utterly regardless alike of veracity and morality. That book tacitly bears out this remarkable trait in the gypsy character, viz., the care with which they manage to prevent outsiders from getting to know about their language. If memory serves aright, there is no indication whatever in that book that Allan knew anything about the Romani language, and

yet he was married to a Marshall—who, it will be shown in a later article, spoke a cant language containing many Romani words; and mixed with gypsies all over England, Scotland, and Ireland. Moreover, although he was constantly getting into trouble, and as marvellously—with gypsy cunning—getting out of it again, when coming from India through countries travelled by gypsies in passing from Hindoostan; visiting Moscow and various other cities—where large gypsy colonies are known to exist—and whilst he had to make his livelihood in these places by playing his pipes, yet he never seems to have attracted the attention of any gypsies! Nor does his gypsy language ever appear to have stood him in stead. One is inclined to say if James Allan ever visited these countries he left the author of his life very much in the dark as to what actually happened.

But there are three small caves on Cairnsmore, although no trace can be found of a cave such as that indicated, and which in books subsequently published is thus described:—"In the side of the mountain (Cairnsmore), facing the station (Dromore), there is a cave of very large dimensions said to have been at one time the safe retreat of the renowned Gypsy King, Billy Marshall, and his lawless followers." Now, you will see that the original description does not tally with this more

recent one. In the former description, "a large cave or cavern in the high grounds of Cairnsmore in Galloway" is referred to; in the latter, the "cave of very large dimensions" is described as situated in the "side of the mountain (Cairnsmore) facing the station (Dromore)." Having repeatedly searched Cairnsmore and Craignelder for caves, and either interviewed or communicated with every proprietor, tenant, gamekeeper, foxhunter, and shepherd likely to be able to give information about Cairnsmore or Craignelder, we can find no place that exactly tallies with either description. Three places, however, have been discovered that might possibly—with a stretch of the imagination—be described by the word "cave."

First. There is, on the "Red Strand"—close to a well known fox-yard—which lies on the eastern side of the neck of mountain which joins Cairnsmore with Craignelder, a hole of about three feet in width, and which runs back between rocks for about eight feet. This, however, has no evidence of man's handiwork about it; there is no tradition about its ever having been occupied; and it is the least entitled of the three to be called a "cave."

Second. Upon the eastern face of Cairnsmore, and to the left of the Mill Burn as you ascend,

1
CAVE ON "RED STRAND"

3
M'CLAVE'S PANTRY, CAIRNSMORE.

2
CAVE NEAR "THREE CAIRNS," CAIRNSMORE.

(Photographs by A. M'Cormick.

th re is a substantially built cave. It is situated about 200 yards lower down the mountain than the "Three Cairns"—which, by the way, now number "four"—and a little further to the left of the cairns as you ascend. It will be seen from the photograph (produced as an illustration) of this cave that it has been carefully constructed, and a large flat stone lying at the entrance exactly fits as a door to obscure the opening, and when thus closed it is most difficult, even for those who have visited it before, to find it. A large flat boulder forms the roof, and from its sloping position it would rather seem as if the roof had fallen in, thus making the cave smaller than it had originally been, but even now there is room for three ordinary folks, or four Marshalls, as, according to a story which will be related later on, they have the knack of huddling together as closely as herrings in a barrel.

Third. There is a second cave on Cairnsmore, and this one goes under the name of "M'Clave's Pantry." To find this cave one requires to follow the march dyke between Bargally and Bardrochwood till it joins "The Deil's Dyke"; thereafter you follow "The Deil's Dyke" along the mountain side in a south-easterly direction until a ridge is reached, and following, down the mountain for about 100

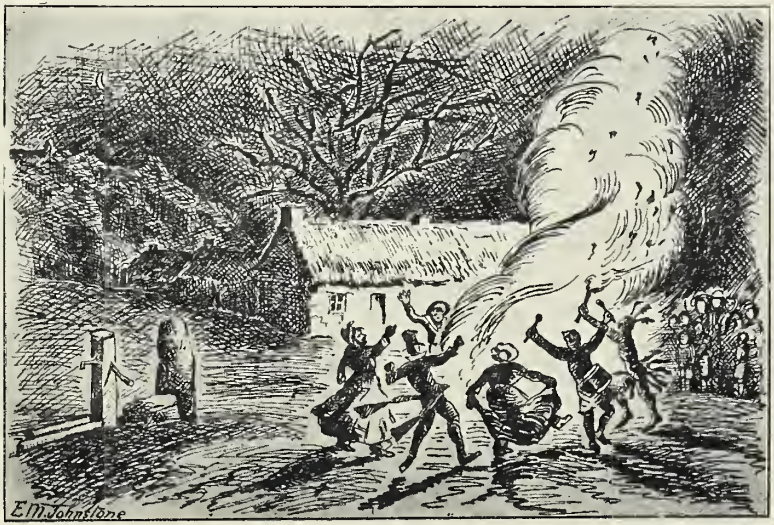
yards, a course taken almost at right angles to "The Deil's Dyke," a rocky face will be found wherein is situated "M'Clave's Pantry." It is a cave of natural formation amongst rocks; it is about three feet in width, and runs back for about nine feet. To enter it, one requires to stoop. There is a tradition to the effect that this cave is named "M'Clave's Pantry" because it was the hiding-place in covenanting times of a man of the name of M'Clave. This cave also looks as if it had to some extent fallen in—probably as the result of foxhunters digging round about it. Curiously enough, there is, all along the brae in front of this cave, evidences of illicit "stills" having at one time been much in vogue. The place still goes under the appropriate name of 'The Stell Braes," and near the cave will be found the remains of several shielings, and close by them, of several "stills." Something similar will also be found near the "rees," at the head of the Craddock Burn. Now, these two latter caves can neither be said to be of "very large" dimensions, nor even of "large" dimensions, but there is little doubt that Billy, when he lived in his little hut in Bargaly Glen, just at the foot of Cairnsmore, and only about a mile and a half from the built cave and "M'Clave's Pantry," would know about these caves. Billy, like many another tinkler-gypsy, would be able to

make the "worm," the "copper," and other distilling paraphernalia. When carrying on the distilling and "levelling" departments of his profession, he would find the built cave and "M'Clave's Pantry" almost of daily use to him, and, when hard pressed, all of these caves would afford him places of safety, where it would be courting death for a foe to venture, and where, even if anyone should venture, he would have great difficulty in finding Billy's place of hiding. But this is not a point upon which to dogmatise. We only wish, in regard to this matter, as indeed, in regard to all the other information collected, to state frankly what has been learned, so that others may take up the thread where it has been left off. And while we say, after most careful enquiry at likely sources, and after enjoying many a long tramp in search of this mysterious cave, no such cave is known to exist, we do not mean anyone to run away with the idea that such a cave never existed. It may have existed; it may still exist; but no one knows its whereabouts. It must be borne in mind that it is no easy task to find a cave on Cairnsmore or Craignelder. From a rough calculation, it would seem that Cairnsmore and Craignelder cover an area of about 24 square miles of the wildest and most rugged mountainous character in the South of Scotland. In the

course of our enquiries, it was only after almost despairing to find any cave on Cairnsmore that Mr Gavin M'Crae, formerly of Bargaly, was approached upon the subject, and he gave full particulars as to where the built cave and "M'Clave's Pantry" would be found; but three visits had to be paid to Cairnsmore—once in company with a shepherd who had herded that mountain for years—before the three caves were located. Even with the most careful written description before us, the shepherd and the writer hereof had to come away without finding "M'Clave's Pantry." Now, all this shows that Billy's cave should by no means be regarded as a myth. Probably one of these above described may be the cave referred to, but, on the other hand, there may exist somewhere a large cave on Cairnsmore, the mouth of which may at present be obscured. Mr Stroyan, late of Clendrie, who knows every foot of Cairnsmore, and particularly of the Dore of Cairnsmore, offers this feasible solution. He says "that landslips are of frequent occurrence on the Dore of Cairnsmore, and that it is just possible that the entrance to Billy's large cave or cavern has been blinded up." Perchance, through nature's mysterious operations, the mouth of the cave may again be laid bare, and some lucky mountaineer may yet chance upon the cave and "its many valuable

articles," which the author of James Allan's Life—writing in full knowledge of the article which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which stated that the two pipers carried off with them the *spolia optima* of the redoubted Billy and the Clan Marshall—says are still deposited in that cave. But let us make a suggestion to those who believe in the reality of such a tradition: why not enter at the Co o' Caerclaugh[37], and, resting manfully upon tradition, struggle on—as did a certain dog who came out with his whiskers singed—till you reach its other orifice, which will be found at the Dore of Cairnsmore nearly 10 miles away, and then, and probably not till then, will you find Billy Marshall's cave "of very large dimensions."

When treating of Billy's homes and haunts, there are several points which arise naturally, and had better be recorded at this juncture. Some of these may be considered whimsical, but we shall record them, even if they should only be regarded in the light of straws indicating the current of the stream. Billy is supposed to have been of Pictish descent, and it is a strange coincidence that within a few hundred yards of his house at Palnure, two Pictish moats or mounds exist, and that a Pictish moat or mound exists within 100 yards of his house in Minni-



Sketch by "OLD MINNIGAFF FIRE-WORSHIPPERS." *Miss E. M. Johnstone.*

gaff. In front of his house, in the Square of Old Minnigaff, there was and still is annually performed, on Hogmanay night, a ceremony—a remnant of the old days of Fire Worship—which must have appealed to Billy's pictish instincts. Unfortunately, although the youths of Minnigaff keep up the time-honoured ceremony, there are no local traditions, which give any clue to its meaning. The accompanying vivid sketch is from the pen of Miss E. M. Johnstone, a daughter of the late Rev. M. S. Johnstone, D.D., who was pastor of Minnigaff for upwards of half a century, and whose memory is revered in the district. The following graphic description of the ancient ceremony is from her own pen :—

"But the grand sight of all, and the climax, is the procession of young men, which parades the village on New Year's Eve. By an unwritten law, they must be young men, namely, those who have not *ranged* themselves ; and everyone vies with the other as to which presents the most bizarre appearance. Red Indians, giants, dwarfs, demons, carrying at intervals flaming tar-barrels, and finally gathering in a wild dance round the flaming bonfire, for which all the neighbouring woods have been laid under contribution. Do you take your pleasures sadly in England? We do not in Galloway. Look on

this wild Walpurgis night, and you will see how the fiery Celtic blood still leaps in our veins.

"They say the bonfire is a relic of druidical times, and that from those far off days until now, the ever youthful circle has leapt and shouted round a fire-god, forgetful of those who have dropped out of the living ring, and who have fainted beneath the heavy burden of years."[38]

It will help to throw some light upon the meaning of this ancient ceremony, if we compare it with a similar ceremony, celebrated annually on the last night of the year (old style) at Burghead, in the far North. Here is how "The Burning of the Clavie"—as the ceremony is named—is described by the Rev. Alexander Jeffrey, London :—[39]

"Of the early Pictish occupation of the promontory, there can be no doubt. Marks of it are to be found in the numerous sculptured 'bulls' traced on thin stone slabs, which have been dug out of the rubbish ; and probably also in the striking annual ceremony peculiar to Burghead, known as 'The Burning of the Clavie,' a ceremony which has frequently been described. The carved stones referred to are probably pagan *totems*, or objects of superstitious reverence ; whilst the 'Clavie,' supposed to guard the town from injury by witches, is in all likelihood a remnant of the old

Beltane fires used in Baal worship, and derived from the Phoenicians. The etymology of the word 'Clavie' is uncertain; but if it be of Gaelic origin (as is likely), then it is probably derived from the Gaelic 'claibh,' a basket, indicating the shape of the tub-like structure in which the fire is carried upon the shoulders of men through the town.

"The burning of the 'Clavie' has been carried on at Burghead from time immemorial; and, although the superstitious belief in its efficacy as a safeguard against witchcraft and other evils has long since disappeared, the custom itself is so popular that it is likely to be perpetuated for years to come. The ceremony always takes place on the last night of the year (old style), with forms which are scrupulously observed.

"The half of a tar barrel is placed on the end of a strong pole about five feet in length, to which it is fastened by means of a long nail, 'driven home' by a stone (no hammer is allowed), and by supporting and encircling staves, as shown in the accompanying illustration. This barrel, or tub rather, is filled with fuel soaked with tar and other inflammable material. After sunset, the contents are duly kindled amid loud cheers, and always by means of a burning peat. The blazing beacon is then borne on the shoulders of a strong man, who

proceeds at a rapid pace, accompanied by a motley crowd, round the ancient boundaries of the town. The bearer of the 'Clavie' is relieved of his fiery burden from time to time; and blazing fagots from it are flung, in passing, into the houses of the more popular inhabitants, as a mark of goodwill and a guarantee of good luck. For the 'Clavie-bearer' to fall with his load (as sometimes happens) used to portend death in the course of the year. After the town has been perambulated, the 'Clavie' is deposited on the summit of 'The Doorie,' a small hill on the headland, which at one time formed part of the transverse ramparts of the fort, locally known as 'The Brigs,' to distinguish them from 'The Baileys.' Formerly the supporting pole of the 'Clavie' was propped up on the hilltop by a heap of stones. For more than a generation it has been inserted in the top of a stone pedestal erected for the purpose. There the 'Clavie' is allowed to burn out, although, until quite recently, it used to be lifted from its socket and thrown down the western slope of the hill, when a wild scramble took place for the blazing fagots, which were taken home and carefully preserved as a charm against witchery and ill-luck in every form during the coming year. The whole scene, it has been well said, is singularly weird and

impressive. The dark sullen northern night ; the wreathing smoke of the smouldering beacon ; the twisting streams of fire rushing down the sloping hill ; the eager upturned faces of the spectators

THE BURNING OF THE "CLAVIE."

(By kind permission of the Rev. James Mann, Burghead.)

—bronzed and bearded fishermen, white-haired old women, and bright-eyed children ; the rush, the scuffle, the shouts, the screams, the laughter of the crowd in its efforts to secure the smoking embers, make up a picture which, once seen, is not readily forgotten."

If Billy was a Pict, he must have been in his element among these emblems of the ancient Pictish race. The Picts were described as "wee bodies but unco strong," and here is a description of Billy—the supposed modern Pict—given to me by a farmer whose grandfather was well acquainted with Billy, and had some reason to know about his physical powers:—"He was thick, and short in the legs, with wide built body—and strong and swift; when old, his head was bald and full of scars."[39]

The Picts, it would appear, frequently inhabited mound dwellings and beehive cairns, and in Galloway they lived in places answering to that description:

"In addition to forts on the tops of hills, the original people of Galloway had subterraneous places of refuge. These were either artificial excavations or natural caves; and they served, in a rude age, when the arm of repression was but feeble, to conceal or protect both the persons and property of the inhabitants from the aggression or rapacity of their enemies. In some of the excavations were structures containing two or three apartments, clumsily built of large flat stones without any cement, and covered with stones of the same kind."[40]

To those who believe in the realistic theory about fairies—that they were, as a matter of

fact, Picts—and that all the stories about seeing little men bearing torches and flitting about green hills at night are explained by the fact that these were, in reality, Picts—it will be interesting to read the following description of fairies and their dwellings and customs taken from fairy tales recently related to the writer by a Galloway tinkler-gypsy :—[41]

"On the first night she (Agnes) was sitting on the grave when the King of the Fairies appeared and sat down on the grave beside her. He had a green hat and green coat, but all the rest of his clothes were red. He arose after a little and uttered three wild screighs, three wild cries, three wild girns, and made three wild tears at her. Agnes also uttered three wild screighs, three wild cries, three wild girns, and made three wild tears at him. He went away to an underground hut, and standing at the entrance cried, 'Open, open, and let the King of the Fairies in.' Agnes repeated the cry. He then entered, Agnes following. She then stood behind the door and watched the King of the Fairies. There was dancing and music going on by the fairies—'totie wee bodies a' cled in red.' He asked for a brush to brush his hair, water to wash his face, and a towel. He laid down the brush, and Agnes stole it. Soon he got up and disappeared. Agnes went

off to her sister and told her what had happened."

* * * * *

"He (the King of the Fairies) then proceeded to the underground house, saying, 'Open, open, and let the King of the Fairies in.' Agnes repeated the saying. He entered the place, while Agnes followed. He called for some water in a basin, and also a towel. She caught the basin, threw out the water, and stole the towel. The pipes began to play and there was music of all sorts. He then cried, 'Open, open, and let the King of the Fairies out.' Agnes also cried, 'Open, open, and let the Queen of the Fairies out.'"

The old tinkler-gypsy woman who related these tales believes that they were got up hundreds of years ago to overawe ignorant folks and to frighten them away from certain localities; but she says her sister-in-law, an Irishwoman, is a firm believer in the existence of fairies. On the other hand, when the writer broached the realistic theory to a Highlandman he at once interposed with, "Don't mention realistic theories to me. I come from the most superstitious district in Scotland, and fairies are nothing more or less than the figments of brains inflamed with drinking too much of their own concoction of mountain dew, and were

generally seen dancing in front of folks on their way home from the smugglers' stell." That theory may be termed quasi-realistic!

The aptness of above description of fairies to Picts and their dwellings is remarkable. The fact that tradition accredits Billy with cave-dwelling, and that another Billy Marshall—of whom anon—also dwelt until about 50 years ago in a cave known as Cuddy Rigs, in Cumberland, and that William Marshall,—the present head of the Marshall gang,—like the aboriginal Gallovidians, sleeps *in puris naturalibus*, all tend to confirm the tradition that Billy was of Pictish descent.

CHAPTER III.

" Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles of dun-deer staukin',
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift :
Water bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers ;
Not for bountith, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again,
Donald Caird's come again,
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again."

"Donald Caird," by Sir Walter Scott.

IN the Additional Note to *Guy Mannering*[42] we have Sir Walter Scott's own authority for taking it that "Meg Merrilies" may be regarded at least as "a representative of her sect and class in general—Flora (Marshall, one of Billy's many wives), as well as others." His utterance upon that subject is somewhat equivocal :—

"Now, I cannot grant that the idea of Meg Merrilies was, in the first concoction of the character, derived from Flora Marshall, seeing I have already said she was identified with Jean Gordon, and as I have not the Laird of Bargaly's apology for charging the same fact on two

several individuals. Yet I am quite content that Meg should be considered as a representative of her sect and class in general—Flora, as well as others."

It is the truth, but is it the whole truth? Indeed, does the wording not rather indicate that the author had been caught in failing to attribute to Flora Marshall and the Galloway gypsies a fair share in what may at least be described as a composite picture—"Meg Merrilies" and her gypsy friends? In the letter quoted in a previous chapter, Mr James Murray M'Culloch, with whose family—the M'Cullochs of Ardwall—Sir Walter was on most intimate terms, says :—

"I am not very sure about giving you up Meg Merrilies quite so easily ; I have reason to think she was a Marshall and not a Gordon, and we folks in Galloway think this attempt of the Borderers to rob us of Meg Merrilies no proof that they have become quite so religious and pious as your author would have us to believe, but rather that, with their religion and piety, they still retain some of their ancient habits."

Do not Sir Walter's own remarks, above quoted, about Flora Marshall read like admitting—as much as ever he could, consistently with having already said Jean Gordon was the prototype of "Meg Merrilies"—the truth of the claim made by Mr James Murray M'Culloch many years previously, and which he prefaced with the words, "*I have reason to think*"?

In the "Groundwork of *Guy Mannering*, 1842,"[43] included in recent editions of *Guy Mannering*, we find :—

"Shortly after (on November 7th, 1814), the publication of *Waverley*, as stated in the Life of Scott, Mr Train forwarded to Abbotsford a MS. collection of anecdotes relating to the Galloway gypsies, together with (in Mr Train's own words) 'a local story of an astrologer . . .'"

That these gypsy stories contributed by Mr Joseph Train had an important influence upon Sir Walter is clearly indicated in a letter[44] addressed by Train himself to Mr J. G. Lockhart, the writer of "The Life," on 1st July, 1833 :—

"Many of my earliest communications to Sir Walter of which I have not a copy are now, I daresay, in your hands, and I believe you will find what I have written in the following sheets from recollection to be in strict accordance with the original document referred to.

"At my last interview with Sir Walter he adverted to having at nearly the commencement of our acquaintance received a letter from me of which I had then only a faint remembrance, which first directed his attention to the peculiarities of the gypsy character afterwards so accurately and strongly delineated by his inimitable hand."

That letter, written by Train to Lockhart, forwarding a MS. volume re-written under Train's direction by his son William, contained a resumé of his communications and meetings with Sir Walter. In acknowledging the letter, Lockhart wrote as follows[45] :—

"24 Sussex Place, Regent's Park,
"London, October 1, 1833,

"Dear Sir,—Your MS. volume, though dated July the 1st, only reached me yesterday. I have perused it with great interest, shall avail myself of it largely in drawing up the narrative of your great and dear friend's life, and then return it carefully to your hands. I have now by me three volumes of your MS. communications to Sir Walter which I found bound in one of his cabinets, but I have not yet had time to read their contents. I presume I am at liberty to make use of them also, and will do so unless you forbid me. The whole story of your connection is most honourable to you, and in no account of Sir Walter can your name ever fail to occupy a distinguished place."

It would be interesting to know precisely what these gypsy stories were which Train communicated to Sir Walter *prior* to publication of the *first* edition of *Guy Mannering* so as to see to what extent these had influenced the plot or scope of *Guy Mannering*. But, alas, what do we find? In spite of Lockhart's protestation that he would return Train's MS. Volume "carefully to your hands," there stand these two notes in Train's own handwriting on the volume[46] itself, showing how Lockhart failed to keep his promise:—

"133, 134, 5, 6, 7, 8. These leaves were torn out by Mr Lockhart and the contents published in his Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. V. pp. 325-6.

(Intd.) J.T."

* * * *

"13-28. The leaves here wanting were torn out by Mr Lockhart and the contents published in his Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. III. pp. 405-6-7-8-9-10, 411-12-13-14.

(Intd.) J.T."

And in regard to the three volumes of Train's MS. communications which Lockhart found bound in one of Sir Walter's cabinets, and which Lockhart also had before him when writing from London the letter above quoted, these precious literary documents cannot now be discovered. Is it a fair inference that these interesting MS. may also have fallen a victim to literary vandalism, and have been cut up to suit Sir Walter's Biographer, and to save him the trouble of having the quotations—which he intended to use—re-copied? If, however, these three precious volumes are still in existence, for example, in the hands of whoever succeeded to Lockhart's library, surely this wail will cause their present possessor to acknowledge where they are now deposited. Enquiry at Abbotsford, and at most of the likely authorities upon such a subject has elicited the information that these volumes are not in the catalogue of the Abbotsford Library; J. G. Cochrane, 1830, are not likely to be at Abbotsford; and also, that it is not known whether the missing three volumes are now in existence.

But from the information still available and

above quoted, it is quite clear that Sir Walter derived a considerable amount of information about the Galloway Gypsies from Train. Moreover, Captain and Mrs Thomas Scott and their son and daughter all appear to have been great favourites with Sir Walter, and from them he would doubtless obtain further information. Previous to Captain Thomas Scott's death in 1823, his son had spent two years at Abbotsford, and Mrs Thomas Scott and the rest of her family were also guests there for a considerable time after she became a widow. Sir Walter was attached to his brother Thomas, whom he described as "a man of infinite humour and excellent parts," and Mrs Thomas Scott's aptitude in relating Galloway traditions to Sir Walter may have had much to do with his regard for her. We have already noted that her brother, James Murray M'Culloch of Ardwall, and even his great-grandmother were both intimately acquainted with the Marshall gang, and it is not reasonable to suppose that any information about Galloway gypsies at the disposal of any member of the M'Culloch family would be withheld from Sir Walter, their intimate friend and relative.

In an interesting, though somewhat loosely conducted correspondence, which appeared in the columns of the *Galloway Gazette* newspaper during the months of February, March, and

April, 1881, the following appear to be the important points considered:—(1) Was Sir Walter Scott ever in Galloway? and (2) To what extent, if any, did he receive help in writing *Guy Mannering* from Train, Captain Thomas Scott, and his wife, Mrs Elizabeth M'Culloch or Scott? By the one side it was contended (*a*) that, whilst admitting that Sir Walter also received assistance and information from the M'Culloch of Ardwall family, the framework of these works (*Guy Mannering*, *The Abbott*, and *Redgauntlet*), was principally laid in Galloway and furnished by Train, and that Sir Walter did visit Galloway on one occasion; and by the other side (*b*) that (first) whilst admitting that Sir Walter received from Train certain gypsy stories and the story about the astrologer in the end of October or early in November—as Sir Walter's cruise round Scotland only ended at Greenock on 8th September, 1814, as *The Lord of the Isles* was published about the end of the year, and as *Guy Mannering* was published two months thereafter, Train had no time to aid Sir Walter; (second) to Captain Thomas Scott and his wife, Elizabeth M'Culloch, "we owe that fine novel *Guy Mannering*, Sir Walter giving it the finish." That second contention was upheld in these terms:—

"I have stated in 'Lands and their Owners' that Sir Walter is believed to have had the sketches of some of his novels from his brother Thomas, and in making an offer of literary employment to him on the 19th November, 1808, he wrote 'Now, as I know of no one who possesses more power of humour or perception of the ridiculous than yourself, I think your leisure hours might be pleasantly passed in this way.' His brother was then in embarrassed circumstances, and resided at Douglas, Isle of Man, the former haunt of smugglers, within view, and, with a fair wind, three or four hours' sail of Wigtown Bay, close to which is Ardwall, the home of his wife's parents, she being the youngest daughter. She was gifted with a taste for the old traditions, &c., of the district, and had a large store in her mind. Under such circumstances, I believe the statement that Thomas Scott furnished his brother with the rough of 'Guy Mannering.' He was afterwards appointed Paymaster of the 70th Regiment, and when in Canada, Sir Walter wrote to him after 'Waverley' came out that he (Thomas) was by many named as the author, and then he offers him terms to write a novel, in his own words. 'Send me a novel, intermixing your exuberant and natural humour . . . particularly with characters and traits of manners—I will give it all the cobbling that is necessary — . . . you have more fun and descriptive talent than most people, and all you want—that is the mere practice of composition—I can supply, or the devil's in it.' . . . . .

"The more it is gone into, the more clear it is that to Thomas Scott and his wife, Elizabeth M'Culloch, we owe that fine novel 'Guy Mannering,' Sir Walter Scott giving it the finish.'"

and that (third) Sir Walter Scott never visited Galloway. Here are the principal arguments adduced to attempt to prove that contention :—

"Mr Train's memoranda when at Abbotsford, or after

leaving it, of Sir Walter's statement about Galloway, is not born out by anything known publicly, and was unknown to those with whom he was closely connected. Probably Sir Walter did not express himself clearly, and it was taken up wrong. This is not uncommon in every-day conversations, and very apt to be more confused when written down afterwards. It is not long since I looked into the subject, but 25 years ago the matter was very closely followed out among his remaining relatives, etc., and resulted in not a shadow of doubt that Sir Walter *never was in Galloway*. This I fully endorse, and, until proved otherwise, such will be my opinion.

"To proceed to the subject, I have to observe that Mr Lockhart's mention of the visit to Galloway has been long ago disposed of. It was not given from anything Sir Walter left, and, as believed, his biographer has an object in making the assertion, which I can understand. It seems to have been an echo from Mr Train's memoranda."

The writers on both sides have, however, been over anxious to make out a strong case in support of their own contentions, for the facts narrated in that correspondence do not fully prove the main contentions which they have been claimed to do by either side. The correspondence has brought forward no new direct evidence, and the position of matters is pretty much as it was formerly. The contention that Captain Thomas Scott actually supplied his brother, Sir Walter, with the rough draft of *Guy Mannering* is clearly disposed of by Sir Walter's own explicit denial of that statement in the General Preface[47] to

the Waverley Novels (1829) followed by the avowal that —

> "The volumes, therefore, to which the present pages form a preface are entirely the composition of the author, by whom they are now acknowledged."

A fair and reasonable construction of the facts adduced in the correspondence referred to seems to be (*a*) that prior to publication of the first edition of *Guy Mannering*, Train had communicated to Sir Walter "a collection of anecdotes relating to the Galloway gypsies, together with (in Train's own words) a local story of an astrologer . . . . . ;" (*b*) that Sir Walter's brother Thomas was married to Elizabeth M'Culloch of Ardwall, that they were on most friendly terms with Sir Walter, frequently visiting him, and that, in all probability, Sir Walter would be furnished with all the information at the disposal of Mrs Elizabeth M'Culloch or Scott and the M'Culloch family in regard to Galwegian gypsies, smugglers, localities, and families ; and (*c*) that the balance of evidence is in favour of Sir Walter's having visited Galloway. That last conclusion is supported by the statement re-written by William Train at his father Joseph Train's request, and copied direct from the MS. book by Lockhart into his "Life of Sir Walter Scott." All of these men knew Sir Walter, and apparently

none of them had any reason to doubt Train's statement of what Sir Walter had told him upon the point, and unless direct rebutting evidence is forthcoming Train's statement[48] must be taken as turning the balance of evidence in favour of Sir Walter's having visited Galloway :—

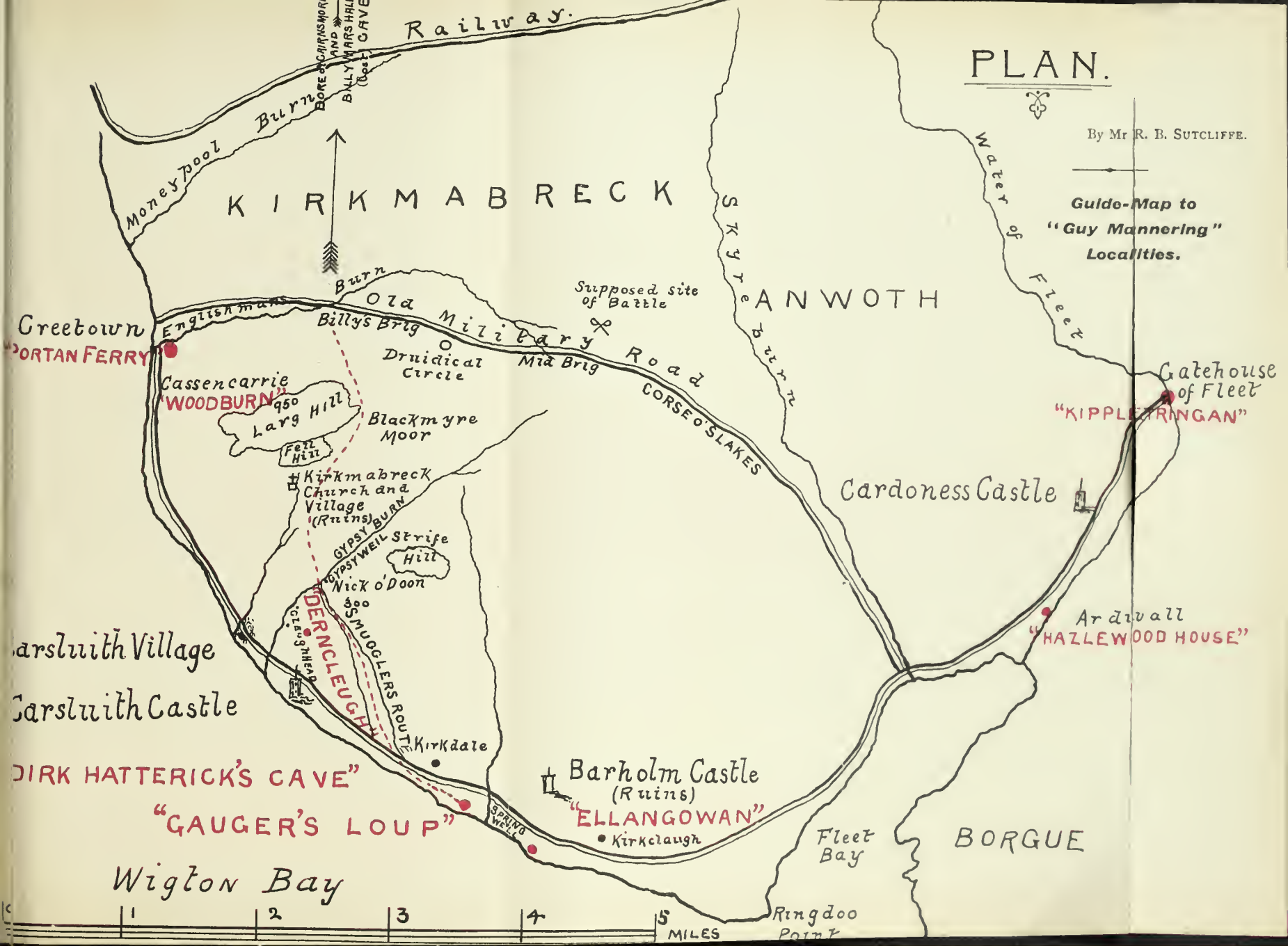
"In March, 1793, when the Court rose, he proceeded into Galloway, in order to make himself acquainted with the case of a certain Rev. Mr M'Naught, minister of Girthon, whose trial, on charges of habitual drunkenness, singing of lewd and profane songs, dancing and toying at a penny wedding with a 'sweetie wife' (that is, an itinerant vendor of gingerbread, etc.), and, moreover, of promoting irregular marriages as a justice of the peace, was about to take place before the General Assembly of the Kirk.

* * * *

"Mr. M'Naught was deposed from the ministry, It is to be observed that the research made with a view to pleading this cause carried Scott for the first, and I believe for the last time, into the scenery of his 'Guy Mannering'; and several of the names of the minor characters of the novel (M'Guffog, for example) appear in the list of witnesses."

It should be noted that Paterson's *Memoir of Train*,[49] gives a garbled and erroneous statement of the words quoted by Lockhart from Train's MS.

The late Captain Heron of Kirroughtree, Kirkcudbrightshire, also claimed that Sir Walter had been to Kirroughtree. A similar claim appears to


PLAN.
By Mr R. B. Sutcliffe.
Guide-Map to
"Guy Mannering"
Localities.
Railway.
Moneypool Burn
KIRKMABRECK
Skyre Burn
ANWOTH
Water of Fleet
Burn
Old Military Road
Supposed site of Battle
Creetown
"PORTAN FERRY"
Englishman
Billy's Brig
Druidical Circle
Mid Brig
CORSE O'SLAKES
Gatehouse of Fleet
"KIPPLETRINGAN"
Cassencarrie
"WOODBURN"
950
Larg Hill
Blackmyre Moor
Fell Hill
Kirkmabreck Church and Village (Ruins)
Cardoness Castle
GYPSY BURN
Gypsyweil Strife
Hill
Nick o'Doon
500
SMUGGLERS ROUTE
"DERNCLEUGH"
Ardwall
"HAZLEWOOD HOUSE"
Carsluith Village
Carsluith Castle
Kirkdale
"DIRK HATTERICK'S CAVE"
Barholm Castle
(Ruins)
"GAUGER'S LOUP"
"ELLANGOWAN"
Kirkclaugh
Fleet Bay
BORGUE
Wigton Bay
Ringdoo Point
1
2
3
4
5
MILES

have been made by the late Miss Vans Agnew, Eskdale Cottage, Newton-Stewart, who alleged that Sir Walter had also visited at Barnbarroch, in Wigtownshire, the home of her own folks. One of the parties to the correspondence above quoted also claimed that he had heard of Sir Walter's visit from a person belonging to Gatehouse, and now a correspondent communicates a feasible story of a gentleman who, though not of a dressy turn of mind, appeared one evening at a party decked out in a black velvet jacket, and who, when being chaffed about his fancy attire, thus explained his unwonted grandeur: When he was a little boy he had seen Sir Walter Scott at the Inn at Gatehouse. Sir Walter had been dressed in a black velvet jacket, and the gentleman's then boyish fancy had been so much taken by Sir Walter's black velvet jacket, that he had made up his mind to have a similar one if ever he could afford the money. Hence his appearing in the black velvet jacket at the party. That story may have a foundation in fact, but like the contentions of the late Captain Heron and Miss Vans Agnew, and of the Gatehouse man above alluded to, it cannot be regarded as wholly proven; but as at the time of Sir Walter's supposed visit to Galloway, he was then only about 22 years of age and just recently admitted to the

Bar, the fact that the evidence in favour of such claims is imperfect, rather confirms one's belief in their accuracy than otherwise. George Borrow also made a tour through Galloway at a much later date than Scott, yet how many Gallovidians could produce confirmation of that fact, or, indeed, know anything about his visit? But fortunately it is all detailed in Dr Knapp's *Life of Borrow*.[50]

Moreover, the cant language put in the mouths of the gypsies of *Guy Mannering* is quite as appropriate to the tinkler-gypsies of Galloway as to the Yetholm gypsies. The following words and expressions used by the gypsies of *Guy Mannering* appear to be still in use in one form or another amongst Galwegian tinkler-gypsies:—

Douse the glim—Put out the light.
Cut ben whids and stow them—a gentry cove of the ken—Stop your uncivil language—a gentleman from the house below.
Kitchen-mort—A girl; (? kinchen-mort).
Millin' in the darkmans—Murder by night.
Cheat (pronounced chaet)—A thing; a generic word of very general application.
Bing oot and tour—Go out and watch.
Strammel—Straw.
Darbies—Handcuffs.
Shand—Bad coin.
Fambles (pronounced fammels)—Hands.
Kinchen—A child.
Libken—Lodgings.

These all seem to be known also to Yetholm

gypsies, and most of them can be found in lists of Yetholm gypsy words. There are a few others which do not now appear to be in use, but may nevertheless have been common both to Yetholm and Galloway gypsies a century or two ago. Such are :—

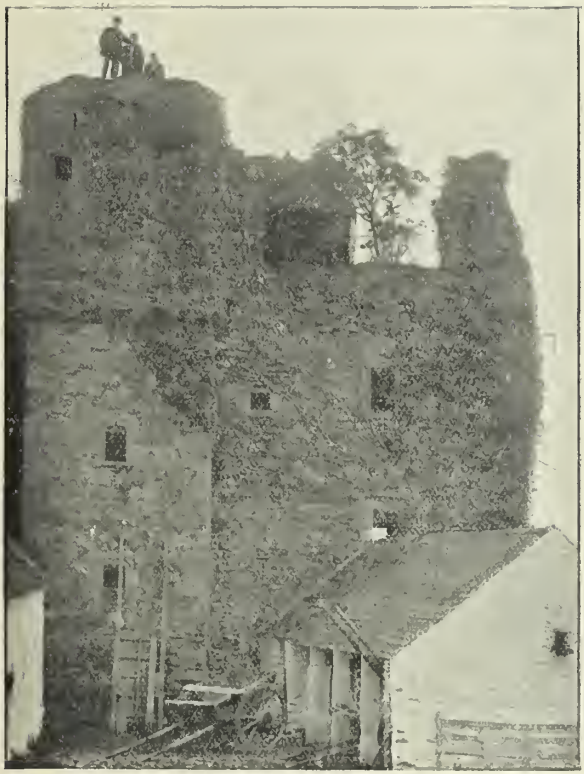
Blunker— ?
Oop—To unite.
Sunkie—A low stool or cushion.
Scouring the cramp-ring—Being thrown into fetters, or, generally, into prison.
Cloyed a dud—Stolen a rag.
Fammagemm'd you—Throttled you.
She swore by the salmon—The great and inviolable oaths of the strolling tribes. (*cf.* Mr Francis Hinde Groome's Note, p. 32, of "In Gypsy Tents," contrasting that oath with the gypsy use of the word "sacrament" for an oath and the tinkler word "sallah" for a curse.)
Roughies—Withered boughs; unless the term "roughie paws" applied to the Marshalls, the horners, of Kilmaurs, on account of their rough hands, can be held to be the same word.

But whilst even at the present day there are still many Romany words in use amongst the Galloway tinkler-gypsies, we have it from no less authority than Mr Groome that there is only one word of real Romany amongst all the cant words used in Sir Walter Scott's works. He says[51] :—"Whence, by the bye, did Scott get *chury*, the only true Romany word in all his works? It occurs not in *Guy Mannering*, but in *The Heart of Midlothian* and *The For-*

tunes of Nigel." To that one word Mr David MacRitchie suggests that the term "Roughies" applied by "Meg Merrilies" to withered leaves, and the word "shand," used to denote bad coin, should be added.[52] Since, then, the gypsies of *Guy Mannering* may be taken as typical of Galloway gypsies, let us glance at the gypsy character in the light of Sir Walter Scott's masterly analysis of it :

Of all the many writers of literature treating of gypsies, Sir Walter Scott has succeeded the most admirably in hitting off the precise position gypsies then occupied socially ; in boldly pourtraying their "idle and vicious" characteristics ; and yet with sympathetic hand in at same time recording their good qualities. Take, for example, his splendid word picture of the eviction of the gypsies from "Derncleugh." He begins by giving a description of the relative positions held by the gypsies of that period and the Lord of the Manor, where they happened to have their headquarters :—

"A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merrilies appertained, had long been as stationary as their habits permitted, in a glen upon the estate of Ellangowan. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their 'city of refuge,' and when not absent on excursions, they harboured unmolested, as the crows that roosted in the old ash-trees around them. They had been such long occupants, that they were considered in some degree as proprietors of the wretched shealings



BARHOLM CASTLE ("ELLANGOWAN.")

Photo by Wm. Hunter & Son.

which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have repaid, by service to the laird in war, or more frequently, by infesting or plundering the lands of those neighbouring barons with whom he chanced to be at feud. Latterly their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun mittens for the lady, and knitted boot-hose for the laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged sibyls blessed the bridal bed of the laird when he married, and the cradle of the heir when born. The men repaired her ladyship's cracked china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties, wormed his dogs, and cut the ears of his terrier puppies. The children gathered nuts in the woods, and cranberries in the moss, and mushrooms on the pastures, for tribute to the Place. These acts of voluntary service and acknowledgments of dependence, were awarded by protection on some occasions, connivance on others, and broken victuals, ale and brandy, when circumstances called for a display of generosity; and this mutual intercourse of good offices, which had been carried on for at least two centuries, rendered the inhabitants of Derncleugh a kind of privileged retainers upon the estate of Ellangowan. 'The knaves' were the laird's 'exceeding good friends'; and he would have deemed himself very ill-used, if his countenance could not now and then have born them out against the law of the country and the local magistrate. But this friendly union was soon to be dissolved."

Then Sir Walter describes the change in Mr Bertram's attitude towards his erstwhile friends —owing to his advancement to the office of Justice of the Peace. The gypsies were debarred from entering the policies where formerly they had been allowed to wander at their own sweet will:—

"But these halcyon days were now to have an end,

and a minatory inscription on one side of the gate intimated 'prosecution according to law' (the painter had spelt it *persecution*—l'un vaut bien l'autre) to all who should be found trespassing on these enclosures. On the other side, for uniformity's sake, was a precautionary annunciation of spring-guns and man-traps of such formidable power, that, said the rubric, with an emphatic *nota bene*—'if a man goes in, they will break a horse's leg.'"

It is interesting to note how naturally Sir Walter causes the breach between the laird and the gypsies to commence—a breach for which the onus of blame clearly lay most heavily at the door of the laird:—

"In defiance of these threats, six well-grown gypsy boys and girls were riding cock-horse upon the new gate, and plaiting May-flowers, which it was but too evident had been gathered within the forbidden precincts. With as much anger as he was capable of feeling, or perhaps of assuming, the laird commanded them to descend; they paid no attention to his mandate; he then began to pull them down one after another; they resisted, passively, at least, each sturdy bronzed varlet making himself as heavy as he could, or climbing up as fast as he was dismounted.

The laird then called in the assistance of his servant, a surly fellow, who had immediate recourse to his horse-whip. A few lashes sent the party a-scampering; and thus commenced the first breach of the peace between the house of Ellangowan and the gypsies of Derncleugh."

Next followed, by instigation of the laird, horse-whippings of the children of the gypsies, poindings of gypsies' asses, curious enquiries into the gypsies' mode of gaining a livelihood, and objections raised to their absence from their

sleeping hovels during the night. Soon the gypsies retaliated in defence :—

"Ellangowan's hen-roosts were plundered, his linen stolen from the lines or bleaching-ground, his fishings poached, his dogs kidnapped, his growing trees cut or barked. Much petty mischief was done, and some evidently for the mischief's sake."

The laird carried the war further; warrants against, apprehensions of gypsies, floggings of children, "and one Egyptian matron sent to the house of correction":—

"Still, however, the gypsies made no motion to leave the spot which they had so long inhabited, and Mr Bertram felt an unwillingness to deprive them of their ancient 'city of refuge;' so that the petty warfare we have noticed continued for several months, without increase or abatement of hostilities on either side."

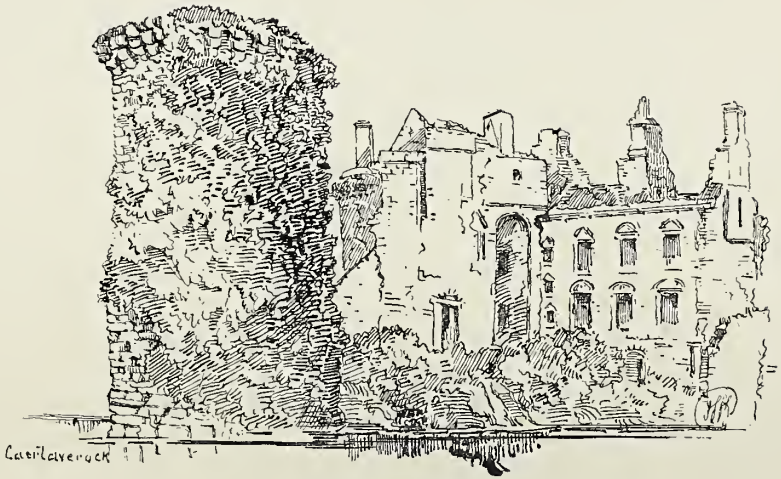
And yet in spite of all his cold-hearted treatment of his former protegees, we find that "Meg Merrilies," "the Galwegian sibyl," had not forgotten what she had said of the laird in the days when he treated the gypsies of "Dern-cleugh" kindly :—

"'O troth, laird,' continued Meg, during this by-talk, 'it's but to the like o' you ane can open their heart. Ye see, they say Dunbog is nae mair a gentleman than the blunker that's biggit the bonnie house down in the howm. But the like o' you, laird, that's a real gentleman for sae mony hundred years, and never hunds puir fowk aff your grund as if they were mad tykes, nane o' our fowk wad stir your gear if ye had as mony capons as there's leaves on the trysting-tree. And now some o' ye maun lay down yer watch, and tell me the very minute o' the hour the wean's born, and I'll spae its fortune.'"

But how did her gratitude for old-time kindness find an outlet? Little Harry Bertram had been in the habit of wandering in the woods, and occasionally even made a stolen excursion as far as the gypsy hamlet at Derncleugh :—

"On these occasions he was generally brought back by Meg Merrilies, who, though she could not be prevailed upon to enter the Place of Ellangowan after her nephew had been given up to the pressgang, did not apparently extend her resentment to the child. On the contrary, she often contrived to waylay him in his walks, sang him a gypsy song, give him a ride upon her jackass, and thrust into his pocket a piece of gingerbread or a red-cheeked apple. This woman's ancient attachment to the family, repelled and checked in every other direction, seemed to rejoice in having some object on which it could yet repose and expand itself. She prophesied a hundred times, 'that young Mr Harry would be the pride o' the family, and there hadna been sic a sprout frae the auld aik since the death o' Arthur Mac-Dingawaie, that was killed in the battle o' the Bloody Bay; as for the present stick, it was good for naething but firewood.' On one occasion, when the child was ill, she lay all night below the window, chanting a rhyme which she believed sovereign as a febrifuge, and could neither be prevailed upon to enter the house, nor to leave the station she had chosen, till she was informed that the crisis was over."

The Laird's wife grew suspicious of Meg's affection for and influence over her child. "The Laird determined to make root and branch work with the Maroons of 'Derncleugh.'" The pathetic scene at the eviction—beheld "in sullen silence and inactivity by the gypsies"—



CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE.

From a fine line Drawing by Mr J. S. Fleming, F.S.A., Glasgow.

and that tragic picture, when the laird, who, not having the courage of his convictions, was slinking away out of the road to pay a visit to a friend at a distance, came unexpectedly face to face with the gypsy procession as they sadly wended their way (by the old road which leads through the Nick o' the Doon?) from their demolished homes, are described with the tender regard of one who has succeeded in identifying himself with the gypsies' standpoint, and shows himself capable of observing their true characteristics. In the concluding part of that chapter (x.) he also shows a keen insight into the gypsies' habit of mind :—

"'I'll be d——d.' said the groom, 'if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit park!' The laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

'Ride your ways,' said the gypsy, 'ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in yer ain parlour burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearth-stane at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for? There's thirty hearts there that wud hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-bluid ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes, there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our

bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up; not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor and better folk than their father! And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonnie woods of Ellangowan.'"

He never hesitates to write down their worst characteristics, but note with what tender solicitude for truth he gives "Meg Merrilies"—even though she may have possessed all the bad qualities: "harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy," ascribed to her by "Dominie Sampson"—her due for not visiting the iniquities of the father upon little Harry or "the babe that's yet to be born."

To the gypsies' fidelity and steadfastness of purpose, of which many cases in real life have been recorded, Sir Walter indirectly pays a noble eulogy in putting these words into "Meg Merrilies'" mouth:

"'It is to rebuild the auld house—it is to lay the corner-stone—and did I not warn him? I tell'd him I was born to do it, if my father's head had been the stepping stane, let alane his, I was doomed—still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stocks; I was banished—I kept it in an unco land; I was scourged—I was branded—my resolution lay deeper than scourge or red iron could reach—and now the hour is come!'"

"Meg's" ability to write is also noteworthy. Like the specimen of Billy Marshall's signature,

given in a previous chapter, her writing was "a vile greasy scrawl, indeed—and the letters are uncial, or semi-uncial, as somebody calls your large text hand, and in size and perpendicularity resemble the ribs of a roasted pig—I can hardly make it out."

The striking resemblance between the scenery described in *Guy Mannering* and that in the neighbourhood of Ravenshall can scarcely be accounted for by Sir Walter's glib accusation against Galwegians of "assigning to

> ——— airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name."

Nay, rather do not Sir Walter's own words, written to Train about *Old Mortality*, lead one to suppose that Sir Walter must have derived intimate local knowledge from some source or other[53]:—

> "That novel" ('Old Mortality'), he says, 'displays the same knowledge of Scottish manners and scenery, and the same carelessness as to the arrangement of the story which characterise these curious narratives ('Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering')."

It may be of interest to note some of the principal local places with which the places named in *Guy Mannering* are identified: "Dandie Dinmont" is said to have reached "Portanferry," after "a trot of sixty miles or near by," from Charlies-hope in Liddesdale,

and it is thought that Creetown, formerly called the "Ferry Toun o' Cree," is the place signified. As "Guy Mannering" in the early pages of the novel, is made, on his way from Dumfriesshire, to travel by winding passages through "a wide tract of black moss," eventually approaching the sea beach and had passed "Kippletringan" ere he reached "Ellangowan," it would seem that Gatehouse is the place which corresponds most closely to "Kippletringan," which lay to the "eassel" of "Ellangowan," and enjoyed the dignity of having an Inn and a Mason's Lodge.

Undoubtedly the description of the actual building of "Ellangowan" tallies most exactly with Caerlaverock Castle, Dumfriesshire, and while neither Carsluith Castle nor Barholm Castle has "a front like a grenadier's cap," or is situated on "a promontory or projection of rock," or has a "Donagild's (Murdoch's) round tower," yet the former was the castle of the Browns—Harry Bertram having as an *alias* "Vanbeest Brown," and the story of his wanderings being founded on a tradition about the smuggling of a child belonging to that family—and the latter was the stronghold of the M'Cullochs. It is claimed by some that the story of Harry Bertram's wanderings is founded on a tradition about a descendant of the

CARSLUITH CASTLE.

From a fine Line Drawing by Mr J. S. Fleming, F.S.A., Glasgow.

Maxwell's of Orchardton, but in the days of smuggling the mysterious disappearance of an heir seems to have been a fashionable and rough-and-ready way of obtaining possession of an estate—for seemingly there is also a similar tradition[k] about the Brown's of Carsluith :—"The incident of the kidnapped heir happened to the old family of Brown of Carsluith, now extinct in the male line." "Donagild" (Donegan O'Dowill) is a name which relates not to the Caerlaverock family, but to the M'Doualls. Sir Walter rightly causes the Browns of Carsluith to be related to the M'Cullochs, who in turn were related to the M'Doualls of Garthland. Here is Harry Bertram's pedigree as taken from *Guy Mannering*:—

"Good-night, colonel—good-night, Dominie Sampson—good-night, Dinmont the downright—good-night, last of all, to the new-found representative of the Bertrams and the Mac-Dingawaies, the Knarths, the Arths, the Godfreys, the Dennises, and the Rolands, and, last and dearest title, heir of tailzie and provision of the lands and barony of Ellangowan, under the settlement of Lewis Bertram, Esq., whose representative you are."

And on referring to Nisbet's *Heraldry*, p. 250 et. seq. of the Appendix, and M'Kerlie's *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*, vol. ii., p. 453 et. seq., it will be found that most of

these names are traceable in the genealogical trees of the M'Doualls and M'Cullochs.

Hence it would seem to arise that Carsluith Castle and Barholm Castle are both claimed to be the "Ellangowan" of *Guy Mannering*. Barholm Castle, however, standing on a wooded height overlooking the sea, tallies best with "Meg Merrilies'" proclamation :—

> "Dark shall be light
> And wrong done to right
> When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Shall meet on Ellangowan height."

Its proximity to the rocky prominence known as "The Gauger's Loup," and the fact that close to "The Gauger's Loup," almost opposite Barholm Castle and half-way down the descent, there still exists a fine spring well—corresponding with "the fine spring well about half-way down the descent, and which once supplied the castle with water." A further remarkable coincidence is contained in the statement: "And several of her tribe made oath in her ('Meg Merrilies') behalf that she had never quitted her encampment, which was in a glen about ten miles distant from Ellangowan." The site of that encampment would correspond precisely with Palnure Glen, which, as has been shown in a previous chapter, was a favourite rendezvous of the Marshall gang and is ten miles distant from Barholm Castle.

Be it remembered also that Train (an Ayrshire man) was stationed at Newton-Stewart until 15th December, 1820, five years later than the publication of *Guy Mannering*, and any information supplied by him or the M'Culloch family would be far more likely to refer to the "Dirk Hatteraick's Cave," and other places in and around Ravenshall than to the Torrs Cave or even further afield. There are also references such as "Frank Kennedy's being away round to Wigtown to warn a King's ship that's lying in the bay about 'Dirk Hatteraick's' lugger being on the coast again, and he'll be back this day," and about "Dirk's" lugger "standing across the bay" which rather suggest the idea that Torr's Cave is too far afield to be the "Dirk Hatteraick's Cave" of the Novel.

The tradition[1] as to the fate of Supervisor Kennedy, as recorded in *Guy Mannering*, also relates ro the Ravenshall district, and was forwarded to Sir Walter by Train. As "Kippletringan" was apparently on the same side —the south-eastern—as "Hazlewood House," the messenger from "Ellangowan" having "proceeded to a point where the roads to Kippletringan and Hazlewood separated," Ardwall House might fit in with that description, and as it also belonged to the M'Culloch family Sir Walter would be sure to know all about it.

In "The Derncleugh" stood the impregnable tower called "The Kaim of Derncleugh" with its vault wherein "Meg Merrilies" and "Dominie Sampson" had the interview so graphically depicted in one of the late Mr John Faed's sketches herewith produced :—"'Aweel,' said 'Meg,' 'but an ye kenn'd how it was gotten ye maybe wadna like it so weel.' Sampson's spoon dropped in the act of conveying its load to his mouth."

"Derncleugh" is identified with "The Cleugh Head" near to Carsluith Castle. This is a wild and thickly wooded ravine, and a halo of romance hangs around it. Apparently when Harry Bertram, travelling from Liddesdale to "Kippletringan," left "Dandie Dinmont" and proceeded "across the country" he had travelled by the hill road, and it would be quite a natural mistake for him to stumble, as he did, in the dark into "The Derncleugh" (The Cleugh Head), in place of striking "The Nick o' Doon." And why should not the old Castle of Carsluith, standing as it does at the lower end of "The Derncleugh" (Cleugh Head), have afforded to Sir Walter the idea of describing an even more ancient ruin, which he called "The Kaim of Derncleugh," as situated there? There is a local tradition[m] associated with that glen of a quarrel between two lovers

Photo by] [J. P. Milnes

"DOMINIE SAMPSON" AND "MEG MERRILIES" IN THE VAULT OF THE "KAIM OF DERNCLEUGH."

From a sepia Sketch by the late Mr John Faed, R.S.A., kindly lent by Mr James Faed, jr.

which terminated fatally, the blood-guilty one being tracked down the ravine by his shoe-shods, which in these olden days had been nailed on by a blacksmith, who gave evidence against the guilty man. Alas, that lovely Glen is being ruthlessly despoiled by having its rocky faces blasted to supply stones for building purposes! There is also a further tradition[n] about a gypsy killing a woman near Kirkdale Bridge. At 12 o'clock at night, it is said, the ghost of a woman with half of her head cut off, and all clad in white, appears at Kirkdale Bridge and slowly wends its way along the road and disappears by the wooded pathway leading to Kirkdale Bank. This apparition is firmly believed in by some folks in that locality. A farmer told the writer that he knew a farmer who at any time he had to pass Kirkdale Bridge after darkness had set in, used regularly to put his horse to the gallop, lest he should be caught by the ghost. There is also a field on a farm not far from Barholm Castle known as "Little Egypt," but when asked why it was so called, the farmer said, "Because it is a dry, barren place." Mr David MacRitchie, in Notes and Queries, *Gypsy Lore Journal*, vol. i. p. 53, shows that "Egypt" is a place name in many districts frequented by gypsies; and surely it is a remarkable coincidence that we should

Photo by] [J. P. Mills

"JULIA MANNERING" AT "ELLANGOWAN" (BARHOLM CASTLE).

From a Painting by the late Mr John Faed, R.S.A. The original is in the possession of Mr Waugh, National Bank, Newton-Stewart, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced.

have "The Gypsy Weil," "The Gypsy Burn" at Carsluith, and "Little Egypt," near Mossyard, and one which should not be so readily accepted as accounted for by the farmer's simple and quite natural explanation, especially when that particular field is situated in a district which, in the days when Billy Marshall and his numerous gang held sway, must have been greatly frequented by gypsies, and which to this day is a place where gypsies, tinklers, and vagrants still

"Most do congregate."

The descriptions of local places are not quite accurate, but are in most cases sufficiently accurate to be recognisable, and are precisely what one would expect to find where such had first been accurately described by some one who knew the locality thoroughly to another who had afterwards described them from memory. Here, then, in this comparatively isolated and romantic corner, at a time when the country folks were much more superstitious than they are now, the gypsies, who were, and still are, most superstitious, would find a suitable place for practising their black arts. "'Meg Merrilies,' the Galwegian sibyl, . . . wha was the maist notorious witch within a' Galloway and Dumfriesshire," would be able to overawe the whole country side

"Wi' glamour, cantrip, charm, and spell."

The Galloway tinkler-gypsies are still most superstitious. They will turn back if they meet a "gley-eyed" woman when setting out in the morning. A flat-footed person is so unlucky that they wont tolerate one inside the door. Once when a tinkler woman told that to the writer hereof, he looked down at his feet, and she said, "I noticed ye werena flat-fitted whun ye cam' forrit to the door." "But," says an old tinkler-gypsy, "the sonsiest thing on this yirth is, gin ye're jawin' avri (going away) to the t'ither watches (another beat) in the morgen (morning) wi' a yucal o' mashlam (dozen of tin cans) on yer back, ye meet a heavy tramplered manishi (woman) wi' a clean foredrum (apron) and a big back burden, ye may jaw (go) alang the lig (road) for ye'll get bara lowie (big money) that devies (day) frae the been hantle (good country people)."

They deem it very lucky to be first-footed by a donkey or a sheep, but particularly the former; indeed, one of the gang generally makes it his duty to lead the cuddy into the house first thing on New Year's morning. One tinkler woman told the writer hereof that all the Marshalls she ever knew believed in witches. When asked why she kept two little shoes—a cuddy's and a pony's—hanging behind the door, she at once replied, "To keep out the witches."

Photo by] TORR'S CAVE. [A. M'Cormick.

"But do you really believe in witches?" was next asked.

"Certainly, and wha had ever ony mair reason to believe in them?" she replied, and proceeded to tell a wonderful story of how at her birth a gentleman had foretold that she would marry a man of the same name as himself (Campbell), and how by a remarkable coincidence his prophecy had come true. Then she added that "a flat-fitted or a shan-winklered (bad-eyed) body" was most unlucky, and related this story:—"A flat-fitted woman yince first-fitted my mither on New Year's day morning; the mare foaled on the 24th May; it was kicked to death by a horse in the field a few days efter, and the foal didna survive it mony days!"

Frequently has the writer heard of the death of animals accounted for in that way. Once he heard a tale that shows the elasticity of the tinklers' belief in superstitions: In Wigtownshire an old woman with a "gley" eye had looked at a tinkler's bairn. The tinklers were travelling towards Dumfriesshire. The child cried all the way to Dumfries, when another old woman looked at the child, and at once said—"That wean has been owerlookit." She advised them to take it back to the first old woman, but the mother being a Catholic took it to the priest, and

the father being a Protestant beat the wife unmercifully, as they still seem to think they are entitled to do, "like the chief of the horde who acknowledged he had corrected her ('Meg Merrilies') with a whinger." The husband got his own way, and took the child to the first old woman to withdraw the spell she had cast over the child. The tinklers had not long left her when "the wean a' at yince drappit greetin', and the mare, lang by her time, at the same meenit drapt a foal!" So that the tinkler-gypsies of to-day cling to many of the traits ascribed to "Meg Merrilies."

Tradition° has it that "Flora," one of Billy's many dulcineas, whose maiden name appears to have been Flora Maxwell, "was so very transparently fair of the complexion, that one could see a glass of (red) wine go down her throat." Mr David MacRitchie, in his *Ancient and Modern Britons*[54] states that it was a gypsy who, to Mr Groome, ascribed a similar compliment to Mary Queen of Scots, and that it was also a gypsy who ascribed the same peculiarity to Fair Rosamond. In the additional note to *Guy Mannering*, Sir Walter relates the following story of Billy Marshall, which—who knows?—may even have been included amongst the gypsy stories sent to him by Train prior

"DIRK HATTERAICK'S" CAVE, RAVENSHALL.

From a Painting by Mr James Faed, senr., taken by the aid of a flambeau within the interior of the Cave upwards of forty years ago.

to publication of the first edition of *Guy Mannering*:—

"In his youth he occasionally took an evening walk on the highway, with the purpose of assisting travellers by relieving them of the weight of their purses. On one occasion, the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gypsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his head. At this instant Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognising the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick (Barstoberick) with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge, and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the circuit court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court; Bargally swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in court who knew well both who did and who did not commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and, looking the laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the court and crowded audience—'Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn—am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?' Bargally replied, in great astonishment, 'By Heaven, you are the very man.' 'You see what sort of a memory this gentle-

man has,' said the volunteer pleader : 'he swears to the bonnet, whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my Lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington.' The tenant of Bantoberick (Barstoberick) was unanimously acquitted, and thus Willie Marshall ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon.

"While the King of the Gypsies was thus laudably occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the judge's gown ; for which offence, combined with her presumptive guilt as a gypsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned."

Strange to say, there is a somewhat similar tradition — common amongst the Galloway tinklers at this day—which relates how Billy intervened in Court and got off a prisoner in an even more wonderful way. The resemblance of the two stories is remarkable, and it would be interesting to see in what words Joseph Train first related the story recorded by Sir Walter. The following is the tradition narrated to the writer hereof by a Galloway tinkler :—

"Billy Marshall and several of his gang had been out on a foraging expedition with some other gypsy gangs. They had killed a cow, and Billy had sent his comrades off by another road to his camp with his 'corner' of the cow. Solitarily wending his way home to the encampment, he met in with a gamekeeper who had formerly attempted to have him imprisoned for poaching. Billy settled old scores by killing the gamekeeper. He then pitched him over a dyke, but when the gamekeeper lay there it occurred

A Modern "Meg Merrilies."

to Billy that his own coat was not so good as the gamekeeper's. He therefore exchanged coats and left his own one lying on the dyke. As his camp had been situated at some considerable distance, he thought it advisable to spend the night in a common lodging-house in a village. He left the gamekeeper's jacket hanging on the back of a chair and then went to sleep. Billy had not long left the spot where he had left the gamekeeper's body lying, when along came a tramp, who espied Billy's own coat lying on the dyke, looked at it, and thinking it better than his own also promptly made an exchange. The tramp happened to hit upon the same lodging-house as Billy. The tramp was early astir in the morning, and seeing the gamekeeper's coat hanging on the back of the chair, he coveted it, donned it, and was soon hurrying along the road, having luckily for Billy left him in possession of his own coat. The tramp had not gone far when two 'beagles' (policemen) from Dumfries arrested him. He was taken before the Circuit Court at Dumfries, and confronted with the damning evidence that whilst he was wearing the gamekeeper's coat when arrested, his own garment, as was clearly proven, was found lying on the dyke beside the murdered man. The tramp told a plain, straightforward story: He had been coming along the road, saw a coat lying on the wall, and thinking it better than his own had exchanged it; and had done the same in the lodging-house. Nevertheless his guilt seemed established. But from the back of the Court there stepped down a man rigged out in a long blue coat, with huge silver buttons, and knee-breeks. Saluting the judge with a military salute, he said—'I crave yer honour's pardon. May I ha'e a word wi' the Coort? I was comin' alang the road jist in the same way as my unfortunate freen here, an' I too saw a better coat than my ain lyin' on the dyke, and put it on and left this ane (holding up an old coat) lyin' on the dyke. An' my freen here maun ha'e picked it up, for whun I lay doon at nicht, I left the gude coat lyin' on the chair, an' I see noo hoo I come to fin' my ain aul' yin in its place in the mornin'. He maun hae cheatit

me oot o' the gude coat I fun! Ye may sen' baith o' us to Botany Bay for stealin' a coat we fun' on the road, but a' the Coorts in the land daurna rax oor gorgets (hang us) for murderin' a man we never saw.' Billy, with gypsy cuteness, had grasped the situation, and had risked a little to befriend the tramp he had placed in an awkward predicament. The tramp was, needless to say, unanimously acquitted by the jury."

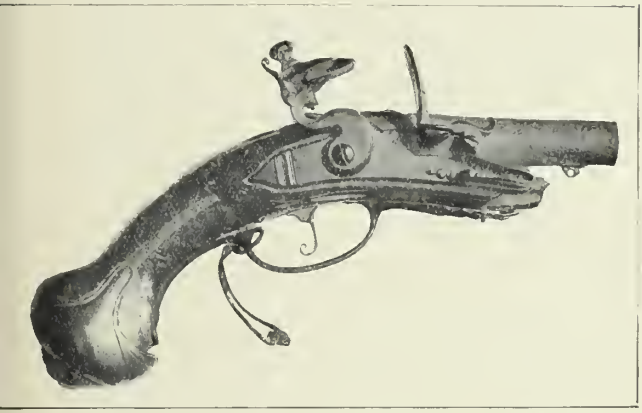


Photo by] "DIRK HATTERAICK'S" (YAWKIN'S) PISTOL. [Mr J. Dunn.

The above Pistol formerly belonged to the late Mr Joseph Train, and it is reproduced here by kind permission of one of his grand-daughters, Mrs Dunn, Castle-Douglas, to whom it now belongs.

In that romantic district which lies along what, it is said, was described to her late Majesty Queen Victoria as

"The most beautiful shore road in Britain,"

and amongst folks of a superstitious turn of mind, Sir Walter fittingly laid the scene of the

most popular gypsy tale ever written. In almost every letter addressed to Joseph Train, he kept asking him for Galloway traditions, and to Sir Walter's honour be it said, no one could have made more generous acknowledgment of Train's invaluable services :—[55]

"Well, Mr Train, you never run out of excellent stories. You should really publish a collection of them. I will assist you to prepare them for the press. You know one good turn deserves another; you have helped me, it is now my turn to help you. From my influence with the booksellers, I will assure you of two or three hundred pounds. You may even publish some of the stories you sent me; they are not the worse of having passed through my hands, as I disguise them for reasons you well know."

But no matter though every particle of the information contained in *Guy Mannering* had been furnished, in draft or otherwise, by Train or Captain and Mrs Thomas Scott, Sir Walter's most precious legacy to the world—that touch of genius which transformed the other raw materials, in passing through the crucible of Sir Walter's brain, into his matchless novels—was clearly all his own, and no one can possibly filch that from him.

No one knew better than Sir Walter Scott that there were inaccuracies and discrepancies in his description of the locality, and Sir Walter was therefore too astute to tie himself down to any particular locality; but his descriptions,

nevertheless, tally remarkably with the Ravenshall district. The family names used in the plot of *Guy Mannering*, the traditions woven into it, the aptness of the descriptions of places and characters and the sources from which such information was derived—all point to the Ravenshall district as the one which Sir Walter had most prominently in mind when he wrote *Guy Mannering;* and, on the whole, less objection can be urged against the Ravenshall district than any other claiming the honour of being the principal scene of *Guy Mannering*.

Keeping in view then the aptness of Scott's descriptions to the Ravenshall locality and to the Galloway gypsies, and the sources from which that information is supposed to have been derived, is it unreasonable to conclude that *Guy Mannering* is the outcome of a composite knowledge of (first) what Sir Walter may have known from personal acquaintance with the Yetholm Gypsies—Madge Gordon, from whom the portrait of "Meg Merrilies'" avowed prototype Jean Gordon was partially drawn, amongst the number—and with Caerlaverock Castle; and of (second) what he may have learned, from Joseph Train and the M'Culloch family, of the Galloway Gypsies—Billy and Flora Marshall amongst the number—and of Barholm Castle and "Dirk Hatteraick's Cave," and the other Galwegian localities around Ravenshall?

CHAPTER IV.

Hast thou not noted on the bye-way side,
Where aged saughs lean o'er the lazy tide,
A vagrant crew, far straggled through the glade,
With trifles busied, or in slumber laid ;
Their children lolling round them on the grass,
Or pestering with their sports the patient ass ?
The wrinkled beldame there you may espy,
And ripe young maiden with the glossy eye,
Men in their prime, and striplings, dark and dun,
Scathed by the storm, and freckled by the sun :
Their swarthy hue, and mantle's flowing fold,
Bespeak the remnant of a race of old ;
Strange are their annals !—list and mark them well —
For thou hast much to hear and I to tell.

—*Hogg.*

THE Marshalls are said to have been tinklers in Galloway "time out of mind," but as no regular annals of Billy's house were kept, it is impossible to trace them back further than his own time. *Pitcairn's Criminal Trials* reveal nothing, and thereafter there is a hiatus (which covers the earlier part of Billy's long lifetime) during which it is difficult to consult the records. *Hume's Commentaries* show that members of the Marshall gang have frequently appeared in criminal cases. The crimes libelled in some of these are character-

istic :—"Stealing a horse," "stealing from a thief," "prison breaking."

In Billy's day many gypsy gangs appear to have frequented Galloway. The principal gangs were Baillies, Millers, Kennedies, MacMillans, Marshalls, Watsons, Wilsons, and O'Neills. The Marshalls, MacMillans, Watsons, and Wilsons still travel in Galloway; the Kennedies have recently died out in Galloway; the O'Neills have married into other gangs; and the Baillies, of whom there must be many still in Scotland, and Millers, still numerous in the North of England, do not seem to have frequented Galloway for some time. At the time of the Levellers' rebellion, 1720, and for some years afterwards

"Two bands of gypsies infested the district and occasioned great loss to the inhabitants, by constantly committing all sorts of depredations. One of them, headed by Isaac Miller, acted as fortune tellers, tinklers, and manufacturers of hornspoons; but they lived chiefly by theft. The other, commanded by William Baillie, represented themselves as horse-dealers; but they were in reality horse-stealers and robbers. William Marshall, commonly called Billy Marshall, belonged to the first mentioned party; but, having killed his chief at Maybole, who, he considered, was in terms of too much intimacy with his wife or mistress, Billy entered the army. He afterwards returned, however, and followed his former calling."[56]

But while these various gangs as a rule travelled by themselves, it often happened that

members of one gang encamped with another gang, and a gang was often joined by gypsies from other districts. Indeed, from the names mentioned in some of the old criminal trials, one may infer that Billy's gang would often be a composite one ; and there has also been a good deal of inter-marriage between the various gangs. In Mackenzie's *History of Galloway*, Vol. II., pp. 401-3 and 433-7, there are some interesting particulars in regard to members of these gangs. The following indictment and judgment are curious instances of the brutal treatment meted out, in consonance with the laws of the time, to the gypsies :—

"You, John Johnstone (better known in Galloway by the name of Jock Johnstone), James Campbell, Christian Ker, Margaret and Isabella Marshalls, now prisoners within the Tolbooth of Kirkcudbright, as vagrants, gipsies, and sorners, are indicted and accused before the quarter sessions for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, at the instance of the procurator-fiscall, as being vagrant people of no certain residence, guilty of theft, pickery, and sorners and oppressors of the country, and so common-nauseances, and, therefore, ought to be punished, in terms of the acts of parliament made against sorners, vagrants, Egyptians, &c.

"Quarter Sessions, Kirkcudbright, 7th of March, 1732.—Campbell acknowledges that he has no certain place of residence, but goes up and down the country making spoons and mending pans. Johnstone acknowledges that he has no certain place of residence, but goes up and down the country the same way as Campbell. Margaret and Isabell Marshalls alledge they live in the parish of Stratown, but cannot condescend upon the

name of the place, and the whole four acknowledge they passed the boat of Tongland Sundays night last, and stayed in a wast house near the Grenny ford all night, and that they lodged in a barn in the park of Balgreedan, near John Grears, on Mondays night, and the two men acknowledge that they kept two durks or hangers that they had for defending of their persons. (Signed). GEO. GORDON, J.P.J.

"*Eodem die.*—The Justices of Peace having advised the indictment and judicial acknowledgments of the within named vagrants, they find they are persons of no certain residence, nor of any lawfull employments, and that they are such persons as by the law are described for Egyptians, vagrants, and sorners; and, therefore, the justices of peace ordain them to be burnt on the cheeks severally, whipped on their naked shoulders, from one end of the Bridge end of Dumfries to the other by the hangman, and that upon the fifteenth day of March instant, and all this upon the charge of the Stewartry, which the collector of supply is hereby ordered to disburse, and after said punishment is inflicted, the said vagrants are hereby banished out of this Stewartry for ever, with certification, if ever they be found in the Stewartry thereafter, that they shall be imprisoned six months and whipped once a month, and thereafter burnt on the cheeks of new.—(Signed) J. P. GORDON, J.P.J.

"And the quarter sessions recommend and committ to John Neilson of Chappell, William Coupland of Colliestoun, John Dalyell of Fairgirth, or any one of them to see the before sentence put into lawful execution.—(Signed) GEO. GORDON, J.P.J."[57]

The crimes charged in the indictment are not borne out by the evidence led, and the finding of the Quarter Sessions—that the accused are "persons of no certain residence nor of any lawful employments, and that they are such

persons as are by law described for Egyptians, vagrants and sorners" — shows how unduly keen the judges were to obtain an excuse for persecuting the gypsies, and was merely a flimsy pretext for inflicting a brutal punishment which branded the country's legislators and those who carried out their behests as inhuman wretches. Such treatment created an inveterate hatred of housedwellers in the heart of the wild-natured, freedom-loving gypsy. Little wonder that they carried "durks or hangers to defend their persons," and the following may be taken as not an unnatural outcome of the cruel injustice meted out to them :—

"John Johnstone was afterwards hanged for murder at Dumfries ; being a very powerful man, the magistrates found great difficulty in putting his sentence into execution. He is said to have taken hold of and broken the rope by which he was to be suspended, and to have leaped from the scaffold. Before he could be secured his right arm was broken. After much exertion the executioner succeeded in throwing him off."[58]

But even such drastic measures on the part of the authorities failed to stamp out the gypsies :—

"Representation being made to me that severall houses within this stewartry have been broke up in several nights of last week supposd to be done by a parcell of gypsies or vagrants that have been strolling through this country grants warrant to Stewart officers and their assistants to apprehend and secure the persons of all gypsies or other strolling persons.

"2nd April 1750. "JOHN DALYELL."

"3rd April.—H. Carter in Troshilland Patrick M'Kean in Little Mains brought before me a young woman, calls herself Ann Gibson (or Marshall), spouse to William Hamilton, a piper, in possession of stolen goods.

"WILL GORDONNE."

"6 April.—Complaint, Fiscal against Henry Greg, alias John Wilson, Margaret Stewart, his wife, Anne Gibson (or Marshall), wife to Wm. M'Gregor, alias Wm. Hamilton, travelling tinkers and vagabonds for housebreaking. "JOHN MILLER."

"6 April 1750."

"Warrant for Apprehension against Omer Brown Milner, Bridge of Urr, for harbouring the above.

"April 1750. "THO. MILLER."

"Homer Brown liberated in attestation of Mr Gordon of Troquhan. "THOMAS MILLER."[59]

"3 April 1750.

The prisoners, Henry Greig, Margaret Stewart, and Anne Gibson (or Marshall), gave in on the day of trial, by their procurator, Roger Martin, a petition to the Steward, acknowledging some parts of the crimes charged against them in the indictment, and stating, 'that in order to save the court from farther trouble, they were willing to subject themselves to transportation to any of His Majesty's plantations, never to return.' The Petition having been openly read, the Procurator Fiscal (Mr Miller) consented to the prayer of it 'so far as concerned Margaret Stewart and Anne Gibson. But so far as concerned Henry Greig, alias John Wilson, he refused his consent thereto, looking upon it as inconsistent with his duty to enter into any compromise with so great a criminal.'

"The judge having found 'the libel relevant, proceeded to name fifteen persons to pass upon the assize of the said Henry Greig, alias John Wilson.'

"After the public prosecutor had concluded his

evidence, the jury retired, and next day returned a verdict unanimously finding the prisoner guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, namely, 'theft, robbery, and housebreaking.' 'The Steward Depute then decerned, and adjudged the said Henry Greig, alias John Wilson, to be taken upon Friday the sixth day of July next to come, from the tolbooth of Kirkcudbright to the ordinary place of execution of the said burgh, and there between the hours of two and four of the clock of the afternoon, to be hanged by the neck on a gibbet until he should be dead, and ordained all his moveable goods and gear to be escheat and inbrought to his majesties use, which was pronounced for doom.'"[60]

Well did the gypsies know that the authorities were bound by law—with or without just cause—to exterminate them. Knowing that it was well-nigh impossible to obtain justice under such unjust laws, the gypsies in many instances cutely pled guilty to "some parts of the crimes charged," and craved to be transported, hoping no doubt either to escape before transportation or to manage to secure a passage back to this country by some merchant vessel. The Town Council records also quoted, pp. 435-437 of Mackenzie's *History of Galloway*, show that it was necessary to incarcerate within the Tolbooth the hangman, John Newall, before he could be persuaded to put the jury's verdict into force by hanging Greig. One can read between the lines, from Omer Brown's kindly act and from the hangman's reluctance to perform his duty, that there were some at all events who recog-

nised that the punishment did not "fit the crime."

In Wigtownshire the authorities seem to have acted more humanely. The following is an excerpt from the old Town Records of Wigtown:—

"THE MARSHALL GANG OF TINKERS.

"WIGTOUNE, *6th November, 1728.*

"The qlk day . . . the Magistrats, and Councill, having receaved Severall Complaints anent young Marshall and his gang of thevs picking people's pocketts, and particularly upon Munday last, being the fair day of this Burgh, there was gripped one of the said Gang for cutting purses, and putt in prisone. And Marchall's wife and two young ones Lykeways Incarcerate in prisone as of that Gang. The Magistrats and Councill haveing brought before them the sd old wife, shee Judicially acknowledged that she was the wife of Marchall that was hanged, and that all the Children in prisone with her were Belonging to her; Yrfore it is by the sds Magistrats enacted That in case any of the inhabitants of the Burgh of Wigtoune shall harbour or entertain in their houses any of the said Gypsie gang in time comeing, or any within the borrowland Belonging to the Burgh, They shal be deem'd art and part in all there Villanies, and fyned in the soume of Twenty pund, Scots money, and Imprisoned three Dayes; And ordaines this Act to be Intimate at the Mercat Cross of Wigtown and By the presenter upon Sabbath nixt, Immediatly after Divine Service is over; and in the mean time ordaines the said Gypsie wife and her Childreen to be Drummed out of Town, with Certificatione if ever they return within the Burgh or Borrowland they shall be punished as the law directs; And ordaines the officers to putt them out of the paroch of Wigtoune To the paroch of Peninghame, and to acquaint the adjacent houses the cause of there

being expelled furth of the said paroch ; And this Act to comprehend all Sturdie Beggars and oyr vagrant persons that cannot Give accott of themselves, and noe personne to harbour any of the sd Gang above three in number in time comeing, under the forsd penalty and corpall punishment."[61]

Can the "young Marshall" referred to be our hero Billy Marshall, who in 1728 would be about fifty-six? If so, then his "old wife" must have tried to mislead the magistrates into the belief that he had been hanged.

On 21st June, 1746, Sam Walker and Jon MacMillan were also convicted of having committed a breach of the peace at Wigtown Fair and the sentence of the Court was as follows :—

"Therefore they are ordained to remove themselves, and all concerned with them, immediately furth of the Burgh and libertys of the same for the space of 3 months after this date ; with certification if they, or any of their company or gang, happen after the expiration of said space to come to the place and be guilty of misdemeanour or offence of any kind, they shall be punished more exemplarly in their persons and effects, in further terror, and immediately after be incarcerate."[3]

But the Wigtownshire authorities did more than act humanely; they actually allowed a tinkler-gypsy, who murdered a boy, to escape out of their clutches. There is a tradition in Wigtownshire to the effect that a tinkler named Cochrane had been helping himself to a farmer's potatoes from "the barn-fauld," near

Drumbuie, when a number of school children, as they passed along the road, happened to see him. The children shouted out—

> "Tinkler, tinkler, tarrie bags,
> Drap yer shears and clip yer rags."

Whereupon the tinkler ran after them and caught hold of a little boy, George Douglas, who had been attempting to run up a tree for safety. Some say "the tinkler took him by the heels and 'jauped' out his brains against the tree," and others "that the tinkler felled him with a graipe with which he had been digging the potatoes." The tree, of which an illustration is given, goes by the name of "The Boy Tree," and may still be seen standing by the side of the old road which leads past Ardachie, and the Old Place of Drumbuie, near Kirkcowan. Tradition also says that a brother of the tinkler, Cochrane, was allowed to have an interview in the gaol with the murderer, and succeeding in effecting a speedy change of garments enabled the murderer to escape. Tradition in this case is borne out by the Town Records :—

"At Wigtown the eighteenth day of June, one thousand seven hundred and eighty four years, the Magistrates and those of the Council hereto subscribing taking into their consideration that Alexander Cochrane, Traveling Tinkler, was lately Incarcerated within the Tolbooth of this Burgh for the alleged murder of Peter Douglas, son of George Douglas in Drumbuie and that there is a great

"The Boy Tree."

"The Tinkler's Loup.'

heazard of the said Cochrane's being rescued or that he breake Prison it is therefore necessary that a guard be appointed to prevent the same. We accordingly herehy Decern Ordain and strictly enjoine all the Inhabitants and others holding of the Borrow to perform watch and ward upon the said Alexander Cochrane during all the nights which he shall remain in our prison or till we issue contrary orders, and that two and two as they shall be warned by an officer for that purpose and we direct that the said two persons shall begin to guard precisely at ten o'clock at night, and shall continue and not be found off their duty till five o'clock in the morning, and that under the highest pains of Law to be inflicted on them and their Employers. And we appoint this Act to be intimated by Tuck of Drum this evening.

(Signed) JAMES M'COLM, Ba,
,, JOHN HAWTHORN, Ba."

"At Wigtown the eighth day of July one thousand seven hundred ond eighty four the Magistrates and Council considering that by the inattention of Alexander Stewart their late Gaoler and the connivance of Janet Maxwell his spouse Alexander Cochrane confined in the prison of this Burgh for alledged murder had made his escape. Therefore as a punishment in the meantime they appoint that no salary shall be paid to the said Alexander Stewart either as a Gaoler, Bellman, or Officer, since Michaelmass last and that they be both immediately taken from the barr and incarcerated in the Tolbooth until tomorrow morning at six o'clock, when they are ordained again to be set at liberty, and as a further marks of the Displeasure of the magistrates and Council it is declared that the said Alexander Stewart shall be incapable of holding any office under this Borrow in time coming, and in regard that by his dismission the offices of Gaoler, Bellman, and Borrow Officer become vacant, and John Kennedy, Indweller in Wigtown being recommended as a proper person to fill the said offices the magistrates and Council therefore

appoint him Gaoler, Bellman, and Town Officer of this Burgh until Michaelmass next provided he behaves properly and complies with the regulations and instructions aftermentioned and he is to receive a salary as Gaoler at the rate of Thirty shillings yearly, as Bellman at the rate of twenty shillings sterling yearly, and as officer at the ordinary rate of fourteen shillings and fourpence yearly with the usual fees and perquisites of both offices and he is likewise appointed scaffinger with liberty to dispose of the Rubbish and Dung for his own emolument. And the said John Kennedy being present accepted of the said offices and gave his oath *de fideli*; and James Guthrie burgess of Wigtown judicially hereby becomes enacted and bound as Cautioner that the said John Kennedy shall faithfully duly and attentively execute and perform the offices to which he is now appointed; and the said John Kennedy is strictly enjoined to obey such instructions as from time to time he shall receive from the magistrates in office and particularly during the time that any Prisoners are confined he is not to go to any distance from the town, and in case of Criminals being in prison he is not to permitt any person access to them without the permission of the magistrates and he is to be attentive night and day to do his utmost to secure all prisoners that may be under his charge to the utmost of his power; And thereby prevent the disgrace and expence that has come upon the town by the negligence of his predecessor. In witness whereof this Minute signed by the Magistrates and Councillors present, as also by the said John Kennedy and James Guthrie place and date first above written.

"(Signed) JOHN KENNEDY. (Signed) JAS. M'COLM.

JAS GUTHRIE.	JAS. HANNAH.
RO. MURRAY.	ALEX. GULLINE.
PAT. BINNING.	JOHN M'CARLIE.
	ROBT. FERGUSON."[63]

Truly the irreconcileability of the sentences pronounced by these ancient magistrates is

amazing! In the one county they hung people merely because they were gypsies, and in the adjoining one they only mulcted a gaoler in about £2 9s 8d, and put him in gaol a night for allowing a murderer to escape from the gaol. The death of the boy was not the only loss to the family, for on their tombstone in Kirkcowan graveyard will be found engraven these pathetic words :—

"Of Peter Douglas his younger brother who was killed by Cochrane the Tinkler in the Barnfauld of Drumbuie June 1784 aged 11 years. His death may be said to have brought on his mother's through grief."

A picturesque gorge on the River Deugh, near Dalry goes under the name of "The Tinkler's Loup," the name being derived from a tradition about a tinkler, who being chased for some misdemeanour jumped the linn. There are two ways of the story. This is one account : —

"Here is the 'Tinkler's Loup,' where, according to tradition, long before any bridge was built over the stream, and about a century ago, a certain tinkler, by name Thomas (Marshall), made a fearful leap and actually cleared the entire river at a bound. It is said that the man was 'wanted' by the authorities for some theft, and that a party of dragoons was sent to take him. He had eluded them for some days until they chanced to come suddenly upon him asleep at this spot. Rushing a him with a loud shout, Thomas was, of course, awakened, and, dashing at the narrowest part of the river, he cleared the boiling cauldron at a bound, his would-be captors, of course, never seeing him again."

But the more popular account, and the one related on the spot by a native, is as follows :—

"A tinkler who had been mending cans for a farmer named M'Cormick at the farm of Nether Cairnminnow, near the Tinkler's Loup—(this was before the bridge was built at the place)—became wearied of waiting for his supper. Frizzling on the fire was a 'pan o' puddins,' too tempting for resistance. Seizing his opportunity when the gudewife had left the kitchen, the tinkler sprang to the fire, and rushed off with the 'pan o' puddin's,' making straight for the linn. The hue and cry of the farm-house was soon at his heels, but his start was sufficient, and his courage equal to the emergency. 'He lowpit owre there,' said the relater—pointing to the linn 'wi' the pan o' puddin's in his teeth, sat doon on that rock and ate them, and then he threw back the pan to the owners and went his way.'"[p]

Presumably it was the same Thomas Marshall who was the hero of the song "Galloway Tam." and who is said to have been a "stout and athletic Galwegian gypsy equally celebrated for making songs, snuff-mills, and horn-spoons. Some of his descendants, it is said, still (*i.e.* circa 1819) inhabit Nithsdale and Galloway."[64]

Of the gangs which frequented Galloway during the 18th century, and have since ceased to travel that district, some note must be taken of the Kilmaurs branch of the Marshalls and the Kennedies.

The Marshalls, the Horners of Kilmaurs.*

The Marshall family has been located in Kilmaurs, Ayrshire, between 200 and 300 years. They had often heard of Billy Marshall from their travelling relatives, but there is no personal knowledge of him in the family so far as is known. Francis Marshall, the father of Malcolm Marshall, Stewarton, was married twice, each time to his full cousin. He had fourteen of a family by his first wife, and ten by the second. Malcolm belongs to the second family. His full brothers were Rab, Jock, and Davock. Rab and Davock wrought regularly at the spoons in Kilmaurs. The former was quite an artist in horn, and for his wares there was always a good demand. Davock and Rab's wife hawked the spoons at Kilmarnock Cross every Market day so long as they lived. Their figures were very familiar to the present generation of farmers, but they left no representative of the industry. Jock gave up spoons and became a mason's labourer.

A curious characteristic is the "roughie

**Note.*—For the information embodied herein about the Kilmaurs Marshalls we are indebted to the kindness of Mr D. M'Naught, J.P., Benrig, Kilmaurs, Ayrshire, who in turn received his information chiefly from Malcolm Marshall, Stewarton, Ayrshire.

DAVOCK MARSHALL ("ROUGHIE PAWS"), THE LAST OF THE KILMAURS HORNERS.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr D. M'Naught, J.P., Benrig, Kilmaurs.

paws" (g, guttural), which, however, is not present in every member of the family. Davock and his full sister had the peculiarity very highly developed, and so has his son, but in a less degree. The palm of the hand and the inside of the fingers and soles of the feet are covered by a cuticle of the consistence of horn, across which run grooves corresponding to the knuckles and finger joints, to enable the hand to be closed. This is a curious illustration of heredity originally acquired by external influences, which, in this case, have been the soldering bolt, contact with heated substances, and exposure to the elements.

Malcolm himself never wrought at spoons. He was a country servant, and latterly a packman travelling through Arran and north of Ayrshire. His father, Francis, informed him that his forbears wrought at the cutlery manufacture in Main Street, Kilmaurs (Kilmaurs was famous for cutlery at one time, and hence the proverb "As gleg's a Kilmaurs whittle"). The whole family of twenty-four children were born in one bed, and twenty-two of them were baptised in Kilmaurs Parish Church. Francis lived in same house (old U.P. Manse, now the Western Tavern) for 42 years. The "travelling" Marshalls from the south of Scotland often called at Malcolm's father's house, and were

Descendants of Kilmaurs Marshalls.

"The Roughie Paw."

received as equals. Sometimes M'Millans and Kennedies called and were received as kinsmen. The women sold the spoons. Francis' wife was drowned one wild winter night at Cunninghamehead Mill when returning from Kilwinning Fair. Of the first family of fourteen only one was a spoonmaker. Cow horns were mostly used in the making of these; rams' horns are more difficult to work, though more durable. Like the tailors of old who went out to "whip the cat" for months at a time, the Marshalls travelled from farm-house to farm-house working up the rams' horns for the farmers for board and so much money. Malcolm considers the soup-divider (now in the Dick Institute) made by Rab, and photo of which is given, to be unique and a splendid specimen of the spoonmaker's art, as it is difficult to find a ram's horn so large. Francis Marshall also made smoothing irons, and his name was put on the handle of each; and although the tinklers' home-made smoothing irons have been superseded by the Carron Company's goods, some specimens of Francis' workmanship still exist.

Malcolm often saw eighteen of the family sit down to a meal. His brother Rab married Janet Clark from Mauchline, his double cousin (*i.e.*, her father was his uncle by blood, and her mother his aunt by blood). This is character-

Photo by Thos. Fergusson, Kilmarnock.

SPOON-MAKING IMPLEMENTS USED BY MARSHALLS (HORNERS, KILMAURS).

1, File; 2-3, "Caulms;" 4-5, Scrapers; 6, Paring knife; 7, "Whorl;" 8, Paring knife; 9-10, "Caulms" for soup ladle and shoe horn; 11, Soup ladle

By kind permission of the Committee of the Dick Institute, Kilmarnock.

istic of such people, and the Kilmaurs Marshalls are no exceptions, for they were *sib bred*, and as a probable result many of the Marshalls have weak eyes and cannot look up to the light unless with the eyes almost closed.

James Marshall of Muirkirk, Malcolm's uncle, practised the tin manufacture. An uncle in Maybole followed the same trade. The mould for shoe lifts, as seen in the illustration, was called a "caulm." The "whorl" was used with a string and bow to revolve the brad-awl when piercing handles for whistling spoons. The scrapers were called oo'shaves (outshaves) and inshaves. They made the rasp or file themselves from a used-up file by striking on a very hard stone (still in existence). The mould for soup-divider was made of *lignum vitæ*.

Big Francie, Jock's son, a factory operative in Kilmaurs, showed his gypsy blood by roving about the parish with a fishing rod in his hand. He was a renowned fisher and "guddler" in summer time when the water was low. Even through the medium of the post it has been possible to prove that the tinkler-gypsy cant was known to this branch of the Marshalls.

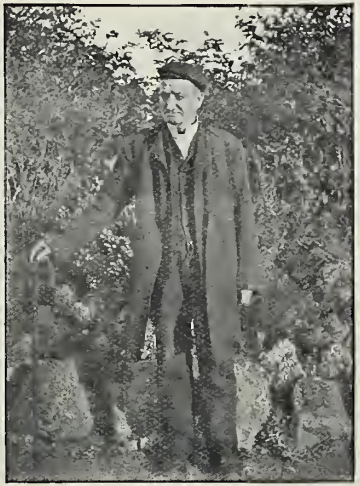
The Kennedies.

The Kennedies are held in kindly remembrance in almost every farm-house in Galloway.

Photo by A. M'Cormick.

GALLOWAY, PERTHSHIRE, AND ARGYLESHIRE TINKLERS.

Marshall, Stewart, and Campbell.



MALCOLM MARSHALL.

They were said to have hailed from Hightae, Lochmaben, where it is said they claimed to own property. They were a dark, handsome, powerfully-built race, with strong aquiline features.

If we go back for half a century the gang then appears to have consisted of the father and mother, John Kennedy and Isabella Hutchison or Kennedy, three daughters named Tibbuck, Janet, and Mary, and four sons named Sandy, John, Andrew, and Rob.

There was also another horner named Andrew Kennedy, who travelled Galloway at the same time as the Kennedy gang, but he usually travelled alone. Although he was not much older than the sons and daughters above named, they always called him "Uncle Anra." He appears to have passed as a sort of superior tinkler, and was inclined to disown kinship with the others. Having saved some money in his younger days, he arrived one day at an out of the way little inn where he was unknown. He passed himself off as a great gentleman and a descendant of King Robert the Bruce. He entertained all and sundry who came about the inn, and it was said that even the parish minister was amongst the number, but one day an evil chance brought the Kennedy gang along, and one of them popping his head into a room where "Uncle

Anra" was busy entertaining a number of drouthy cronies, shouted out "Halloa, Uncle Anra."

He is said to have had lair, yea, even to have pretended to have been educated for the Church —and his appearance and stories generally bore some clerical affinity! He always wore a tile hat and a frock coat, and was known as "the preacher," or sometimes as "the gentleman tinkler."

The men of the gang were all horners, and basket and creel-makers. Rab and his sisters often travelled in company, but if anyone passed them on the road, they would be found straggling along at considerable distances from one another. Sometimes they had with them a pony, and two large dogs of a half-collie, half-mastiff type. The pony must have been a good one. The farmer at Ingliston in those days was a great horse-breeder, and one day seeing the Kennedies' pony, he remarked—

"Ye'll be showing him at Kirkcudbright Show?"

"Deed, thir, we're juitht thinking we would," said Andrew.

"And ye'll take a prize too."

"Deed aye, maithter, if there ithna a better yin there."

It seems that although the gang travelled in separate detachments, they had either some

pre-arrangement or system of informing one another where they would be found at stated times. Occasionally a Kennedy would intimate to a farmer with whom he was staying that their ranks would be increased. The Kennedies were always fond of a glass. As a rule, they were nevertheless moderate drinkers. When the gang met, they, however, generally adjourned to a public-house, and men and women alike celebrated the occasion by having a spree.

They had the reputation of being honest, and were trusted everywhere. It is said that the wife of one of the Kennedies had been caught pilfering, and that ever afterwards her husband gave her an allowance, and would not permit her to travel along with him. It was that same woman who told a schoolmaster's wife that she had been bitten by an adder. In confirmation of the story she exhibited a freckled swollen ankle, and out of pity for her, the schoolmaster's wife collected and handed over to her a good round sum of money. But it turned out afterwards that both ankles were alike swollen and freckled, owing, no doubt, to sitting over the camp fires.

They seem to have had a great affection for one another. For many years prior to the death of the mother of the gang, she was blind, and

used to go about leaning on her son Andrew's arm, and latterly it was a humbling sight to see that tall, handsome man, the outcast of a Christian community, trudging wearily along roads or through the heather to some out-lying farm-house, carrying his decrepit old mother on his back.

No one appears ever to have learned from them whether they spoke the tinklers' cant, but there need be no doubt upon the point, since they were splendid specimens of the tinkler-gypsy race, and as the writer hereof has met with relatives of theirs who know the Galloway cant thoroughly. George Borrow, in his diary, has this significant entry—

"July 17, 1866. Stranraer. . . . The dark woman; believed her to be a gypsy. Did not speak to her: sorry I did not."[65]

A Kennedy doubtless! We can only now join with him in his regret, for in a very few minutes he would have proved to the gypsy woman that he had the interests of her race at heart, and would have been sure also to have left an interesting record of their conversation.

The women folks vended the wares made by the men and attended to the culinary department. In some farms the Kennedies were allowed to have a bed in the house, but they

generally carried with them their own bedclothes, and a bed was made for them in an outhouse. They usually also carried their own provisions, but if they happened to wish to make a potful of broth, in which, tradition relates, they often boiled a dumpling, they always had some want to be made good from the adjoining farm-house. They were welcomed by the folks at the farm-houses, but each farmer had his favourites amongst them and sometimes he would let one lot in and refuse another. They were good at overcoming such obstacles:

"If ye'll tak' uth in I'll make ye a richt nyth wee bathket, mithtreth," one of them would say. When the mistress came to ask for her basket, if they had been none too well entertained, she would be told:—

"'Deed, mithtreth, I promithed you a bathket, but I dinna mind thaying I would gie ye't for naething."

Those at the outlying farm-houses were dependent on them for the news of the country side, and no one knew better how to wield that power than the Kennedies. The young folks about the farm often gathered around them as they sat on the ground in the cartshed making spoons and baskets, and they delighted to entertain them. Sandy would ask:—"Wud ye like a thea thong, a war thong, or a love thong?" and

Photo by J. P. Milnes.

SPECIMENS OF HORN SPOONS AND LADLES MADE BY THE KENNEDIES, AND "CAULMS" USED BY ANDREW KENNEDY.

soon he would have his audience listening open-mouthed to his yarns and songs.

The "Plains of Waterloo" and "M'Guire's Grey Mare" were great favourites of his, and those who heard him sing them say it was quite a treat. Here are two verses of the latter song as still sung, after the manner of Sandy Kennedy, by a farmer :—

"If you had been on Gilmore Green,
You would have seen sport and play there,
Two English fliers, they came down
To beat Paddy M'Guire's grey mare.

Chorus—
i re a fal de la la
fal lal la de la le ro.

Away they went the very first heat,
She made all the people wonder,
The very first time she cam' round
Was like the roaring claps o' thunder.

Chorus—same."

The Kennedies' dialect, from what can be gathered, seems different from that of the district frequented by them, and all of them pronounced "s" as "th." That lisp accentuated the peculiarity of their speech. They were adepts at the art of ingratiating themselves, but were never servile, and had ever a ready answer. In almost every farm-house in Galloway there are treasured up stories about them or told by them. Surely it is a pity that such should be lost! We therefore

make a beginning by recording a few gathered at farm-houses in different parts of Galloway, and the writer hereof will be thankful if readers will communicate to him any further stories about the Kennedies :—

A very godly man, Mr Stevenson, first Free Church minister at Barrhill, once came on "Uncle Anra" Kennedy making baskets by the roadside, and, entering into conversation with him, asked—

"Do you ever pray?"

"Didtht thou ever make bathketh?" retorted "Uncle Anra," and relapsed into silence.

. . . . . .

A minister of Kirkcowan parish, when visiting his parishioners, once overtook "Uncle Anra." Out of curiosity the minister had asked him,

"Do you carry a Bible about with you?"

"No," replied "Uncle Anra," adding as an afterthought,

"Do you?" The minister triumphantly produced a Bible from under his arm, and said,

"Certainly." Whereupon "Uncle Anra," dropping his budget, and after fumbling about in it for a little, produced his "caulms," remarking as he did so,

"I cairry my caulmth ; every man to hith ain tredd."

. . . . . .

A servant girl who hailed from New Luce had been unkind to "Uncle Anra." One day he was sitting by the kitchen fire at the farm-house where she served, and in presence of the servant girl he gave this conundrum to her mistress—

"Why ith New Luce like Nathareth?" and when the mistress gave it up, "Uncle Anra" said—

"Becauth nae guid can come oot o' either."

. . . . . .

"Uncle Anra" used to speak somewhat deprecatingly of the workmanship of the other Kennedies. He would say,

"They can make a guid thtrong thpune, but they canna make a gude gaun thpune."

. . . . . .

The stories handed down about the other Kennedies are like their spoons—probably not so well polished as "Uncle Anra's," but just served the purpose for which they were intended equally well.

One day the late Mr Rigby Wason, of Corwar, found Andrew Kennedy fishing in a specially preserved loch. Mr Wason was angry, and said—

"Do you know these fish are mine?" But despite Mr Wason's great bodily strength, Andrew had confidence in his own and was prepared to try conclusions, and so replied—

"Them in ta loch may be yourth, but them in ta bathketh mine."

. . . . . .

Another story may be given chiefly to show that the Kennedies inherited the gypsy trait of being fond of out-of-door sports. Sandy had been at a fox hunt, and bare-footed, he and another had reached the top of The Merrick, when a fox bolted through between them. Both simultaneously fired, and Sandy summed up the result thus:

"You fired and I fired and the fox ith dead."

. . . . . .

A farmer, who, having had a little scientific training in boxing, in his early youth got the name of being always spoiling for a fight. Knowing that Sandy had the reputation of being a great boxer and wrestler, the farmer tried repeatedly to provoke a fight with him. Verbal insults had proved of no avail, but at length one day, as the farmer was driving along, he met Sandy walking. As he passed Sandy the farmer struck him with his whip. Sandy sprang at him like a tiger, and hauling him from the trap gave him a most unmerciful thrashing until the farmer begged him to desist and promised better behaviour. It was after this fight that Sandy said:—

"Thience ith a' verra weel, but it'th nae uth when thuperior thtrength cometh into play."

. . . . . .

A former tenant of Caldons, named MacMillan, on one occasion tried to get Sandy's authority for a rumour which he designed to circulate about a neighbour, but Sandy was too wide awake for him :—

"They tell me, Sandy," said MacMillan, slyly, "that we are to ha'e yin o' your breed (Kennedy by name) as tenant o' the Stroan."

"'Deed no," replied Sandy, cautiously. "I wadna thwier to't either way. It'th mair nor pothible for thereth gentle bluid in hith veinth but whether he'th a tinkler or no, I'll no thweir, but yer ain folkth are come o' a far waur kin' foi they're a mixture o' Kennedith and MacMillanth. I yinth thaw the grun frae Babby Heronth to the Brig o' Dee (a distance of about a quarter of a mile) black wi' MacMillanth an' they were the wildeth lot o' tinklerth I ever clapt een on."

. . . . . .

Sandy was on a later occasion making spoons at Caldons, when MacMillan passed through the steading with the lambs on the way to the hog wintering.

"A pickle thnod lambth, Maithter MacMillan," said Sandy, seeking to ingratiate himself.

"Ye may ken aboot horns, Kennedy, but what the deevil dae ye ken aboot sheep," growled M'Millan, still bearing a grudge against Sandy.

"Atweel no," assented Sandy, "I think ye maun be richt, for a' yer neebourth thay ye keep the wartht theep in a' the parith o' Minnigaff."

. . . . . .

Near a farm-house where a farmer, also named Kennedy, lived, Sandy was busy one day cutting willow wands for basket-making purposes, when a servant lassie came running down the loaning and said :

"I was sent to tell ye that these wands are being kept for Mr Kennedy."

"Gie back," said Sandy, "an' tell yer maithter that Mr Kennedy ith juitht buthy cutting them." By the time she had returned Sandy had decamped with a big burden of willow wands.

. . . . . .

Sandy bore a grudge against a farmer, and one night he was sitting by the fire in the kitchen, where a number of hams were hanging from the rafters. The farmer entered, and Sandy said :

"Man, maithter, hamth make gran' pictureth, but gin ye were hog wunterin' theep for me I wad not care to thee tho mony o' them hangin' frae the theiling !"

. . . . . .

He once told an ordained elder :

" Ye couldna thay a grace fit for a thow'th denner."

. . . . . .

But Sandy's tongue was like one of his old files, and had both a rough and a smooth side. One night a farmer's wife treated him to some haggis.

"That'th a gran' haggith," said Sandy. ". . . . There'th a pickle o' gran' meal in that haggith, mithtreth. . . . Yin could thune thup themthelveth oot o' a thpune wi' that haggith, mithtreth."

. . . . . .

Sandy used to praise the short-grained hard horn of the Galloway sheep as compared with the soft "boss" horn of the larger sheep of South Ayrshire. When he took the heart out of a ram's horn he would say :

" Maithter, that ram wath in great condition when it wath thlain."

. . . . . .

"A ram'th horn," he held, "made a durable thpune for the kitchen, but a gate'th (goat's) a thuperior yin for the room."

. . . . . .

" There," said Andrew, on one occasion to a customer, "ye have what nae ither in the parith hath—thix thpuneth oot o' twa ram'th hornth."

. . . . . .

Sandy had once been laid up at a farm-house. The farmer being ailing at the same time, had called in the assistance of Dr Hannay, The Gass, and had asked the Doctor to examine Sandy. He told Sandy that there was nothing seriously the matter, but that he would send him a pill. Sandy told what happened thus :

"Whun I got the peel I juitht whuppit it under the

bowthter, and whun the Doctor cam' next day, he thaid :

"'Hoo're ye the day, Thandy?' an' I thaid :

"'Thenk ye, Doctor : I'm better. Hoo much am I in awin you?' The Doctor said :

"'Theeing I wath vithiting the maithter I'll no charge ocht for my thkill, but it'll be eighteen penth for the peel.'

"'Thenk ye Doctor,' thaid I, 'for no chairgin' me ocht for yer thkill,' an' I juitht whuppit the peel frae under the bowthter and said :

"'An' thereth yer peel, Doctor ; it'th no yae haet the waur o' me!'"

. . . . . .

There are two stories reflecting on the affection of the Kennedies towards their parents, but we venture to record them solely on account of the humour contained in them, and because we know that no one would believe that the men—who carried their mother about on their backs when she was alive, and who also carried her corpse a long distance to her burial place—were in any degree lacking in filial affection.

The father, it is said, was nearly drowned on one occasion, and as he was being rapidly borne down the stream one of his sons, who was running along the bank, shouted out :

"For the love o' God, fayther, throw oot the caulmth."

. . . . . .

On another occasion the mother had slipped off the back of one of her sons as he was carrying her across a stream. It was said that she had just been allowed to make the best of her way to the bank, and when chaffed about this, Sandy replied :

"'Deed aye ; I micht hae thaved my mither, but I wad hae lotht my tool bag!"

. . . . . .

When Sandy was giving the final polishing to a spoon he used to keep spitting in it, and a favourite saying of his at that stage was :

"'Deed aye, there'th mony a wyth man gled to lick whaur I thpit."

These Kennedies, as is mostly the case with the tinkler class, seem in the end to have fallen on evil days. John was killed at Corsock by the breaking of a grindstone while he was sharpening his tools, and it is said that he is interred in Kirkpatrick-Durham Churchyard, where a tombstone was put up to his memory at public expense. A decaying trade and supervening old age led to poverty and misery. Robert is said to have died in a lodging-house at Springholm about the year 1876. One by one the others dropped off broken down by exposure and an unduly keen struggle for existence. Tibbuck, the last of the sisters, spent her closing days in the Workhouse, Dumfries, where she died on 1st May, 1893, aged 84 years. Andrew was weak both bodily and mentally towards the end. Enquiries in connection with an application for parochial relief elicited the information that he was born at Lairdmannoch, Tongland parish, Kirkcudbrightshire. No doctor had been available, but hearing that a medical student, one Bennett, a son of the farmer's at Gatehouse, Balmaghie, was at home, John Kennedy had sent for Bennett. For timely help rendered the independent John would not suffer himself to be a charity, and he presented the medical student, who afterwards practised in Gatehouse-of-Fleet, with a divider and a dozen green horn spoons.

Latterly Andrew suffered from chronic cerebral disease, and, though his mind was darkened, his strong and abiding central passion—a love of freedom and the open air—never seems to have suffered eclipse. Let the simple facts pay their own eloquent tribute to poor Andrew's memory:—At West Crosherie, where he had been allowed to sleep overnight in a barn, he was found in the middle of the night wandering about the farm-yard with a blanket wrapped round him. At another farm—Barvennan—whilst apparently rambling about in the same way, he had fallen down a hatchway, and, sustaining an injury to his spine, had to be sent to the poorhouse. At one poorhouse he threatened to smash the window if the keeper would not let in the free air of heaven; and in another poorhouse, when the Governor came round to lock up the place, Andrew declined to sleep in the house if he did so, giving as his reason, "I canna thleep in a hoothe an' the door lockit" Finally, on 2nd September, 1892, he was placed in Crichton Asylum, Dumfries, where he remained until his death.

To complete the tragic outline of simple facts about Andrew's closing years, we shall record an account, of a visit paid to him while he was an inmate at the Asylum, from which, in spite of his being incoherent and demented during his

lengthened detention there, it will be seen that his absorbing passion continued to the end nobly to assert itself[q]:—

"The scene at the Asylum made a great impression on my mind, though I had been often in the Asylum seeing patients, and if one thing more than another struck me on such visits, it was their subdued air of resignation. This is how my visit to Andrew Kennedy is fixed in my mind now: I had occasion once to take back to the asylum a patient who had been very violent at home. Under the firm hand-clasp, the steady eye, and the kind words of the doctor, it was wonderful to witness the fire subsiding in the patient's eye, and a striking calm overspreading the face. But when Andrew Kennedy was brought before the doctor and myself, I at all events felt myself confronted by the commanding presence of a tall, erect man, with good brow, and keen, dark eyes; though evidently worn out and broken down bodily, he put intense energy without excitement into his pleading for liberty.

"'Oh, sir,' he urged, 'if ye've ocht to do wi' me take me oot o' here.'

"'But,' said I, 'you are very comfortable here, and you have nowhere to go to.'

"'I'm no fin'in' faut wi' the place, but I've

everywhere to gang to. O, man, let me oot, tak' me oot,' he continued to plead.

"I tried to get him to speak about his early days, his birthplace, etc. He answered sanely enough, but always hastened back to his main theme, repeating with pitiable eagerness, 'O man, let me oot, tak' me oot.'"

He died at the Asylum on 4th February, 1894, of chronic cerebral disease.

Even so passed away the last of the Kennedies, the far-famed horners, a splendid race, trusted by the public whom they served faithfully for many a day.

Meredith, in his *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, pourtrays a philosophic tinkler, who, regarding a pipe as a greater blessing than a wife, also held other philosophic views of life. Contrary to the usual religious indifference displayed by tinklers, that tinkler believed that "God's above the devil," and from his superior knowledge of the Bible reproved "Speed the plough," who had asked—

"A—who's him (Paul)?" by answering

"Read your Bible."

"There's a tinkler and a ploughman," says Meredith, "who think that God is always fighting with the devil which shall command the kingdom of the earth. The tinkler's for God and the ploughman—." A tinkler who reads the Bible

is an exception, but it is something to find even one such case. Once the writer hereof asked a tinkler woman to allow him to set his camera on a box. She assented, but said there were some things in it that would require to be removed to save them from getting broken. When she opened the lid, there on the top was a Bible. But be careful not to give too much credit to the tinkler in the matter of religion. Two friends paid a visit to a tinkler's camp on a Sunday evening. They were disappointed because the tinklers "froze" and were as dull as ditch water. The visitors attributed the tinklers' quiet demeanour to regard for the Sabbath day. A few days afterwards a gentleman related that one of the tinklers had told him he knew one of the visitors well, but had anxiously enquired: "But wha was yon wi' him? We thocht he micht be a pawnbroker or a detective!"

There is a certain breezy light-heartedness—call it philosophy, if you will—about the tinkler that enables him to rise superior to the misery of his lot. When we do so little to help him to rise, need we grudge him such happiness, even if it is the outcome of a spree?

Their upbringing is of the hardiest order: miserable shelter from exposure; always on the borders of starvation, and yet they are not unusually prone to commit other than the most

trifling offences, such as helping themselves to such things as wood, straw, hay, turnips, and the like :

> " The clergy take the tenth of swine,
> Potatoes, poultry, corn, and hay ;
> Why should not gypsies, when they dine,
> Have a tithe pig as well as they ?"

Dare we, who enjoy the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life condemn them ?

Even in cases of petty theft, it is generally direst necessity that leads them to make the depredation, which is only committed after they have first exhausted their peculiar, inventive genius for raising the wind : One day in the depths of last winter a little boy of about five years of age might have been seen weeping bitterly at the footbridge at —— railway station. Moved to pity, a gentleman said,

" What's the matter ?"

" Boo, hoo, hoo," was the only response.

" Who has been hurting you ?" was next asked.

" My mither," was the answer.

" What's she done to you ?"

" She said she'd tak' me in the train."

" Which train is she in ?"

" Boo, hoo, hoo."

At this stage it suddenly dawned on the

gentleman that the boy was a tinkler, and he said :

"Stall" (stop). Instantly the tinkler boy said "Eh?" the boo-hooing stopped, and he dried the big tears with his bonnet.

"J'avri" (go on) said the gentleman, and he followed the boy along the footbridge. When they reached the open road, the gentleman said to the boy :

"Now, chavi (boy) was that a dodge to raise money, or was your mother really in the train?"

And for answer the tinkler laddie bolted down the road as hard as his little legs could carry him, and never once looked over his shoulder till quite a distance of a quarter of a mile lay between him and his tormentor. A hard school of acting that for the poor tinkler boy, and only a prospect of a copper or two for acting so naturally! But it would not be long till the tinkler woman would cause that little emissary to appear in quite a new role. The women lay their plans very deep at times.

A tipsy tinkler-gypsy man was recently seen sitting in a cuddy-cart nursing a child as the conveyance moved along the road. Sometime afterwards a tinkler-gypsy woman was seen rushing along the road crying "My bairn, my bairn," but all at once she wheeled as if possessed by some sudden resolve and returned to a

public-house, where her husband, a tinkler by marriage only, and some other tinklers were drinking. Her husband came to the door, and she upbraided him :

" There never was yin o' the breed o' ye ocht but a hard-hearted wretch." Suddenly he jumped into his cart, in which two children were already seated, and she jumped in after him. He thrashed the old, broken-kneed horse whilst she tried to prevent him ; and anon he whacked her and the old bag of bones by turns, and amidst the shrieks of " Murder ! help ! oh, my bairn !" onward staggered the old horse, followed by the groggy cart. It was a sickening sight, but all the time the children sat laughing in the cart quite unconscious that they were passing through any danger. Deeply embedded in the wild nature of that tinkler-gypsy woman was a love for her child, and that seemed to be the sole motive for her sudden resolve. Next day, however, the gentleman said to her :

" Barrie davies, nawken, I wad like to jan if you got the wee kinchin ye were deekin for alang the lig the t'ither rattie ?" (Good day, tinkler, I would like to know if you got the infant you were looking for along the road the other night ?)

" Syet," (yes), she replied, adding in a triumphant way, " an' I fekkit (took) the gude-

man avri (away) frae the peevin keir " (drinking house).

But to see the Galloway tinklers as they really are let us take the liberty of recording, in the first person, the actual experiences of a visit to a tinkler-gypsies' encampment. One must bear in mind if one wishes to profit by such a visit that the " tacho drom to be a jinneymengro is to shoon, dick and rig in zi " (*i.e.*, The true way to be a wise man, is to hear, see, and bear in mind ").[66]

Young Geordie MacMillan may be taken as a good specimen of the MacMillan gang. He is a strong, active fellow, who has travelled both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, and part of England and Wales, and has spent some considerable time in Canada. He was married to a cousin of his own at Pictou, Canada. His ruddy complexion, black hair, dark eyes, quick inquisitive glance, and his restless manner all go to show that there is, for a tinkler, an unusually large proportion of gypsy blood in his veins ; indeed, one could readily believe that though Geordie knows only the Galloway cant there is more gypsy blood in his veins than in many an English gypsy who speaks Romanes, and knows little or nothing of cant.

One day I was coming along a road when, at a considerable distance, I spied a woman walk-

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CUMBERLAND AND GALLOWAY TINKLERS.
Morrison and Marshall.

A. M'Cormick.

THE BLIND TINKLER-WOMAN.

ing in front. She lifted her heels from the ground so unusually smartly that I thought to myself "that must be a tinkler," for the tinkler women are generally smart on their feet. She disappeared round a corner, and when I turned the corner there was Geordie MacMillan sitting in a cuddy-cart with a roll of waxcloth partly hanging over the end of his cart. It was his wife I had seen, and they were now talking to one another.

"Good day, young man," said Geordie.

"Good day to you both," said I, and when the wife moved to the other side, I asked:

"And how're you, Geordie?"

"I'm weel," said he, "an' I was juist telling my mither before I left 'Parliament Knowe' that it was in this shan wee gav (bad wee town) that the young man who was interested in travellers leeved. Dae ye ken what she said, young man?"

"No," said I.

"Weel, she said he maun be a rauge gadgi (daft man) that wad ha'e ocht to do wi' tinklers."

Whereat I laughed and said I would just go and interview her, seeing that I had never had the pleasure of meeting her before.

"Parliament Knowe" is an ideal camping ground; it sits high and dry, commands a

lovely outlook over the valley of Cree, and is sheltered by some fine Scotch firs. Mrs MacMillan was busy baking scones on her camp-fire when I arrived on the scene.

"Good afternoon," I said somewhat stiffly.

"'Tis that, sir," she formally replied, but went on turning her scones. Silence ensued, but she was determined not to break it. Then it occurred to me to ask :

"Can you show me your licence?"

"Yes, young gentleman," she replied, rubbing her floury hands on her apron. She produced it from a box which had been used as a stool, and said :

"That's the wee slangs" (pedlar's licence).

"Have you the cart licence?" I asked.

"Yes, young gentleman," and as she handed it over she said :

"That's the big slangs" (waggon licence).

"But," said I, "it's not in George M'Millan's name?"

"No," she promptly rejoined, "ye see I'm a widow."

"Oh, but isn't there one George MacMillan camping here?" I next asked.

"Yes, yer honour; he was here, but dear knows whaur he is noo," and for a moment she seemed at a loss what to say; but then it dawned on her to ask :

"But wha are you to ask sae mony questions?"

"Oh," said I, "I'm the rauge gadgi."

"Losh bless me," she ejaculated, "I could like to hae hut ye on the face wi' a scone whun ye asked for Geordie's leescience, for he's awa into Newton wi' waxclaith, an' it's three days past the——April (date when licences fall to be renewed), and I kenna whether he's paid the big slangs or no. Weel, weel, ye're a rauge gadgi richt eneuch."

Seeing that Mrs MacMillan was busy scone-baking, I said:

"Are there any others about the camp?" to which she replied:

"Deil the body except an aul' blin' Hielan' tinkler wumman ower there at that far camp."

"Well," said I, "finish your baking, and I'll go and have a crack with her and come back to see you later."

A poor old shrivelled-up mite of a woman was squatting on the ground in the mouth of the tent. Her frock was in tatters and hung loosely on her shrunken frame. Her garment bodice being open at the neck showed that she wore little or no underclothing. A cutty pipe was in her mouth, and if clouds of smoke mean aught she was enjoying her smoke. She moved not as I approached, but a bantam cock which

Photos by

PERTHSHIRE AND ARGYLESHIRE TINKLERS.

Stewarts and Campbells.

A. M'Cormick.

GALLOWAY, CUMBERLAND, PERTHSHIRE, AND ARGYLESHIRE TINKLERS.

Marshalls, Morrisons, Stewarts, and Campbells.

had been sitting on the top of the tent flapped its wings and flew down. On nearer inspection the poor old body had no eyes in her head. What a study for the antiquary! What a reproach for Christian Scotland! How comes it that tinklers—the Marshalls always—still carry about with them bantam cocks and hens, which seems also, from Callot's picture, to have been the custom with continental gypsies in 1604? (See pages 10-11, Vol. II. of *The Gypsy Lore Journal*). In this changeable climate how is it that the tent holds on the same as of old while other systems of housing have their day and cease to be?

> "What care we though we be so small,
> The tent shall stand when the palace shall fall."

Could any more primitive sight have been seen a thousand years ago? What has a boasted civilisation done for such as she? What has religion done? What philanthropy? Poverty stricken! Religionless—who can tell? The eyes eaten out of her head with inflammation through exposure, mayhap through misdeeds! Yet, withal, she appeared to be quite contented, and did not seem to consider she was enduring hardship.

"Barrie davies, gran-naismort" (Fine day, grannie), I said, sitting down beside her.

"'Tis that, kind sir," she said, turning her sightless face round towards me. Momentarily I was spellbound; regaining myself, I asked:

"Don't you know cant, grannie?"

"Oh aye, dear; but I seldom speak it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, it's juist no' nice."

"But why?"

"Oh, it's juist hatefu' to hear't."

We talked for some time on the general aspects of the tinkler's life, and soon the other members of the various gangs—there were four on this occasion—all began to drop in from the labours of the day, the women folk from selling tin ware made by the men, or from selling small drapery goods which they carry in "rooskies" (baskets), and the men from selling waxcloth or brushes, or from horse-dealing, or, as is too often the case, from having a carousal. Mrs MacMillan having finished her baking, came forward and said:

"Geordie and this young man's great comrades; he kens cant juist like yin o' oorsels."

"I hae juist been tellin' him it's hatefu' to hear't," said old grannie.

"That's the God's truth, aul' wumman, and it sometimes gets yin into trouble as weel as oot o't: Yince me an' anither wumman went up to Slogarie to sell cans. Whun we knocked at the

door a big fat wumman answert't it. Whun she opened the door, I noticed a basket o' aipples sittin' on a stand. Says I to my neebor :

"'I wish that barrie manishi (big woman) would nash avri (go away) ; I would chor (help myself to) some o' thae cranshers (apples).' A young leddy that had been listenin' behin' the door cam oot o' the room and said :

"'Never mind the big fat wumman, and if ye're decent we'll gie ye some o' the aipples.' Lo'd aul' wumman, if ye had stuck me I wudna hae bled ! She had veesited aboot Yetholm and had every word o' the cant."

While the tinklers gulped down their rough and ready meal, I amused myself by taking snapshots of them, and then returned to resume my interrupted chat with the old Highland tinkler woman. Her grand-children all gathered round us at the mouth of the tent. I said to old grannie :

"Do the children ail often ?" and she replied :

"Yin o' them yince had measles, but nane o' the rest ever ailed for an hour. They're as healthy as troots."

Later on, noticing one of the children busy grubbing up dirt with a spoon and eating it, I told grannie what the child was doing, but she merely answered :

"Never mind, it'll gar the bairn grow." In the course of further chat I asked her :

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GALLOWAY AND CUMBERLAND TINKLERS.

Marshalls and Morrisons.

Note the Bantams.

A. M'Cormick.

GALLOWAY, CUMBERLAND, PERTHSHIRE, AND ARGYLESHIRE TINKLERS.

Marshalls, Morrisons, Stewarts, and Campbells.

"What do the tinklers do when any of them takes ill?"

"We get the doctor, and they're generally guid to us travellers; but they canna dae muckle for us, *for ye see, we're aye in the fresh air.*"

So there is the tinkler's *imprimatur* on the recent awakening to the benefits to be derived from open air treatment! Again my conversation was interrupted. Much noise proceeded from behind the tent, and the old grannie cried out—

"Wull some yin look efter thae weans, or they'll get killed?"

I looked behind the tent, and there was a plucky, bare-legged, and bare-chested tinkler boy of about six years old trying to ride a donkey. He was in the act of sliding over its shoulder, though still embracing it round the neck. Then another mounted. Up went Neddy's heels and down went his head, and the boy met the fate of the other. Several tried, some of them making a better stand than others. At last it was decreed that one nicknamed "Buller"—a name to conjure with in the clan Marshall—should mount the cuddy, and in vain did Neddy for some time kick up his heels. The rider twisted his long legs under the donkey. At last Neddy seemed to sulk. He backed steadily into a whin bush, and then feeling the

pricks, gave a spring forward which almost unseated the valiant "Buller." Then the donkey stood stock still. He was thinking, and looked decidedly wise. He began to back more vigorously than ever, and when he regained the whins he stood almost straight on end, and then giving a half wheel, he caused "Buller" to lurch, and landed him in a whin close to the one the donkey had formerly been pricked by. Loud was the laughter, and Neddy, commonly regarded as stupid, but who, the gypsies all say, is most knowing, and "sees ghosts even quicker than a horse, because of the cross on his back," was decreed the victor.

A Cumberland tinkler and a Carlisle lad who were travelling in company as clog dancers next favoured the company with a break down. One of the two played a mouth harmonium as they danced, and better playing or dancing one could not wish for. This merely served to whet the appetite of William, the King of the Marshall gang, and he speedily formed a square for a reel. He and his consort were partners and soon amidst much "hooching" and yells of laughter, they were cleeking and swinging and footing gaily the jolliest reel imaginable. Sometimes it was the mouth harmonium that served as an accompaniment, but King William had a distinct preference for singing out at double

quick time the chorus of the "Tinkler's Waddin'"—

> "Dirrim day doo a day,
> Dirrim doo a da dee o,
> Dirrim day doo a day.
> Hurrah for the tinkler's waddin' o."

At the close of the reel I left the breathless dancers to go to resume my interview with old Grannie Stewart, who, I learned hailed from Perthshire. She was standing alone with sightless eye sockets upturned—it almost seemed pleadingly—towards the sun. A donkey had strayed over the brae face, and "King William" on his way to drive it back passed between grannie and me. As he passed he said—

"God, that aul' wumman wad be far better dead."

"Syet" ('deed aye), she listlessly assented.

"Come and sit down, old grannie," I said.

We sat down together on the brae face. I soon found she was thoroughly versed in cant, although she said, "I ken little aboot it compared wi' some o' my forbears."

First one tinkler came over and sat down, and then another, and presently a little circle formed round in front of us. The old Perthshire tinkler woman, Stewart, sat on my right; and on my left, her son-in-law, an Argyleshire tinkler named Campbell, a polite, intelligent, red-haired man who spoke good English; and the others

were in front. At times I still imagine I feel the Argyleshire tinkler's beard rubbing against my cheek! Said I, "What's yer word for—

Bacon?" "Mass," said a Marshall.
"Tiger," the Carlisle lad.
"Sawnie," the Cumberland tinkler.

Road?" "Drum," said William Marshall.
"Lig," said a MacMillan.
"Aye and 'tober,'" said Campbell.

Shelta?" "Never heard the word," chorus of voices.

Minkler's thari?" (tinkler's talk) "Never heard it," from all sides; but the Cumberland tinkler said, "It's thadi," and some of them shouted "Gie Morrison a chance," and then he said:

"Stop your talk" is "Stall yer thadian," or
"Nickso bullien," or
"Stall yer whuddin'," said William Marshall;
"Aye, or 'Stall yer mangan,'" said old grannie.

Tent?" "Commodation," said the Carlisle lad.
"Runk," said several others.
"Wattle," added old grannie;

and so on for over an hour I drank in the cant of several districts. One must, as somebody has remarked, strive to be "wax to receive, and marble to retain," amidst such a babel of tongues. The subject is full of interest, and a list of cant words collected by me in that way from Galloway, Perthshire, and Argyleshire tinklers will be appended to the final chapter. If similar lists were collected in different parts throughout

Great Britain and Ireland, the cant language would prove a splendid field for philologists. The following are a few strange expressions I heard for the first time on that occasion :—

Morgen—Morning.
Watches—England, Highlands, or America, land beyond.
Dal watches—Ireland.
Dal gaugie—Irishman.
Sóthern (pron. like so) *gadgi*—a Protestant.
Yarrachan—Roman Catholic.
Lemman cowl—An Orangeman.
Cangri (or *kanli* by a Perthshire tinkler)—Church.
Dal whuddin chaet—Roman Catholic chapel.
Yest—Head.

The cant lesson was rudely interrupted by the sudden appearance, of a wild-looking female figure, over the hill. She was gesticulating furiously, and raving loudly. On she came—drunk and in a state of great deshabille, her dark hair hanging loosely on her shoulders. She halted on a knoll just above the company and yelled :

"Whaur is she? I'll tak' her life. I'll learn the . . . to insult me," and flinging her arms widely apart, she continued :

"I'm as weel to be seen as her, the . . . ."

"Losh, that's awfu' talk," said Mrs Marshall.

"There's a shannas (trouble) coming," said old grannie.

Her words had a magical effect. The tinkler

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WILSONS.

A. M'Cormick.

WATSONS, MACMILLANS, AND MARSHALLS.

woman buttoned the neck of her dress and glanced furtively over her shoulder as she did so.

"Aye, it's Tam" (the devil), said William Marshall,

"But," added Mrs Marshall, "he's bingin aree again" (going away again); and presently the enraged tinkler woman sat down in a calmer state of mind. A few moments later she joined in the conversation, and in a quarter of an hour she seemed quite sober. I met her on several other occasions, and she was always most polite, but I owe her a grudge for spoiling a lesson in cant. A spirit of unrest set in; and it was left to William Marshall to break up the class amidst roars of laughter at my expense. I had said:

"What would you say for this in cant—'Have a glass of whisky?'"

"Weel," said William, pushing in his oar quickly, "I'd say:

"'Thenk ye, yer honour; but if it's a' the same to you, I'd prefer a chant o' gatter (pint of beer) to a cant of peeve (glass of whisky)!'"

Each gang then gathered around its own camp fire. Poor old Dumbie Wilson sidled—paralysed with disease—along towards his bed-tent, avoiding the unevenness of the ground as he went.

"Poor old Dumbie," said an English tinkler,

"it's a wonder the authorities don't do somewhat for him. If they found him dead in the morning they'd likely say, 'Damned good riddance;' never mind, my turn next!"

As I seated myself beside Mrs MacMillan's fire, I remarked:

"It's a pity to see old Dumbie in a state like that?"

"It is," she assented, "but it's a greater peety o' yon English treveller that spoke aboot him. D'ye ken why he aye stands? Weel, it's juist because if he sits doon he canna get up withoot help. He's discharged frae the Infirmary as incurable, an' he could show ye his certeeficate to that effect."

"Poor fellows," I said, "who can fathom such misery; and that poor blind woman's face haunts——"

"Was she telling ye the King and Queen yince honoured her by speakin' to her?" interrupted Mrs MacMillan.

"Oh, by the bye," I said, "I had almost forgotten that. She told me that the King and Queen, when Prince and Princess of Wales, once spoke to them when camping near Balmoral, and that on another occasion the Duchess of Fife gave her a sovereign. When I asked if she had kept that sovereign, she replied:

"'Deed, I wad hae liked to, but I had to let it gaun for bedclaes and claes for the bairns.'"

"That's an example, na," said Mrs MacMillan.

"But it isn't unique," I replied, and then I told them about a similar kindness shown to gypsies near Windsor by her Majesty, our late Queen, and of the gratitude expressed by the gypsies—

> "So if she wants a man to box,
> I'll fight her battles, never fear;
> 'Twas dry work talking of the socks—
> Let's drink the Queen's good health in beer."

"Tinklers" I added, "are just like other folks; they have their ups and downs, and there's good and bad amongst them."

"We get the name o' being a bad lot, and God kens we're far frae gude; but 'they're no a' tinklers that wield the budget,'" she replied, and her remark is full of meaning.

Geordie said, "We'll soon be driven off the road."

"'Deed aye, faith," echoed his wife.

"Na," objected Leezie Morrison, a Marshall who was nursing a baby, "They're no fit to do that, but they micht make us, in the interest o' oor bairns, hae oor beds twa feet aff the grun'."

"'Deed aye," agreed Mrs MacMillan, as she drew her little hunchback boy more closely to

her bosom, and then said feelingly—"There's mony a yin meets his death wi' sleepin' on wat strae."

Surely Leezie's suggestion is worthy of an Act of Parliament all to itself. It is simple, and would prevent disease and the spreading of disease, and confer a real boon both on tinklers and the public.

Mrs MacMillan commenced to talk generally about the life of the tinkler, but I "airted" her on to speak of folk tales, and she replied—

"Losh, ye're a real rauge gadgi that wad listen tae ony sich trash. Lo'd, my brither, Stewart, wad juist delicht ye, for he never tires o' tellin' auncient tales. He steyed wi' me for a while at Whithorn last wunter, and whunever he saw me dull, he wad say 'Come on, Mary, and I'll tell ye a fairy tale,' and wi' his gestures, girns, and granes, he wadna be lang till he had us a' roarin'."

That statement contains a remarkable confirmation of the late Mr Leland's and Mr David MacRitchie's theory about fairy tales serving as a sort of religion and solace in time of suffering.

Presently a shower of rain came on, and I drew the little dwarf boy in between my knees out of the rain. Whilst he sat there he told the wonderful folk-tale of "The Steed of Bells." Would that I had space to record it here.

A dark object appeared, on the knoll, against the lingering sunset light.

"Mang (talk) to her," said Mrs MacMillan, and then under her breath she added, "It's the wumman I promised to get a sweetheart for whun I sell'd her the wee pingle."

"Has he no come yet, young woman?" she asked, addressing her.

"No."

"Oh, he'll come yet."

"I'm tired waitin'."

"Wull ye no sit doon and gie's yer crack?" then louder, so that all the camps could hear:

"It's the barra rauge manishi" (big silly woman).

Then from a distant camp came an English tinkler's voice:

"Come over here, my little ju-bi-ju, and I'll be your doxy-poxy" (sweetheart).

"Gude nicht," she said, and ran away.

"Gude nicht, young woman," shouted Mrs MacMillan, "he'll come in the mornin'."

Mrs MacMillan again took the hunchback on her knees, and soon he was sound asleep in her arms. He was snugly clad in a tartan suit. When Mrs MacMillan started to unlace his boots—a strong pair—I rose to go; but I noticed that there wasn't a hole in his stockings. She laid him

quietly to bed without even wakening him—so quietly and tenderly did she handle him.

On my way from camp, after bidding adieu to my friends, I met William Marshall. I asked:

"Do you never tire of this kind of life?"

He replied without hesitation:

"I like a free life in the open air, and we're as happy as the birds on the tree. I'm come o the real aul' oreeginals. The life answer't them, and it'll do me my time."

"Good night, King William," said I.

"Gude nicht, yer honour," he replied. "I'm jawin' awast (going away) the morn's morgen (to-morrow morning), an' whun I nash avri (go away) I hope the country hantle (folks) wunna be gloyin' (laughing) at ye or makin' a cull o' yer nesis (a fool of you) for mangan (talking) to us and us like. Gude nicht, yer honour," he repeated, adding this time, "and gude luck to ye."

CHAPTER V.

"'Can you *jas* to *stariben*?	—go...prison.
Can you *lel* a *koshi*?	—gather...sticks.
Can you *besh* under a *bor*?	—sit...hedge.
Can you *kel* the *bosh*?	—play...fiddle.
Misto! Romani-chel	—Well done! Gypsy man.
Del les adré his *mui*	—Hit him in his face (literally "Give it him.")
S'help me *diri datchen!*	—dear father.
You can *kur misto*'—	—fight well.
Said the *Romani chai* to the *Romani rai*'"[67]	—gypsy girl.. gypsy gentleman.

KIRK YETHOLM has for many generations been regarded as the capital of the Scottish tinkler-gypsies. The colony there is, however, said to be almost extinct, and yet no one who knows anything about the inherent love, for moving about, of those peculiar people will doubt that there are still plenty of tinkler-gypsies in the Border counties. Let anyone in the neighbourhood of Kirk Yetholm make it known to a tinkler-gypsy that he takes a genuine interest in the affairs of Egypt, and he will learn by the almost daily calls which he will receive from tinkler-gypsies that there are still plenty of the race, and that gypsying is a life hard to relinquish. In Gallo-

way, too, the uninitiated would imagine that that race was well-nigh extinct. At times, on the contrary, and by actual experience, the writer hereof begins to wonder if there are any other people besides tinkler-gypsies in Galloway! It is astonishing the numbers of them who travel through Galloway. Some stay in a house for a few weeks in the dead of winter, but others never have any shelter other than may be obtained in their vans, tents, or in outhouses. In spite of the many inducements which a settled life holds out to them, they find the greatest difficulty in exchanging for such the freedom and absence of care which accompany their happy-go-lucky life in the open air. The following is a concrete example of the struggle which tinkler-gypsies have to pass through in giving up their nomadic life:—At the court recently held at Wigtown for registration of parliamentary voters a claim was put forward on behalf of a Marshall, his qualification being stated as inhabitant occupier of six different dwelling-houses within the qualifying period. He had actually occupied six dwelling-houses inside the twelvemonths! The present writer had an opportunity of opposing the claim, but, needless to say, he could not see his way to discourage such a valiant effort to obtain the badge of citizenship.

The firm administration of just laws has done much to tone down the fierce nature of the tinkler-gypsy. Any acts of violence committed by them usually occur during a jollification. On such occasions, when under the influence of John Barleycorn, if one may judge from an Irish traveller's dictum, they look at matters somewhat obliquely: "Ach, sure, whin thim Marshalls get a neggin or two o' skaihope (whisky) there'll be the divil an' all to pay. Ye never know how they'll be afther taking ov a joke. If it doesn't stroike them aroight, then begorra ye may just stand up and get yer nose broke. I've had to do it many's the toime."

Ructions amongst them frequently have their origin in horse-dealing transactions. A Galloway tinkler-gypsy, slightly under the influence of drink, was recently observed elbowing his way through a crowd at a horse fair. Another tinkler-gypsy—a Yetholm lad—was busy showing off the paces of a poor-looking old horse. He turned the horse right in front of the Galloway tinkler as he emerged. The Galloway tinkler gave the horse a whack with his whip over the back—but the rider, although also the worse of drink, had little difficulty in retaining his seat. The Galloway tinkler ran up to the other, and, taking the horse by the head, enquired :—

"What are ye speirin' for him?"

"A *flimsy* (£1) frae you, *nawken* (tinkler), or *duce flimsies* (£2) frae a *gadgi*" (house-dweller).

"Baa," said the Galloway tinkler, "I'll gi'e ye the *gennitan* (half-breed cuddy) for't if ye'll gi'e me a *rig* (pound) by't. He's a *meghrin'*" (staggered horse).

"Go on wi' ye, wha ever heard o' a three-year-aul' *jawin* (falling) on his *test* (head). *Deek* (look) at his *mun*" (mouth). The Galloway tinkler did so, and laughingly replied :—

"Get out wi' ye, he's a *hammy*" (bad-mouthed horse).

"A *shan hawer* (bad feeder) that could *ha* (eat) a *gaunie o' geeve?*" (bag of corn).

"*Syet*" (aye), retorted the Galloway tinkler, "if he ever *deeks* (sees) it. *Deek* (look) at his *tramplers* (feet), they couldna *jaw* (carry) a *gaunie o' geeve* alang the *drom* (road). *Bing mackem* (through puddled clay) on his *shan tramplers* (bad feet) and *feck* (take) the *grye aree* (horse away) oot o' *deekment* (sight) an' dinna let the *cleechy deek* (policeman see) them. A *grye femmler* (horse dealer) maun hae *wannered* (sold) the *prod* (done horse) to ye in the *darkment* (night-time) or when ye were *bumie*" (drunk).

"*Ruffert* (no). F—— the Unctioneer *wannered* me the *grye* at a *level go*" (square bargain).

"*Syet*," jeered the Galloway tinkler, "but ye *hinged* * him."

"You're a —— ——"

"He's only gude," flouted the Galloway tinkler, "for *mulle-mass* (dead meat) for the *nyowincheats*" (cats).

"I'll *pagger* (break) your *test* (head)" roared the Yetholm man as he cut him across the face with his whip.

Writhing with pain and mad with anger, the Galloway tinkler sprang at him, dragged him from his horse, and flung him to the ground.

Two other tinkler-gypsies rushed up and interfered to prevent the Galloway tinkler from wreaking his vengeance on him as he lay on the ground.

But these two tinklers—a son and son-in-law of one of the fighters—had no thought of stopping the fight, and during the remainder of it stood by thoroughly entering into the fun. Off went the Galloway tinkler's coat and vest, and the crowd, which had collected, speedily scattered as he rushed like a mad bull at his opponent. They met with a dull thud, and both fell heavily to the ground. From the tinklers' and trenchers' tents and vans which lined the

* To "hing" a dealer is to sell him a horse for a sum of money, pay him half the price, and owe him the balance!

field the women folks, attracted by the shouting of the combatants and the crowd, came streaming over. In a trice they forced their way into the ring, and then the crowd swayed hither and thither. After a time, amidst shouts of "*loudnie*," ... "*wapsie*," ... and other stinging, ashamed of frailties, and much tearing of hair on the part of the rival factions of women, there emerged from the crowd a dark, thick-set, powerful virago, gripping as in a vice by the hand her lord and master. He apparently did not resist his queen, who, wearing a pair of strong *taehis* (shoes), plain blue duffle *toggrie* (dress), a red *mortsplashtie* (shawl), and a black *howfie* (bonnet), had quite a commanding appearance. The Galloway tinkler, as she led him along, kept hurling back the choicest of epithets at his quondam opponent; his shirt hung in rags around him, and blood streamed down his cheeks, but this was the result of the cut with the whip. The fight was said to have been a drawn one. Later on he and two men of the same gang were seen hurrying across the market field in the direction of the Yetholm tinkler's tent, and the fight was renewed but without decisive result. It is even said that it was fought again and again on different camping grounds, until at The Ferry camp the Galloway tinkler, after

Photo by Miss Bryden.

PRETTY PARTNERS.

an hour's hard fighting, was proclaimed the victor. But (bumps and bruises) the satiating punishment, of the ancient and honourable trial by fisticuffs—the parent of all courts—is now deemed inadequate, and so these hardy and manly administrators of the primeval and fundamental law of the realm had to appear before their evolved betters (?), and were subjected to the indignity of a plebeian 7/6 or five days.

That is how tinklers occasionally misbehave themselves now-a-days, but they almost invariably confine such attentions to those of their own class—and after all it is not the worst way for such people to settle their disputes.

By way of contrast one may profitably at this juncture allude to the description (as contained in M'Dowall's *History of Dumfries*, p. 512 et seq.) of the Kennedies, "who made Mid-Annandale their chief haunt, the Gordons whose tents were chiefly set up in Dryfesdale and on the Galloway side of the Nith, and the Baillies who roamed about in all directions and were ranked as the 'upper ten' of the tinkler tribes. And truly to see a band of Baillies mounted on horseback attired in coats of scarlet or Lincoln green, ruffled in front and at the wrist, booted and spurred, with cocked hats for head-gear, armed with swords and pistols, and followed by hunting dogs, was an imposing

spectacle that went far to vindicate their claim to high descent and gentle blood."

To complete the contrast let us turn again to the sad case of Jock Johnstone, briefly alluded to in Chapter IV. Jock Johnstone belonged to a humbler tinkler gang than the Baillies, and his tragic end will help to illustrate the darker feature of so frequent occurrence in gypsy life of bygone days. The gypsy race have a bad record for such crimes, but in judging of them let us not forget that unjust laws and a weak, vacillating, and grossly unequal administration thereof did much to foster a spirit of revenge in the hearts of gypsies, and to bring about such crimes [68] :—

"On the 7th March, 1732, John (or, as he was usually termed, Jock) Johnstone, was, with several other tinklers, found guilty by the Kirkcudbright Justices of being 'an Egyptian vagrant and sorner'; and for such negative crimes he was whipped through the Bridge-end, and then burned on the cheek. This was not the first or last time in which John suffered punishment; but all the stripes, scorchings, and imprisonments he was subjected to did no more to cure his wandering and thievish disposition than to take the tan from his visage. When Jock was roaming about, he was invariably accompanied by quite a seraglio of women; and

on one occasion—ever memorable to him—he withdrew with some of them to a small ale-house, kept by an old widow named Margaret Farish, at Parkgate, eight miles from Dumfries, on the road to Edinburgh. A quarrel between one of his concubines and the hostess, about the price of the liquor, provoked the interference of Jock. Heated with drink and rage, he repeatedly struck the poor old woman on her head with a heavy pint stoup in which the ale was served, killing her on the spot. He was apprehended at Lockerbie next day, and forthwith lodged in Dumfries Tolbooth. During the dreary interval before his trial, he was allowed the companionship of a pet jackdaw, which had travelled the district with him in happier days for them both. But just as the judges passed the prison, on their way to the court, the heralds of the procession blew a flourish with their trumpets, and that moment the gypsy's feathered favourite dashed convulsively against the iron bars of the window, and dropped down dead. 'Lord ha'e mercy on me, for I am gane!' cried Jock, naturally enough considering that the fate of the poor daw was ominous of his own, and so it turned out. He was condemned to die; but life was sweet, and he resolved to keep it, or sell it dearly, while deceitful hope buoyed him up with the idea

that the men of his own tribe would yet enable him to elude the gallows. Jock doggedly refused to leave his cell; and as he was one of the strongest men in Dumfriesshire, it was with the utmost difficulty that he was dragged out and carried to the upper storey, from the front of which the fatal noose hung dangling, waiting for its human tassel. The convict wanted the thumbs of both hands, and was often called 'Thoomie Johnstone' on that account; but this defect no way unfitted him from maintaining a tremendous resistance. Apprehensive of rescue, the authorities placed a hundred stout burgesses, armed with Lochaber axes, as a guard around the Tolbooth. Eventually, long after the appointed hour, the figure of Johnston appeared at the scaffold, enclosed by six town officers; and we must leave the scene that ensued to be described by the Rev. Dr Carlyle, of Inveresk, who, when a boy, viewed it from the neighbourhood of his uncle Provost Bell's house, which was situated opposite the prison. 'When Jock first issued from the door,' says Carlyle, 'he looked a little astonished; but looking round a while, he proceeded with a bold step. Psalms and prayers being over, the rope was fastened about his neck, and he was prompted to ascend a short ladder fastened to the gallows, to be thrown off. Here his resist-

Photos by

EVENING CAMP SCENES.

A. M'Cormick.

ance and my terror began. Jock was curly-haired and fierce looking, and very strong of his size—about five feet eight inches. The moment they asked him to go up the ladder he took hold of the rope round his neck, which was fastened to the gallows, and with repeated violent pulls attempted to pull it down, and his efforts were so strong that it was feared he would have succeeded. The crowd in the meantime felt much emotion, and the fear of the magistrates increased. I wished myself on the top of Criffel, or anywhere but there. But the attempt to go through the crowd appeared more dangerous than to stay where I was. I returned to my station again, resolving manfully to abide the worst extremity. Jock struggled and roared, for he became like a furious wild beast, and all that the six men could do they could not bind him ; and having, with wrestling hard, forced up the pinions on his arms, they were afraid and he became more formidable ; when one of the magistrates, recollecting that there was a master mason or carpenter of the name of Baxter, who was by far the strongest man in Dumfries, they with difficulty prevailed on him, for the honour of the town, to come on the scaffold. He came, and putting aside the six men who were keeping him down, he seized him, and made no more difficulty than a nurse does in handling

her child; he bound him hand and foot in a few minutes, and laid him quietly down on his face near the edge of the scaffold, and retired. Jock, the moment he felt his grasp, found himself subdued, and became calm and resigned himself to his fate.' Carlyle closes his graphic narrative by saying, 'The dreadful scene cost me many nights' sleep'—a circumstance not to be wondered at. If a rescuing party of Jock's friends had appeared in his time of need, they would very likely have succeeded in carrying him away in triumph."

In chapter first it is shown that Billy, when he succeeded to his high office of King of the Galloway gypsies, at once set about ridding his "beat," which included Carrick, in Ayrshire—as a part of the ancient province of Galloway—of the other tinkler bands who sought to encroach upon it. We have seen also in chapter second that Billy was appointed and acted as Ringleader of "The Levellers." In further testimony of his being thoroughly embued with the military spirit, with a high sense of the responsibilities of his high office, and with a grim determination not to brook any rivals within his realms, we give this thoroughgoing specimen of the "tinkler mettle" of the old days[69]:—

"After Billy was firmly seated on the throne

of his predecessor, he made a progress over his extensive dominions, with an intention of punishing severely those neighbouring gypsy chiefs who had made invasions on his empire. 'Twas on a Sunday forenoon in the month of April, 1707, that he, along with part of his clan, came to a solitary farm-house on the borders of Dumfries and Roxburgh shires in quest of a gang of Teviotdale gypsies, who he had understood had quartered there the night before. The family were all out at church except one female left to look after the house. No sooner had Billy and his train arrived than their antagonists turned out and instantly gave them battle. The poor woman shut the door, and remained in the house in great apprehension until the door was suddenly forced open, when one of the combatants rushed into the apartment, and she perceived with horror that his left hand had been struck off. Without speaking to or looking at her, he thrust the bloody stump, with desperate resolution, against the glowing bars of the grate; and having staunched the blood by actual cautery, seized a knife used for killing sheep, which lay on a shelf, and rushed out again to join the combat. All was over before the family returned from church, and both gangs had decamped, carrying probably their dead and wounded along with them;

for the place where they fought was absolutely soaked with blood, and exhibited among other reliques of the fray, the amputated hand of the wretch whose desperate conduct the maid-servant had witnessed."

. . . . . .

In *Murray's Poems*[70] there is a poem of peculiar interest to those interested in the study of gypsy life. The details of the poem are such as would lead most gypsiologists to exclaim "Gypsies!" The following is the note appended to the original edition of 1868, and apparently the poem has been founded largely upon the information contained therein:

"The above poem is founded on facts still remembered in Galloway. They were communicated by Mr Joseph Train to Sir Walter Scott, in view of a fresh edition of his novel of *Redgauntlet.* The narrative of Train is so like an inventory of facts that it is difficult to think that it is not entirely correct, and yet there may be reason to suspect that it was coloured and modified in his zeal to find a prototype of 'Wandering Willie.' At all events, his version of the story has not been adopted by the author of 'Helen.' According to the testimony of parties still living in Galloway, it was the husband and not the wife who was blind, and her skilful performance on the harp is still

remembered. This statement is largely confirmed by the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier* of the day, in whose columns the calamity is recorded, and where it is distinctly mentioned that the hapless family did not frequent the South of Scotland, as indicated by Train, but were on their way home from Ireland to Wales. Hugh Pritchard was a farmer's son of Carnarvon, and his wife, Helen Hughes, was a curate's daughter.

"*Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, April 23, 1816.—'On the evening of Saturday a poor man with his wife and five children, who were travelling through the country with a small cart drawn by an ass, being unable to find lodging, took refuge in a sandhole, at the side of the public road, near Twynholm Kirk. In the course of the night a mass of earth, which had been undermined in taking out the sand, unfortunately gave way and buried them all under it. Their bodies were dug out on the Sunday morning, and carried into the church.'

"*Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, April 30, 1816.—'Our correspondent at Kirkcudbright writes us that the people mentioned in our publication of last week to have been smothered in a sandhole near Twynholm Kirk, in consequence of part of the earth falling on them while asleep, were travelling from Ireland through

Photos by A. M'Cormick.

THE DOCTOR AND THE BLIND (HIGHLAND) TINKLER WOMAN.

BREAKFAST TIME.

Scotland, on their way home to Wales, and being naturally anxious for accommodation till the Monday following, they earnestly solicited quarters at several places in that neighbourhood, offering to pay for it thankfully, but were uniformly refused; and from this inhospitable treatment were under the necessity of taking up their quarters in the sandhole where they all met their melancholy fate. The unfortunate accident is the more to be lamented, as the unhappy sufferers were not travelling the country as vagrants, but on their way home. The man was a discharged soldier, and his wife played on a harp, by which they principally supported themselves on their journey.'

"It may here be added that on the person of the soldier were found a discharge, a letter from a boy at sea, some little money and papers connected with a small property in Wales, to which the wanderers were looking forward. The hapless family were placed in four coffins, and interred to the right of Twynholm Church, close to the churchyard wall. No memorial stone marks the spot where they were buried. The ass became the property of Tibbie Mitchell, the Borgue carrier, as did also the wicker-cart of which the wheels were of solid wood, like that of a peat-barrow. The harp fell into the hands of Mr Joseph Train, and remained with

him till the 7th December, 1852, when that zealous antiquary, the friend of Scott, and author of *The Buchanites*, breathed his last. A year or so after that event, when his curiosities were sold and dispersed, it was allowed, being old and worm-eaten, to go to decay, so that now only two fragments remain of the old harp of Wales, which was so intimately connected with Helen's early and chequered history, which had cheered the wanderers in exile and poverty, and was treasured to the last as a tuneful and loved companion, of the long and homeward march."

To complete the picture of "Wandering Willie," we shall record Train's description of his meeting with that worthy[71] :—

"I was returning to Newton-Stewart when the blind minstrel approached, with a large harp over his shoulder, led by a woman who, I afterwards learned, was his wife, and followed by some children walking, and others in a small wicker-cart of singular construction, drawn by a little cuddie of the old gypsy kind. As I drew near to them, the female caused him to raise his harp and he began to play the well-known air, 'Kenmure's on an' awa', Willie.' It was a calm evening in the month of April, and the melodious sound of the harp soon brought a crowd of peasants from the neighbouring hamlet

of Machermore, and the fields of Kirroughtree, which, with a fiddle played by one of the younger branches of the minstrel's family, formed a band that called into action the dancing powers not only of the other children, but likewise of several of the spectators. The appearance of the minstrel was somewhat singular; he was seemingly upwards of fifty years of age, of very diminutive stature, the small part of his countenance that appeared above his bushy beard was of a sallow complexion, very much pitted by the smallpox, and nowise improved by his large sightless eyeballs, which seemed to roll instinctively as he moved his hand across the strings of the harp. His habiliments seemed to be just whatever chance had thrown in his way. On his legs he wore a pair of blue rigg-an'-fur stockings, partly drawn over the knees of his small clothes, the original part of which had been evidently worn by a person of more spacious dimensions; his vest of red plush cloth, with deep pockets hanging over the thighs, was in every way similar to that kept in the wardrobe of Eglinton Castle, stained with the blood of the unfortunate Earl, who was shot by Campbell, the exciseman. The outside colour of his coat was brown, the inside yellow; it was the only part of his dress which bore any proportion at all to his person. On his head

he wore a cap in old times called a megiskie, with a large Roman letter in front, such as was usually worn by Chattering Charlie, the last professional jester of the House of Cassilis."

From the mass of conjectural and apparently disputed information several agreed upon facts may be gleaned: one of the company was a Welsh harper:—

> "When Helen touched her harp, and sang
> Lays of the mountain land,
> There was a spell in Helen's voice,
> And power in Helen's hand.
> . . . . . .
> "In hamlet, town, or lonely cot,
> The harp was still their stay;
> It was a friend and gained them friends,
> And cheered the weary way."

The husband was a soldier pensioner, and their mode of life was characteristic of Gypsies:—

> "There long they lived. If poor their lot,
> They had a thrifty hand;
> Neat hose they sold, and baskets trim,
> Made of the willow wand.
> . . . . . .
> "In wicker-cart a patient ass
> Dragged on their humble store;
> It bore the harp that Helen loved,
> And played in days of yore."

The Gypsies of Wales are famous harpists—as any one who has read Borrow's, Groome's, or Watts-Dunton's Gypsy works will remember. The presence of the donkey is a further Gypsy

indication. The Gypsies of that period were "pressed" into the service, and many of them still take to soldiering. Even granting that the allegation about Helen being a curate's daughter had been obtained direct from her own lips, it would neither prove its truth nor even establish that she had not gypsy blood in her veins, as it is a well-known trait for gypsies to claim, at times rightly, at times wrongly, that they are related by blood to families of high descent. Mr Murray's poem is thus prefaced :—

"'He's nae gentleman, nor drap's bluid o' gentleman, wad grudge twa gangrel puir bodies the shelter o' a waste house, and the thristles by the road-side for a bit cuddie,' Sir Walter Scott," and concludes its pathetic tale with this scathing application of Sir Walter's lash :—

> "Their living tomb may still be seen
> By Tarff's wild-wooded vale ;
> The house still stands where hearts of stone
> Heard Helen's dying wail."

Mr Murray suspects Train of colouring his narrative of the tragedy and claims that it was Helen and not "Wandering Willie" who was blind. It is, however, enough for our purpose that it is admitted that one or the other was a blind harper. In *Notes and Queries*, p. 180, Vol. 1, of *The Gypsy Lore Journal*, there is an interesting account of gypsy musicians in Wales

which may be regarded as throwing a sidelight upon the question under consideration. The writer thereof, "J. Ceiriog Hughes," explains that he obtained the information from "a venerable minstrel, one of a tawny tribe, who had twelve sons and a daughter who daily played the triple-stringed instrument." He also informs us, "Mr John Parry, of Ruabon (a blind man), harper to Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Bart., taught William Williams of Penmorfa (a blind man), who became afterwards Welsh harper to the ancient family of the Hugheses of Fercib, near Llandolo, Carmarthenshire. William Williams taught the celebrated Richard Roberts of Carnarvon (also a blind man), who had the honour of performing upon different occasions before the Royal Family."

Mr Hughes gives a list of Mr Roberts' pupils who all "gained silver harps" for the excellence of their playing, and concludes with a description "of the Egyptians who first came from Wales and continue to the present day:" "About 200 years ago came an old man, of the name of Abraham Woods, his wife, three sons, and a daughter. He brought with him a violin, and he is supposed to be the first one that ever played upon one in Wales. Then followed a list of descendants who were either violinists or harpists, and very often both. 'All these

harpers (says the venerable minstrel) were after 'Parry of Ruabon.'" The same venerable minstrel says at p. 124 of Vol. III. of *The Gypsy Lore Journal*:—"The Ingrams lived near Llanidloes, and the Woods near Llanbrynmair. They were supposed to be in possession of abundance of gold when taking these places; they were thought gentle folks of in those days." Mr Leland tells us that there is a gypsy tribe of Hugheses who chiefly frequent Wiltshire, and are "short, stubby, and dark." May not then this Gypsy-like family who were entombed in the sandpit, and one of whom was said to be named Helen Hughes, have been related either to the gypsy Hugheses or to the ancient family of the Hugheses of Frecib?

In claiming the honour of being the prototype of "Wandering Willie" for a gypsy harpist, we do not consider that we are putting any undue strain upon the details supplied by the various narratives

. . . . . .

Galloway has within the memory of living man been frequently visited by large bands of Gypsies. About 30 years ago a large band of English Gypsies visited Galloway. Horse-dealing was the occupation of the men, and the women told fortunes. There was a large company on that occasion, and they encamped for

Photos by A. M'Cormick.

"KISSING GOES BY FAVOUR." ON GUARD.

several weeks in a field—which they had rented —near Newton-Stewart. Crowds of people flocked to visit their encampment, and people still speak of some of that company as being the handsomest men and women they have ever seen. A Gypsy, who was one of that company on the occasion referred to, says that at the larger centres where they camped they gave balls which the public were entitled to attend upon paying a subscription.

About ten years ago a band of strange-looking gypsies passed through Galloway. Mr Groome, in his introduction to his *Gypsy Folk Tales*, describes that company as follows[7] :—

"'Two years ago,' writes Mr Robert Burns, the Edinburgh artist, to Mr Groome in 1895, 'while walking with my wife near Kirkcudbright, I met a large troup of gypsies, of a type quite different from any I had formerly seen. The first to appear round a corner was a tall, swarthy man leading a brown bear. My dog, a big, powerful beast, immediately made a rush for the bear, but I managed to catch him in time. On seeing me holding the dog, the man came up and, in very broken English, said the bear would not hurt the dog. I explained that my fears were not for the dog but for the bear, an under-sized, emaciated beast, and strongly muzzled. By this time we were surrounded by

the whole troop, numbering, I should think, sixteen or seventeen, all begging from the 'pretty lady' and 'kind gentleman,' which seemed to be about all the English they knew. A good-looking young woman, with a baby on her back, asked me in French if I understood that language. I said I did, and asked her where they came from. 'From Spain.' Then she spoke Spanish also? 'Oh, yes, and German and other languages as well.' I tried her with a few sentences in German and Spanish, and found she spoke both languages fluently, although with an accent which made it difficult to understand her. While we were talking, the men, not having stopped, were a considerable distance off. So I gave the woman some silver, while my wife distributed pennies among the children, and with many smiles and thanks they started off to join the others. They were very dark in colour, like Hindoos; the men and the older women were aquiline in features; some of the younger girls really beautiful, with lithe, graceful figures; and all without exception had splendid teeth. Their dresses, though ragged and dirty, suggested Eastern Europe rather than Spain; some cheap brass and silver ornaments seemed to point in the same direction. They had two ponies with panniers, full of babies and cabbages, empty strawberry baskets,

and other odds and ends; one of the ponies had a headstall of plaited cord similar to those used in Hungary. I saw them several times about Kirkcudbright and Gatehouse-on-Fleet; and from mental studies painted the head exhibited in the R.S.A. Exhibition of 1896.'

"These must have been Ursari, or bear-wards, and recent arrivals in Britain; but what were they doing in that remote corner of Galloway, in Billy Marshall's old kingdom? Frampton Boswell, an English gypsy of my acquaintance, met the very same band, I fancy, near Glasgow in 1896, and they were perhaps the foreign gypsies encamped at Dunfermline in the autumn of 1897. I was lying ill at the time in Edinburgh. Almost certainly they were identical with 'a little band of Roumanian Ursari' whom Mr Sampson met in Lancashire in the latter half of 1897, and who were 'travelling in English gypsy vans which they had bought in this country. They stopped for a month or more at Wavertree, quite close to us, and I saw a good deal of them. The first time, crossing a field by night, and expecting to meet some of the English breed, I stumbled among the six unmuzzled bears, chained to the wheels of the vans, and took them for large dogs till their grunts undeceived me; fortunately I got off with whole legs. They spoke a jumble of tongues—some

Slavonic dialect (*brat*-brother), bad French, Italian, no German, and little English; but with the help of Romani and scraps of other tongues we held some instructive conversations. The younger girls were beautiful, half clad, savage, but the older women ugly as sin. When I first spoke to them, they replied to a question in Romani with an Italian denial: 'We are not gypsies, we are Christianos.'"

Another gentleman who met this band adds the following peculiarities about their appurtenances: "Some of the women folks carried poles—apparently either tent poles or kettle props, and others carried a mat—slung from the shoulders—behind them. Their babies were either carried in shawls or in laced straw cases swung over their backs."

. . . . . .

Single families of real English gypsies occasionally visit Galloway. *Chumomistos* and *Petulengros*, as Borrow names them in *Romanes*, generally pass once or twice every year. Let us record—again in the first person for the sake of directness—a few interviews with some of these gypsy families:—

On entering Mrs C——'s *dukkerin' tan* (fortune-telling tent) I informed her that I did not want to have my hand read.

"Then," she smilingly enquired, "why have you come in ?"

"Oh !" I replied, "I want to make your Will."

"Yes," she retorted, "I can see you are a lawyer ; but we read the hand of all—good, *bad*, and indifferent—and besides I have nothing to will !"

A sharp discussion followed as to the remunerativeness of the fortune-telling business, in which her glibness of tongue completely overmatched the halting arguments of the village lawyer. My views about palmistry had been too orthodox for her, and she at once took me seriously to task—"There are palmists," she said, "whose race have inherited a knowledge of the art, and there are *wafedi gorgios* (wicked house-dwellers) who pretend to tell fortunes. A young gent volunteered to tell me my fortune the other day. He told me a number of things that anyone could tell, and then he said :—

'You're fond of dress !'

'No, sir.'

'But you are.'

'It's untrue, sir, unless for business purposes.'

'I know better.'

'You can read no such thing there.'

Photos by

YETHOLM (BLACK) DOUGLASES.

ENGLISH GYPSY GROUP.

A. M'Cormick.

'But I know better you are desperately fond—'

'Tis false, sir.'

'I never saw it more clearly.'

'Where do you find that?'

Pointing to a line running from the wrist to the tip of the middle finger, he said—

'Do you see that long line?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that's the clothes line.'

That is the class of palmists you have been mixing amongst, sir."

Much has recently been written condemning —and deservedly so—the host of sham fortune-tellers, who deceive the simple. But is there no good in fortune-telling? Do not professional men use the past as a guide to the future? Is not the prototype of "Sherlock Holmes" famous for his cleverness in diagnosing a man's calling, ailment, and character from his general appearance? The Prime Minister, in choosing his Cabinet, also predicts the future of these men. The Gypsies have a wonderfully keen perception of character, and it is that supersensitiveness of perception that enables such men as Gypsy Smith to sway by his oratory large audiences. Mr Leland, in his *Gypsies*, points out that, "It is this ready intuition of feeling which, when it is

raised from an instinct to an art by practice, enables shrewd old women to tell fortunes with so much skill." From a skilful reading of the lines of the hand, but more especially from a keen perception of the past through a rapid survey of the face, such gypsies can frequently give useful hints for the future ordering of our lives. But apart from the genius at times displayed by clever, far-seeing Gypsies, the wonder to me is that people don't flock in hundreds and pay their shilling purely for the pleasure afforded by meeting and chatting with these most interesting people.

Being interested in the gypsy race and its traditions, I naturally enquired whether Mrs C—— spoke the Romani language. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "I know it, and my children know it, too; but my husband, who is a bit older than myself, knows it best of any of us."

"Amongst yourselves do you speak it often?" I asked.

"Well, we have been living away from the rest of our lot for a long time, and it is only occasionally we speak Romanes, but when we are amongst our own lot we speak Romanes frequently."

"But," I enquired, "Is it really a language?"

"Oh, yes; it is not a jargon like what tinklers, potters, and showmen speak. We

have names for almost everything, but we don't like outsiders to get to know our language. For instance, we avoid using Romanes except amongst ourselves, lest others hearing it might pick it up and make capital out of it by posing as real Gypsies."

The *Chumomistos* speak with a nice English accent. Their accent, coupled with a melodious rounding of the vowels in such words as Borrow, *morro* (bread), *lollo* (red), makes their speech very pleasant to listen to. That musical quality of gypsy words has been admirably represented by Mr Watts-Dunton in "The Coming of Love," in such verses as where he makes Rhona, a kinswoman of these very Gypsies, say[73]:—

"All night I heerd them bees and grasshoppers;
All night I smelt the breath o' grass and may,
Mixed sweet wi' smells o' honey and the furze,
Like on that morning when you went away;
All night I heerd in dreams my daddy *sal*,[1]
Sayin', De blessed *chi*[2] ud give de *chollo*[3]
O Bozzles breed—*tans*,[4] *vardey*,[5] *greis*,[6] and all
To see dat *tarno rye*[7] o' hern *palall*[8]
Wots left her till the coming o' the swallow."

I assured Mrs C—— that I was acting from purely disinterested motives, and that I had a friend outside who was thoroughly versed in

[1]Laugh, [2]girl, [3]whole, [4]tents, [5]waggon, [6]horses, [7]young gentleman, [8]back.

Hindustani, and wished to compare that language with Romanes.

"Well," she agreed, "under these circumstances, I don't mind telling you," and then proceeded to name a lot of familiar objects. Amongst others, pointing to a lighted lamp, she said, that is "*dood*" in our language; a chair, she said, was "*stammen*" (as I caught it).

I then thanked Mrs C—— for the very interesting interview, and left, so that my Hindustani-speaking friend might speak with her. As I passed out I observed standing at the entrance a gypsy girl (a young lady)—I beg her pardon—G—— C——, and it occurred to me that I might put her mother's statements to a stricter test:—

"What is the Romanes for a lamp, please?" I enquired.

Her mouth opened, revealing a perfect set of white ivories—and I felt as if she had smiled—but the smile was suspended! "Well, what is it yourself?" she warily asked.

"*Dood*," I at once answered.

"No, you are wrong. '*Dood*' means 'a light,'" and I perceived the mistake I had made in thinking that the mother had pointed to the *lamp* when it was really the *light* she had indicated. I next more cautiously asked—

"Well, what is the Romanes for a chair or a seat?"

"Well, what is it yourself?" she again enquired.

"*Stammen*," I replied.

"You are wrong again," she laughingly twitted me.

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"*Skammen*," she answered, and I remembered that I had difficulty in making out the word, as pronounced by Mrs C——, but observed the similarity of that given by her daughter.

My friend emerged from the tent and proceeded to give me a number of words which he said undoubtedly bore a similarity to Hindustani—

Romanes.	Hindustani.	English.
gri.	gorah.	a horse.
pani.	paunie.	water.
riea.	rajah.	a king.
boro.	burrah.	great.
churi.	choree.	a knife.

Moreover, he said, apart from similarity of language, he agreed—(with Leland, Borrow, Groome, Watts-Dunton, and others)—in tracing the Romani race back to Hindustan, because, he said, there is an unmistakable resemblance between several of the *Chumomisto* Gypsies and the offspring of Mohammedan Christian alliances.

Photos by A. M'Cormick.

"O KUSHTO DUKKERIN'."
(The Pleasant Fortune).

"PATIENCE" AND "'LIJAH."

When we were standing conversing at the tent door, it suddenly occurred to my friend to ask Mrs C——:

"Am I a married man?" and she at once answered:

"You have tied a knot with your hands that you dare not cut with your teeth."

She had spoken truly. Then said my friend, pointing to me:

"Is he married, then?" but laughingly she told him:

"We never tell tales out of school!"

Next morning I thought it would be interesting to contrast the appearance of Romanies with those of tinkler-gypsies, and I again—this time with camera in hand—visited the *Chumomistos*' living waggon.

Raising my hat, I enquired at Mrs C—— if they were in the habit of distributing photos of themselves.

"No sir," she replied, "and we resent any attempts to snapshot us; and whenever we see anyone attempting it we at once conceal our faces. But, sir, we have some photos of ourselves, and I shall be most happy to show them to you." My friend and I greatly admired the photos, and I laughingly said:

"Oh, I see the name of the photographer, and I suppose if I write her she will supply me with one."

"No, sir, she will not. I have taken precious good care of that," was her reply.

I then thought I must take other means if I wished to secure a photo, and it occurred to me that the best thing I could do would be to tell her I wished by photographs, as illustrations, to show the unmistakable difference between tinkler-gypsies and Romanies. The idea was a happy one, and appealed to her.

"There can be no doubt," she said, "we are of a higher caste. Writers speak of kings and queens of the Gypsies, but there are neither kings nor queens, for the poorest amongst the Romanies is regarded as good as the richest; but of course we sometimes single out the best looking pair of Gypsies to appear as kings and queens at fairs so as to draw the public. When I say that tinklers and potters are of a different order, I don't want to say anything in disparagement of them—they can't help being of a different order."

I thought, and think, her statement fairly, and in moderate language, represents gypsy opinion about "mumpers," as they sometimes term tinklers. I told her so, and added, "But as with tinklers, I suppose there have been some very wicked men who were Romanies."

"Yes," she at once agreed, "and there are good and bad amongst us still; but there is a

great deal of misconception about us. We are superstitious, and don't like our children to marry the Gorgios"—that is, people who dwell in houses—"but we are even beginning to regard that as foolish. I was married in an English Church, and my children never take a meal without asking grace before and after it. 'Don't you, deary?'" she asked of a sweet little dark-eyed gypsy girl who had been listening to the conversation, and who winsomely smiled her assent. "We always live in living waggons or tents, and in the winter we have our head-quarters at ———, where we are well known. My children all attend school there."

"Well," said I, "my object is to use photographs to illustrate the difference between Romanies and tinklers."

"Then, if I must," she conceded, "I must tidy myself a little," and asking to be excused, she ran up the steps and disappeared into the living waggon. As we awaited, my Hindustani speaking friend informed me that "it is against the strict tenets of the Koran to have any likeness or image made of the true follower of the prophet. Purity of race and aloofness from people of other religions is also a trait of the Mohammedans." This, he said, might have something to do with their aversion to being photographed. His opinion—and I give it,

though it differs from the opinion of Leland—was that the Gypsies are more likely to be descended from Hindustani-speaking Mohammedans, who are nomadic in tendency and not tied down to any country by caste rules than from the Hindus, who are tied down by caste to their own country.

How it came about I must leave my readers to guess, but the four gypsy children were all beautifully dressed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and scrupulously clean. They remained outside, and I amused myself by trying to get snapshots of them. Mo——, who, by the bye, was born in the Isle of Man, concealed herself in the shadow of the waggon, and the others kept turning away their faces while one of the little girls cried, "Mammy, the ge'man wants to take us; must we?"

"Very well, my dear," she answered, "but take off your hats—look out, he has already *lelled* (taken) you," and so I snapshotted the pretty little gypsy children, whilst G—— retired into the waggon to help her mother to dress. Presently both appeared, and as Mrs C—— descended the steps I could not help exclaiming, "I thought you said there is no queen of the Gypsies," for verily she looked a queen.

"Well," said she, "if I am to be photo-

Photo by A CAUGHT SMILE. A. M'Cormick.

graphed, I must have it done properly, but G—— here simply detests it;" and jokingly added, "Never mind, G—— dear, look your best, and some young Gorgio will perhaps see your photo and fall in love with you!"

Two family groups being taken, triumphantly I bade adieu to my friends, and as I withdrew I said to Mrs C—— :

"By the bye, I think you told the amateur fortune-teller you are not fond of dress," and she, laughing heartily, again retorted :

"Only in the interests of my business."

As we turned out of the field where the Romanies were camped, we looked back, and seeing Mrs C—— walking towards the living waggon we raised our hats. "Ille incidit regina," remarked my friend.

Next time the *Chumomistos* came round I again paid them a visit, but this time it was on their camping ground near The Ferry. I had the good fortune to meet with Mr W—— C——, Mrs C——'s husband. He is a *tacho Romani* (real gypsy), and a son of the famous Sylvester, who gave so much valuable information to Messrs Smart & Crofton for their book on *The Dialect of the English Gypsies*. Fortunately, I was able to show them a photo of old Westarus (Sylvester), and I could not have done anything to please them more. W—— is, to all appear-

ance, a very mild, unassuming man. As I squatted by the burn-side the children gathered around, and I rhymed to them gypsy songs, in Romanes, which I had learned from the book published by Leland. Their favourite was :

"Yeck bitto Rom'ni chal churyin ap a rukk,
Chury'd ap t' truppo an' beshed apré a shock."

("One little gypsy climbed a tree, and how?
He climbed up the branches and sat upon a bough.")

But what took their fancy most was the story of "Happy Bozzle," as told by Mr Groome in his *In Gypsy Tents*. It was personal to them, and seemed to revive old memories. Somehow they thought they had heard it before, and little L—— laughed—at the Baron Munchausen-like feats performed by "Happy Bozzle"—till his little beady black eyes, in the shape of two dark drops of water, looked like rolling out of their sockets. On Mrs C——'s invitation, I joined them at tea in their *wardo* (van). L—— had been sent an errand up to the village, and G—— was deputed to attend to customers in the *dukkerin' tan* (fortune-telling tent). Whilst Mrs C—— busied herself getting tea ready I tried to make friends with the two pretty little gypsy girls, Mo—— and Mu——. But they were as shy as wild deer. Mo—— sat at the end of the van remote from me, casting side glances out of the corners of her dark eyes, whilst

Mu—— sat with her back to me, and do as I would I could not get them to speak except in monosyllabic answers to questions about Romanes. The mother had been outside the van for water for the tea, and on re-entering she said :

"Why, Mu——, what has the *Rye* been doing? Has he been kissing you?"

"No such luck," I replied ; but turning to Mu——, I said :

"*Muk mande del tutti a chooma?*" (Let me give you a kiss?)

This set both the little girls a-giggling, and the ice was broken. Later on one of them did come and sit on my knee, much as a little Scotch girl would have done—with far less persuasion. I had occasion to rise to let Mrs C—— get at her best silver, when I observed through the window which looked into the *dukkerin' tan* that G—— had been joined by Mo——, and that they were engaged in dancing a most graceful dance. The mother laughed aloud, and they hearing her, looked up at the window, and espying me at once stopped dancing, but do as I would I could not persuade them to continue the dance. I advised Mrs C—— to give them every opportunity for excelling in singing, dancing, and playing the violin and harp, the chief accomplishments of Gypsies

throughout the world, so that they might go through the country giving gypsy concerts. She seemed to be quite taken on with the notion, and I do hope, in the interest, at all events, of all *Romani Ryes* (gentlemen interested in Gypsies), that something may come out of my advice, and that sooner or later we may have public taste educated to see some of the good qualities of these children of nature.

The tea table was tastefully arranged. The table in the house of any Gorgio could not have been nicer. The tablecloth was beautifully white—bleached upon the green—and the silver, placed upon the table out of compliment to me—would have been a credit to any table. The Gypsies take a special pride in having good silver. There were scones, tea cakes, biscuits, and jams—all very much as the Gorgios have it; everything neat and clean, though plain—just such a tea as a clean feeder can relish; but there was just one thing lacking: Mrs C—— had said, "Mo——, dear, will you ask the grace?" and she had responded, when I asked:

"But is the *rinkeni chi* (pretty gypsy girl) not to join us?"

Mrs C—— laughed, got up, and shouted out at the door: "G——, the *Rye* wants to know if the *rinkeni chi* is not coming in for tea?"

Quick as lightning came the retort: "*Kei see*

yoi?" (where is she?) But though I saw her not, I knew that the smile was no longer suspended!

Ere long, however, she joined us, and we had a very happy tea party. Mo—— was too bashful to ask for anything, but when she had finished with a biscuit her heels commenced to knock against the boarding. When I learned her signal I kept plying her with biscuits to the amusement of all. Mu——, when eating, kept her back turned towards me, but her mother explained her attitude.

"Look at Mu——'s mouth, *Rye*. She nibbles biscuits just like a rabbit," and all of us roared with laughter, in which Mu—— had to join. After tea I spied little L—— returning from his errand. He was running towards the van. I stood up in a corner—where there was barely room to conceal me—in order to give L—— a surprise when he came up the steps, but the little gypsy girls laughed so much that I had to unbend, and the joke was out long before L—— reached the van.

"Oh," said the droll Mu——, pointing to her waist, "Mammy, dear, I'm sore all round here laughing at the *Rye*."

"Now, L——," said Mrs C——, as he was about to fall to, and L——, before beginning, asked grace aloud. On leaving the van I saw

Photos by A. M'Cormick.

A Tickling Joke. Reading "Happy Bozzle."

W—— C——, with shirt sleeves rolled up proceeding to enjoy an evening wash. His appearance recalled Ryley Bosvil's address to Yocky Shuri[74] :—

"Tuley the Can I kokkeney cam.
Like my rinkeny Yocky Shuri ;
Oprey the chongor in ratti I'd cour,
For my rinkeny Yocky Shuri !"

("Beneath the bright sun there is none, there is none,
I love like my Yocky Shuri ;
With the greatest delight, in blood I would fight,
To the knees for my Yocky Shuri !")

I jumped back from him and said, "Are you a *kurin rom'nichel* (fighting gypsy)?" He squared up in professional style, and I could see from the knit muscles of his neck and chest and the fire in his eye, that he had not always been so mild as he looks. His passes were those of the born fighter.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "me and my brother A——r, that's him as you may see in the *wardo* (van), travelled the country with Jim Mace giving sparring exhibitions. These were the dear old times, *Rye*, but the best man I ever stripped my jacket to was a sweep. He was standing by ——poole bridge, and he'd been doing a little business, *Rye*, in the way of brushing boots. Says he—

'Can I brush your boots, *brother*?' alluding to my tawny skin.

'No, you shan't, sir.' Then says he—

'I'll blacken your face for you,' and he just played lick that way and this way cross both sides of my face. I picked up his bits o' brushes and stand and pitched them over the bridge. Says I—

'Now, you go and fetch them.'

'No,' says he, 'I've blackened your face, and now I'm going to blacken your eyes.'

'Well,' says I, 'you take off your coat and everything else, for you'll have to have a good try at that first.'

He was the biggest bully in all ——poole, and a terror to the whole place. Well, we ats it, and a big crowd gathered round, and proud they was to see me putting up such a tidy fight.'

"Where were the police all the time," I enquired.

"Oh," said he, "they were down at the pleasure grounds, *Rye*, where the sports were being held."

"Well, how did it finish?" I had interjected again in W——'s long description of the fight.

"Don't you hear what the gentleman is asking you?" said Mrs C——, backing me up, as W—— rattled on.

"Well, it ended this way, *Rye*. I feigned to hit him with the left, and I hit him with the

other on the right jaw, and sent it right through his left. That's the bit to hit him if you want to hear his jaw go crack like that (as he snapped his fingers by way of illustration). Oh, I could both '*del* and *lel*' (give and take) a bit could I. The folks of ——poole were so pleased that they would have given me a hat full of gold if I had cared to go round for it." Mrs C—— then related some blood-curdling stories of W——'s pugilistic capacity, and pointed me out some of his scars. A quiet looking, douce man, but when I got close up to him and saw his movements and the look in his eyes as he waxed reminiscent of his fighting days, I saw there was still some of the fire of the old *kooromengro* (pugilist) in him.

We had a chat about the affairs of Egypt, and particularly about the language. He tried me with some Romani test words. Some of them I had heard before :

Saliwardo ...	..	a bridle
Weriglo ...	...	a watch chain
Bangaree ...	...	a waistcoat

But there was one word upon which he laid special stress as being one of the real old "deepo diredest" words, and I have not come across it in any list—

Kluchni	... ...	a hedge stake

In turn I sought to trap him with a modern word. The word "waxcloth" served as my bait, but the gypsies have a way of overcoming such difficulties, and W—— neatly escaped it by translating the word thus: *Dovva* (that), *kovva* (thing), *tooti* (you), *perrov* (walk), *opré* (upon). I observed that the C——s prefer to use *w* in place of *v*, using *wardo* and *wafedi* instead of *vardo* and *vafardes*.

These Gypsies are — notwithstanding the reputation of the race for craftiness—very simple and childlike in many ways. Had I approached W—— by offering him money to induce him to allow me to take his photograph, the chances are he would have indignantly refused. No, it was the simple, childlike side of his nature that stood me in good stead. I had read over to W—— some of old Sylvester's own Romani compositions from Smart and Crofton's Book, and when he saw old Sylvester's (his father's) photo he was overjoyed. On reading him 'Westarus's (that "well-known and popalated" gypsy's) certificate, as composed by himself, W—— gleefully remarked:—

"That's quite 'Westerious, *Rye*. It's a right good *lil* (book)—that is."

I then asked if I might take his photo, to which request he at once agreed, but he asked to be taken in the real old-fashioned way—as

depicted in one of the illustrations—sitting with his legs criss-crossed by the *yog tan* (camp fire).

As I was about to go I observed a water wagtail tripping about on the stones on the burn which flowed past the camp. I asked Mrs C—— if she had any name for that bird :

"Oh, yes, *Rye*, that's the 'gypsy bird,'" and we'll be sure to see some of our people soon. "But there is another bird which we do not welcome about our camps—and as sure as it comes there is a death. We call it the 'death-hawk,' but I forget its proper name." It was a strange coincidence that ere I left the green Mrs C—— exclaimed :—"*Dik odoi! Hokki! Kon see yon?*" (Look there! Behold! Who are they?) as another lot of Gypsies with horse and van turned down the loaning.

Reluctantly I withdrew from my kind friends. I made the parting as gradual and easy as possible by giving little L—— a ride up the lane on my bicycle, and by making him promise to pay me a visit on his next return—a promise I am still hoping he will fulfil.

. . . . . .

Whilst walking up Queen Street, Newton-Stewart, one evening I met a girl. She was rather pretty, but had a slight defect in one eye. I thought I spotted a Gypsy, and at once said,

"Do you know what a *rinkeni chi* (pretty gypsy girl) means?" The girl blushed for answer and passed on; and I knew I had surmised correctly. Further along, and just outside the town, I met two little children, and this time they were unmistakably tinklers' bairns. "*Deek* at the *cleechy* ower the *chaet*" (Look at the policeman behind the dyke), I said. One of the children immediately clambered up the dyke. I asked them a few questions, and as I moved on I heard the smaller of the two crying: "*Deek* (look) at the *curdie* (½d) the *gadgi* (house-dweller) gaed me." When I reached the market field I saw several vans and tents. A stout burly *Rom'ni chel* (gypsy man) sat in the field with his back to the road. A *kuri* (pot) hung from the *'kavvi-sausters* (kettle-props), and the *Rom'ni chel* was busy mixing a brawn mash in the pot.

"Good evening, sir," I had somewhat doubtingly hazarded, and the Gypsy had as formally replied, when along came a tinkler, and as he passed between the gypsy man and me I heard him saying:

"Do you *jan* that *gadgi* wants to *mang* to ye?" (Do you know that house-dweller wants to speak to you?) I promptly remarked:

"Oh, yes, the *gadgi jins* what you are *mangan* (saying)," whereupon the *Rom'ni chel*,

perceiving that I was conversant with the tinklers' cant, wheeled round on the stool upon which he was seated and said :

"I'll bet you five pounds you don't know a dozen words of real *Romanes.* I had a few gypsy words at my disposal, but I did not think it would be wise to air my knowledge straight-away. We talked for some time, and fortunately I was able to hum over to him one or two verses.[75]

"Can you rokker Romany ?
Can you kel the bosh ?
Can you jal adré the staripen ?
Can you chin the kosht ?"

("Can you speak Romany tongue ?
Can you play the fiddle ?
Can you go into prison ?
Can you cut and whittle ?")

This convinced him he had been somewhat rash, but the little episode led up to a most useful lesson in Gypsy. He said :

"If you want to make friends with us Romanies always give it us back in our own language."

Later on in the evening I visited the same Gypsies. The father and mother talked of Romanes with me, and the little gypsy and tinkler children peeping out from under the *wardo* (van) plied me with gypsy and cant words. Occasionally, one would run away to

Photos by "TACHO ROMANIES" A. M'Cormick.

(Typical Gypsies).

another van and bring me back a puzzler; all of which pleased me mightily, as it told me I had made friends. In the midst of a discussion with my gypsy friends as to the decadence of the gypsy race, an old man came to the door of an adjoining van and shouted out in the midnight air (for I had dallied long):

"I know what the young gent is deluding (alluding) to, but believe me if I opperehend (apprehend) aright there isn't one drop of real Romani blood in the whole of Engaland."

I had made an egregrious blunder by omitting to make friends with the old man of the company, and I had to pay the penalty for this blunder of the novice. I had never spoken to the old gentleman, and apparently my visit was not altogether to his liking. I arranged to take photos of my gypsy friends early next morning, but, alas! when I put in an appearance at the appointed hour they had flown. The old gentleman's voice had been a power in the camp!

A few weeks afterwards I met the same lot—the old gentleman, being, however, not one of the company this time—and they apologised; explained that they had acted in the interests of peace, and invited me to visit their camp, which I did, and some of the photos taken then serve as illustrations for this article. There were two lots of *Petulengros*, camped on the green at The

Ferry on that occasion. One lot I had never spoken to before, and the other lot—my friends—were absent attending to their daily avocations when I appeared at the camp.

"Is Mr P—— about?" I asked of a dark complexioned woman who was sitting cooking an evening meal. I had heard of that same woman making, when on her basket and lace selling rounds, a wonderful prediction which had been strikingly confirmed the same day. She had been much more fortunate than the gypsy who had got private advice in advance about two of her lady patrons. Somehow that gypsy had mistaken the one for the other, and the fortunes got mixed! When Leland chaffed her about it she said: "*Rye*"—with a droll smile and a shrug—"I think I see it now. The *dukkerin* (prediction) was all right, but I pet the right *dukkerin* on the wrong lady."

To my enquiry she stiffly replied: "No, sir, he isn't."

Apparently my company was not desirable at this particular time, for—how she managed it I can't say—the gypsy children never drew near me.

"Will he return soon?" I next asked.

"You can get him over yonder"—pointing to a stable at the other side of the common—"if you must see him," was her answer.

"May I sit down?" I enquired, after assuring her I was in no hurry.

"You're as welcome here as we are," was her doubtful assent.

I wondered how I could break this chilling reception, but the savoury smell from the frying-pan quickened my dull wits.

"If that were *hotchi-witchi* (hedge-hog)," I said, "I should like to have some," were the simple words which it occurred to me to ask. That simple Romani word acted as magic. She smiled for the first time.

"Yes," she said, "what wouldn't I give if that were the hind leg of a hedge-hog; but, *Rye*, I'm sorry we haven't anything half so nice to offer you, but you're welcome to what we have got so long as it lasts. Won't you have a cup of tea, sir?" I could not refuse such an invitation, and so I said:

"I shall be delighted to join you." She wanted to go for a cup, but I insisted on having the tea in a basin like the others, and she had just handed me a bowl of tea and a plate hanging over with liver, bacon, sausages, and steak when the other Gypsies arrived.

They seemed surprised to see me feeding, but I told Mr P—— that it was "all along of him," as he had told me to give it them back in their own language, and I had discovered that

the use of the word "*hotchi-witchi*" had quite unlocked the gypsy *dei's* (mother's) heart to me. Gypsies, as a rule, do not take dinner in the middle of the day. They are too busy at work during the day, and so have a high tea such as that I had the good fortune to partake of. Open-mouthedly the mumply *Gorgios* (house-dwellers) as they passed by stared at me as some abandoned soul taken to hobnobbing with Gypsies! I had just had a long run on my bicycle, and despite the rude gaze of the passers-by never did I partake of a repast with greater relish. A happy group we were. My friends, the *Petulengros*, looked extra dusky as they squatted round the snow-white table-cover, and one and all of us did ample justice to the homely but sumptuous meal scattered promiscuously on the cloth spread out upon nature's table—green grassy mother earth. Their appearance there did not belie their palmistry placard which was headed: "Real Indian Gypsies." But appearances must not always be trusted, for some of these *Petulengros* and *Chumomistos* (or *Boshauiks*, as old Westarus named them) are merely *didakeis* (half-breed Gypsies), and one or two of them—their swarthiness or tawniness and even their knowledge of Romanes notwithstanding—have not a single drop of

gypsy blood in their veins. The smoke of the camp fire curled up, partially veiling the rugged form of Cairnsmore. With the song of birds singing gaily in the woods, the call of sea-birds, the rippling laughter of the brook hard by, and the more distant sough of the sea, a spell of deep happiness wove itself round my heart. Pictures are at best but lifeless things; but the recollection of such a pleasant evening spent with these children of nature—in their proper haunts, in the green fields by stream and wood, where they are regaled by nature's many voices, is a living picture which memory must often recall. It is by keeping as close to nature as they can that Gypsies retain their love for the open air and the open road. But alas for Gypsies, they are endowed with an instinct—praiseworthy in landlords, but unpardonable in poor Gypsies—for game, similar to that possessed by landlords themselves, and the laws have been framed to stamp out Gypsies and to kill such poaching upon landlords' special preserves. Rhona Boswell, in Mr Watts-Dunton's charming *Gypsy Heather* says :—

> "Things o' fur an' fin an' feather,
> Like coneys, pheasants, perch, an' loach,
> An' even the famous 'Rington roach,'
> Wur born for Romani chies to poach.
> Gypsy Heather."

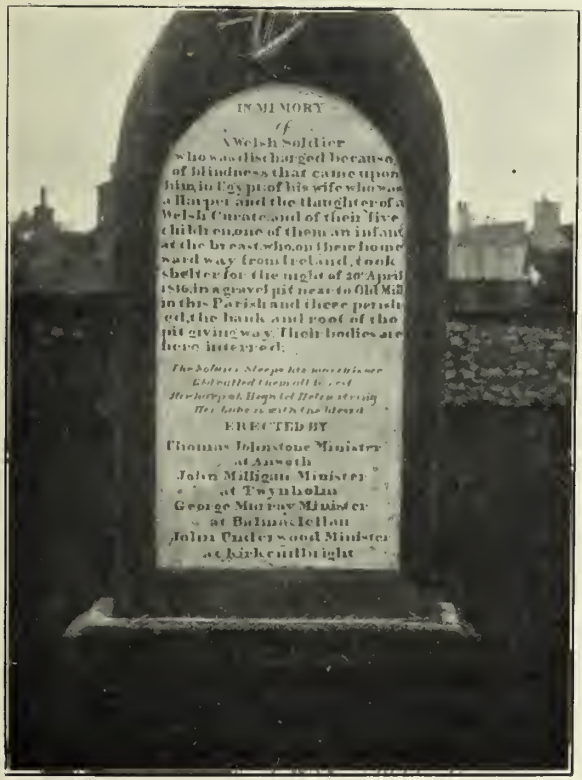


Photo by Miss Jessie A. S. Armstrong.

THE WELSH HARPER'S TOMBSTONE.

I had a very interesting lesson in Romanes, but unfortunately was not able to remember so much of it as I could have wished. Further meetings with other Gypsies, however, recalled many words then heard for the first time.

One little gypsy boy, "'Lijah," whose face beamed with happiness, was just the living picture of his father, and little "Patience," with fair ringlets clustering round her rosy, smiling cheeks, might have passed anywhere — her Romani extraction notwithstanding — for a bonnie, wee Scotch lassie.

Mr P—— suddenly arose, having remembered that he had a deal to conclude at the Head Inn, and I opined that it would be judicious to follow his example. Thanking my kind friends, I wished them good night, and they expressed the wish that I would visit them next time they came round. As I walked briskly over the common, my ears were greeted with *Kushto ratti, Rye* (Good night, sir), and *Kushto bokt* (Good luck), and looking back I saw the gypsy children—with faces agleam with happiness—waving their hands, and mingling their adieus with those of the gypsy women.

CHAPTER VI.

"Few things more sweetly vary civil life
than a barbarian, savage, tinkler tale."
—*Christopher North.*

EEDS of kindness, it is said, are written in water; and yet, of Billy Marshall there is scarcely a farm-house in Galloway where, after the lapse of 113 years since his death, stories of his kindness are not still related. These might be recorded by the hundred. From such we get an insight into the nature of this notorious character who still bulks so largely in the memory of those amongst whom he wandered. A king he was amongst his own people—and by the laws of Little Egypt he had the power to correct the members of his tribe—and none but a strong, resolute, capable man could ever have held so well in check, as Billy did, such a gang of desperadoes. His race detested, and he himself said to have been an outlaw, in order to maintain his gang and himself he had to have recourse to desperate measures, in which the poor Gypsies had daily

to take their lives in their hands. Starvation, the gallows, or banishment were the only other courses open to them. And, be it noted, that the Criminal Law Reports have not so far revealed that Billy ever was either indicted for murder or outlawed, and so, as in the eye of the law a man is not held as guilty of a crime until it has been proven against him, let us bear in mind that the graver crimes laid to Billy's charge have, like the many stories of his kindly acts, been merely handed down by tradition. Nevertheless, in these traditions — a strange blend of brutality and kindness—we find what one would just expect from a chief at once powerful, masterly, and having an eye jealous to the rights and ever ready to redress the wrongs of the wild and oppressed gang over which he ruled. To confirm the acts of kindness brought out in some of the stories which follow, many similar stories about Billy could be recorded did space permit of it, but we content ourselves by recording a few which we think to be most characteristic of Billy and his gang.

Billy Befriends a Tramp and Chastises Two Cowards.—One day Billy was walking leisurely along the road, when he met a poor tramp crying most piteously. He stopped him and inquired what was the cause of his distress. The tramp replied that two of the Border Gypsies or tinklers

had beaten him. Billy made him turn back, and, going at a brisk pace, they soon overtook the two tinklers, whom Billy at once recognised as the only two cowards in his gang. After upbraiding them for such conduct, he made the tramp punish first one and then the other; then giving the tramp some money, he sent him on his way rejoicing, and, cutting a stout ash stick from a tree close by, he beat the two bullies all the way to the encampment, a distance of two miles.[r]

Clever Ruse by a Rider Attacked by Billy.—A farmer named M'Nab had the satisfaction of outwitting Billy. M'Nab was riding slowly along on a Galloway pony, when Billy suddenly seized the bridle and demanded the rider's money. The night was intensely dark, and though M'Nab could not see Billy, he recognised his voice, and knew what to expect, if the money, of which he had a considerable sum, was not instantly given up. There being no answer to this demand, it was repeated a second time. A second time there was no answer. A third time the demand was repeated, this time with the addition that there would be no more words. Neither there were; M'Nab brought his switch down with full force on the pony's side, and in another moment Billy was holding the empty bridle. M'Nab had succeeded in

unbuckling the cheek strap and in slipping the bridle and reins over the horse's head. Billy could not have his revenge, for M'Nab had never spoken, and the bridle gave no clue to its owner.[r]

Billy and His Harem.—As stated in a former chapter, Billy lived in a hut on the Burn of Palnure, near Bargally; and Mr Douglas, farmer, Little Park, on his way home one night met Billy's wives running as for their lives—one report says he had seven. Billy was in hot pursuit, brandishing a large knife; he was very scantily clad—the only garment he wore was a shirt. It is not known if he caught any of them or the punishment inflicted, but no doubt they were made to suffer in some way. It was on that occasion that he is said to have remarked, "I wonder that they canna agree; I'm sure there's no' that mony o' them." Afterwards, Mr Douglas called to have a crack with him. He found him in bed, surrounded by his harem. While they were talking, he observed Billy getting irritable and making strange grimaces, but feared to make any enquiries as to the cause. Eventually he discovered that one of his wives was pricking him through the blankets with a pin. Mr Douglas fearing a repetition of the former scene and thinking discretion the better part of valour, took a hurried leave.[i]

Billy Drowns a Concubine. — Billy and his gang were one day coming from the Glenkens down through the Orchar Farm, and his wives—there were three on this occasion—were all fighting, and the favourite one—Flora Maxwell—was getting the worst of it, whereupon he caught the one who was abusing her most by the neck and heels and pitched her into a deep "wall e'e," which is said to be called "Marshall's Dub" to this day. Some, however, point out Loch Gower as the place where the tragedy was enacted [s]

Billy's Criterion of Merit.—Billy said of his favourite wife, Flora Maxwell: "I'd raither hae yin rake o' Flora thro' Ayr Fair than a' the ithers put thegither."[d]

Billy is Confronted by the Devil.—Billy took a sheep whenever he wanted it, and once, up in the Kirkcowan district (Calgalleach), he had shot one, and asked one of his wives to wash the *pench*, as he wanted a haggis. When she had it washed clean, she put it over her head and looked over the *rees* dyke where they had been camping. He told my father, says our informant, "I did think the devil was come at last for me, but I took the whup and warmed her properly."[t]

Billy Shows Kindness to a Stormstayed Wayfarer.—On one occasion Billy took pity on a woman named Mrs James M'Connell, who lived at the Ferry Toun o' Cree, When crossing the

Photo by J. P. Milnes.

POCKET-BOOK STOLEN BY BILLY'S GANG,
BUT RESTORED BY BILLY.

Corse o' Slakes she had encountered a storm, and Billy, remembering former kindnesses meted out to him, insisted upon her taking shelter for the night at his camp. The tinklers treated her kindly and saw her safely on the road in the morning. In after years she used to speak very highly of Billy Marshall, stoutly maintaining to the end that he was far above the ordinary tinkler.[h]

Billy Bites off a Thumb.—Billy one evening came to Craighlaw, and as it was threatening snow he wanted shelter for the night, and the landlord would not give him it. Billy threatened to set fire to the house. As there were no police in the neighbourhood, the laird gathered all the leish young men he could get in the district, and they pursued him till he reached a loch; but, Billy being a capable swimmer, took to the water. One of the young men managed to get hold of him just as he was slipping into the water. Billy turned round and bit the man's thumb off and took it with him, and so they did not manage to catch him then, but it was said he was afterwards banished to Holland for that affair. The man whose thumb was bitten off was a William Stroyan. His father farmed Arniemore—part of Caresriggan—and he was an uncle of the late Mr Alexander Stroyan, Clendrie, by whom the story used often to be related.[i]

Billy Proves Grateful. — Billy often stayed about the Dinnans, near Lawrieston, when on his way to and from Keltonhill Fair. On one occasion the farmer, Affleck by name, after returning from the Fair, missed his pocket-book and a lot of money. Next day Billy paid him a visit, and when Affleck told him his misfortune, Billy said "Jist bide awee," and disappeared. He soon returned with the pocket-book and the money intact, and it was supposed that he had made one of his gang give up his ill-gotten gains so that he might restore it to its rightful owner, who had so often befriended Billy and those of his gang.[11]

Billy Shows His Mettle.—The late Mr Alexander Stroyan used to take delight in relating the following story :—"My father once told me a story about old Billy having proved more than a match for the laird of ——— and my father. The late laird of ———'s grandfather was then farmer in ——, and his wife had gone to the door when Billy called to ask for an awmous. She refused to give it. Billy rounded on her and called her vile names. She ran to her husband, who was repairing cart spokes in the workshop, and told him what Billy had called her. The husband ran out in a passion and pinned Billy with a spoke right on the back of the head, knocking him to the ground. Billy was soon on his feet again, and retaliated with

his brazier's anvil, and my father, who was straightening the spittal croft, came running up with the straightening pole in his hand, and gave Billy a poke with it that knocked him down. A terrible struggle amongst the three of them ensued. I heard the late laird's father telling my father that the tinkler had given his father and mine a good deal more than they gave Billy, and all my father could say was "Damn him, his skin was that teuch we couldna pierce't."[t]

Billy Repays Kindness.—"On one occasion," relates our informant, "Mr Carter, then farmer at Greenslack, was crossing the Corse o' Slakes on his way to Creetown to pay his rent, when he was suddenly accosted by several of Billy's gang. Resistance was out of the question, and when one of them demanded his pocket-book, he had to hand it over; and he was left in a sore dilemma about his rent. One of the gang, who had disappeared with the purse, returned and informed the others that 'aul' Billy wanted to see the stranger.' My grandfather was taken to a lonely dell where he found Billy sitting wi' a gun in the one hand and the pocket-book in the other. When he saw my grandfather, he suddenly jumped up and said 'Dodsakes, is't my guid frien' Greenslacks that I see.' Billy was very much overcome, and at once handed back the pocket-book (shown as an illustration),

remarking as he did so, 'Mony a meal o' meat me and mine hae had at yer expense, and I'm gled to save a frien' frae being rookit.' Billy escorted him for a bit, and then, bidding 'guid day' to one another, Billy returned to his gang, and my grandfather proceeded to meet his landlord."[d]

Billy Acts Diplomatically.—Two footpads had attacked a coach when passing along a lonely road amongst the mountains. They had just succeeded in overpowering the drivers, and had made two ladies, the only occupants of the coach, deliver up everything in their possession. At this juncture, Billy Marshall and two of his sons arrived on the scene and turned the tables against the footpads. Billy told the ladies he would see them safely into Kirkcudbright, and jumping on to the "dickey," he accompanied them as far as the outskirts of that town. When he alighted, the ladies were profuse in their expressions of gratitude towards him for the timely assistance he had rendered them. They asked if there was anything they could do for him, as they would be willing to give whatever he might ask. But Billy declined their kind offers. At last one of the ladies said, "Then who have we to thank for this timely succour?" but all Billy replied was, "It would be as muckle as my head is worth gin I tell'd ye." My informant told me

Photo by MARSHALLS, A. M'Cormick.

that the ladies were of the Selkirk family, and that it was through the influence of that house that Billy, who was an outlaw, was not hunted out of his fastnesses.[v]

Billy Safeguards a Friend.—A son of Mr M'Culloch, of Ardwell, travelling on horseback by Thornhill to Edinburgh, met Billy on a very lonely part of the road. Billy had affected a stoop for the occasion, and, looking up sideways as the traveller approached, he enquired "What's the time, sir." But Billy was nonplussed when the rider said "But surely you're my old friend Billy Marshall?" Billy did not at first recognise Mr M'Culloch, but on discovering he was a son of Mr M'Culloch of Ardwell, he drew a whistle from his pocket and blew a shrill blast. Suddenly one after another of Billy's gang popped up out of the moor. He charged one of them to take care of the young gentleman and see him safely into the courtyard of the Inn at Thornhill, which command was duly attended to.[i]

Billy's Hardihood.—At Colmonell Fair Billy had on one occasion raised a ruction with some of the stalwarts attending the Fair, and finding he had too many enemies, he had to flee for his life. He was hotly pursued, but, luckily for him, The Stincher was in full flood, and plunging in, he swam across and thereby performed a feat

his pursuers dared not emulate. When over, he shook his fist at them and defied them to swim across; but, observing that one of his pursuers had a gun, he ran away and rested not till he was at Glenapp, where he asked for salt to rub his bruises, which he had received in the fight.[i]

Billy Accepts a Douceur.—M'Adam, laird of Craigengillen, when returning from a Fair, was once stopped by Billy. Billy had demanded his purse. The laird said "Billy, I am glad to see you," and wisely handed him half-a-sovereign, and asked him to convoy him, which he did. Billy said, "There is a lot of our folks out to-night, but tell them gin ye meet them what has happened, and they'll no' daur harm ye."[j]

Billy Marshall or the Devil. — The wrestle between the grandfather of the present Gordons of Arnsheen—probably still the biggest type of men in the South country—and Billy Marshall was caused by Billy's cuddies eating the corn from the kiln. Gordon, with a cow stake in his hand, had followed him down the road, and as Billy retreated, he said, "Never did a single man cause me to retreat in my life before. Throw doun the cow stake and I'll wrastle ye for wha's the best man" Gordon accepted the challenge, and though of prodigious strength, he could not throw Billy off his feet. Billy had, as already stated, very short legs, with wide built

body, as the Marshalls have to this day. 'Twas when Arnsheen found himself unable to throw Billy that he exclaimed, "By God, ye maun either be Billy Marshall or the devil."[j]

Strength of Billy's Adversary.—The following anecdotes about Billy's antagonist in the great wrestling match will convey some idea of Billy's strength. Mr Gordon, Arnsheen, carried a stone—said to be over half a ton in weight—on his loin, and that stone may still be seen in a field near the Rees of Arnsheen. His daughter helped to put the stone into position to enable him to carry it.[j]

Once when at Ayr buying tar, he laughed at the ironmonger when he was vainly endeavouring to get a barrel, weighing three hundredweights, hoisted into a cart, and told him he could toss it over his head. The ironmonger laid it down, and told Arnsheen that he would not charge him for the price of it if he tossed it over his head. Whereupon he picked the barrel up, and tossing it high over his head, it fell with a smash on the pavement, to the great amusement of the passers by.[j]

On another occasion he was at a funeral at Kirkcowan when some of the mourners, who were the worse of drink, fell a-fighting, and Arnsheen put an end to the fight by throwing several over the churchyard wall. It is said

he flung them over two and three at a time, remarking as he did so, "You Kirkcowan folks are ill, but ye're unco wee bookit"

Black Mattha's Ruse.—The house in Minnigaff where Billy lived in was, as explained in a previous chapter, ultimately sold by Billy and converted into a public-house. In after years it was a great howff for the Marshall gang of Gypsies. On one occasion a number of them were drinking there, but according to their custom, the reckoning was never settled until they were ready to depart. After they had had many rounds, one of them asked—

"What o'clock is't?" and when mine host said—

"It's drawin' near to eight,"

"Dear me," said his interrogator, "eight o'clock and ne'er a blow struck."

This remark had scarcely fallen from his lips, when two young Gypsies sitting at a round table in a corner fell into an argument, and from words it came to blows. Soon the house was in a terrible uproar. The two men tumbled on the ground, and several others joined in the fray, and what with the terrible struggle upon the floor and the shrieking and tearing of women's hair, it looked as if murder would be the result. Eventually one of the original assailants disengaged himself from the

Photo by MARSHALLS. Mr Tonner.

struggling, swearing mass of humanity, and as he backed out of the door he cried—

"Come on the hale —— clanjamphry o' ye, an' I'll learn ye better than ca' Mattha Marshall a Papish."

Out through the passage they forced Black Mattha, and the fight continued for a time around the door, and then right across to the other side of the square, where it flickered out as suddenly as it had originated. It was only a well-known Gypsy ruse to avoid settling the reckoning.[w]

Scant Accommodation.—A gentleman saw a little girl sitting inside half of a sugar barrel as it lay on its side on the ground, and he asked the child: "Do you really find room to sleep in that barrel?"

"Oh aye," came the ready reply, "and my mither and faither an' aul' grannie forbye."[x]

Divorce Ceremony.—As a rule, tinklers like to have their children baptised, but they often dispense with a religious ceremony when entering into the bonds of connubial bliss, and we fear that they too frequently part company without ever undergoing the form which, according to Simson, they used to have recourse to in the case of divorce:—

"I have been informed of an instance of a Gypsy falling out with his wife, and, in the heat

of his passion, shooting his own horse dead on the spot with his pistol, and forthwith performing the ceremony of divorce over the animal, without allowing himself a moment's time for reflection on the subject. Some of the country people observed the transaction, and were horrified at so extraordinary a proceeding. It was considered by them as merely the mad frolic of an enraged tinkler. It took place many years ago in a wild and sequestered spot between Galloway and Ayrshire."[76]

That ceremony, however, is not confined to tinklers, for an eccentric being known as "The Laird of Trelorg," who used to wander about Galloway, sleeping out, or in farm steadings when he could manage it, once divorced his wife by a similar process. They had been sleeping together on a moor. The "Laird" killed a sheep, and dragging it between them, awakened his wife, and pointing to the dead sheep, remarked—"Till death does us part," and thereupon deserted her for ever.

In *Gypsies*, Leland records a story, upholding the Gypsies for honesty, told to him by Thomas Carlyle. As Thomas Carlyle was brought up in Dumfriesshire, the story is likely to refer either to the Baillies, to whom Carlyle's wife was related, or to the Kennedies, or to some of the other Galloway tinkler-Gypsies who occasionally visited Dumfriesshire, and even Northumber-

land and Cumberland; and it may, therefore, be appropriately recorded here: —

"You have paid some attention to Gypsies," said Mr Carlyle. "They're not altogether so bad as people think. In Scotland, we used to see many of them. I'll not say that they were not rovers and reivers, but they could be honest at times. The country folks feared them, but those who made friends wi' them had no cause to complain of their conduct. Once there was a man who was persuaded to lend a Gypsy a large sum of money. My father knew the man. It was to be repaid at a certain time. The day came; the Gypsy did not. And months passed, and still the creditor had nothing of the money but the memory of it; and ye remember '*Nessum maggior dolore*' — that there's no greater grief than to remember the siller you once had. Weel, one day the man was surprised to hear that his frien' the Gypsy wanted to see him—interview, ye call it in America. And the Gypsy explained that having been arrested, and unfortunately detained, by some little accident, in preeson, he hadna been able to keep his engagement. 'If ye'll just gang wi' me,' said the Gypsy, 'aw'll mak' it all right.' 'Mon, aw wull,' said the creditor—they were Scotch, ye know, and spoke deealect. So the Gypsy led the way to the house which he had inhabited, a cottage which belonged to the man himself to

whom he owed the money. And there he lifted up the hearthstone—the hard stane they call it in Scotland ; it is called so in the prophecy of Thomas of Ercildowne. And under the hard stane there was an iron pot. It was full of gold, and out of that gold the Gypsy carle paid his creditor. Ye wonder how't was come by? Well, ye'll have heard it's best to let sleeping dogs lie. Yes. And what was said of the Poles who had, during the Middle ages, a reputation almost as good as that of Gypsies? '*Ad secretas Poli, curas extendere noli.*' (Never concern your soul as to the secrets of a Pole)."[77]

In order to conceal their depredations, Gypsy gangs had often to desert for a time the district frequented by them, and the following story shows that both Gypsy and Scot alike were prepared to make considerable sacrifices to retain or obtain possession of a horse :—[78]

In the beginning of the present century the farm of Knockburnie was tenanted by Mr John Kerr, the grand-uncle of the (then) present tenant of Marshallmark. He was a man of generous nature, and his house was ever open to rich and poor ; and because of the kindness they received, "gangrel bodies" made it a place of very frequent resort. On at least one occasion the farmer's open-hearted hospitality was no protection against the thieving propensities of his guests. It came about in this wise :—One

summer evening a small band of Highland tinklers arrived at the steading, and, as usual, received nothing but kindness at the hands of the master. After supper, in which the strangers joined, every one retired to rest. Next morning on going to the stable, Knockburnie was amazed to discover that the stall was empty which should have been occupied by his good grey mare. A further look round disclosed the fact that the tinklers had disappeared. In the style of their nomadic brethern of the East, they "had silently stolen away," but they had stolen away the farmer's pony also. Without any loss of time, Knockburnie set out for the neighbouring farm of Marshallmark, and there he told the story of his loss. The two farmers, who were also brothers, found that each of them had lost a pony, and after talking the matter over, resolved to follow the thieves. One of the ponies had cast the half of a shoe a few days before, and with that as a guide they soon found the track. There could be no mistake about the first direction in which the thieves had gone, and following the track they reached Old Cumnock. There they learned that the party had rattled through the town during the night. On went Knockburnie and Marshallmark. Inquiry by the way assured them that the grey mare was still in front. At last Kilmarnock was reached, and there they learned that the tinklers had gone in

the direction of Fenwick. Marshallmark went no further, and turned himself homeward; but Knockburnie set out undaunted to follow the robbers throughout the Mearns. Knockburnie was not only upheld by righteous indignation, but the "dourness" which every Scottish man or woman has inborn in him or her would not permit him to give up the pursuit. He had come away unprovided with money, but the country folks were nothing loth to supply him with food as he paused at their doors and told his tale. He traced the runaways right through Glasgow, and having a hazy notion as to where they had their stopping-place, he followed them right into the Highlands, to the vicinity of Glencoe. Before approaching the place, he enlisted the services of a number of county constables. The home of the tinklers was in a secluded glen, and the policemen hid themselves while Knockburnie went forward alone. He saw his grey mare, woefully jaded and tired, and when he called her by her pet name, the pony raised her head, neighed gladly, and came limping towards him. While Knockburnie was stroking her and speaking gently to his "wee bit powney," an old crone came forward and said: "Ye're faur afiel' this morning, guidman." "Atweel that; I'm faur afiel'," replied Knockburnie. "An' what may ye be wantin' this mornin', guidman?" she asked. "Oh, naething

ava," was the reply, "except my powney." Just at that moment a man, the head of the gang, appeared on the scene. He was struck dumb with amazement, but at length he ejaculated

Photo by A. M'William.

A TYPICAL MARSHALL.

with a round oath, "I didna expect to see *you*, Knockburnie?" "An' I," said Knockburnie, "didna expeck ye wad hae stown my grey mare." The tinkler was about to lay violent hands upon his unwelcome visitor, when the

policemen rushed upon the scene and secured their man. He was taken to Edinburgh, tried, and died upon the scaffold, according to the law of the times, for the crime of horse-stealing, aggravated in this case by the baseness of robbing a man whose hospitality he had just enjoyed. The other pony, that belonging to Marshallmark, had been "swapped," but it also was recovered with considerable difficulty. Both horses were brought home, and one of them, which lived to a great age, was known as the "Tinkler" ever afterwards.

Years afterwards a band of tinklers were encamped on a little green, situated in front of the smithy, in what is now known as New Bridge Street, Cumnock. Several of them were half-intoxicated and began to quarrel. The women of the company joined in and added to the rowdyism of their proceedings with their shrill voices and bitter tongues. At length one said to another tauntingly, "Your father took awa' a helter frae Knockburnie." "Aye," chimed in another, "an' wi' a bit beastie at the en' o't." Evidently the memory of such a black day in their annals was held as a deep disgrace by these nomads, who have their code of honour like every other society. The conversation was overheard and related by a gentleman still (then) living in Cumnock.

As a matter of fact, the story appears to be erroneous in a few of its details. The trial took place at Ayr, not Edinburgh, and the accused, who was condemned to death and executed, was a Watson; and it is more than likely that they merely withdrew to the Higlands to evade capture.

The story as to the Gypsy spaeing Burns's fortune at his birth is told in Mr Dougall's *The Burns Country*, and may be appropriately quoted here :—[79]

"The story goes, that on a certain 25th of January, William Burnes rode from Alloway to Ayr for assistance to bring a child into the world. At the ford across the Curtecan he found an old woman afraid to cross. With something of the courtesy which his son inherited, he turned back to help her across the stream. Perhaps he told her his errand. At any rate, when he returned to the cottage, he found the Gypsy woman sitting by his wife's bed, in order that she might 'spae' the fortune of the babe :—

> "The gossip keekit in his loof,
> Quo' she, 'Wha lives will see the proof,
> This waly boy will be nae coof,
> I think we'll ca' him Robin.'"

As we hope in a future chapter to demonstrate that the Faas and the Marshalls were related, the story as to the famous ballad of Johnnie Faa,

the Gypsie laddie, must not be omitted, and as Mr Dougall, in his admirable book above referred to, takes a more reasonable view of the facts than most who have written upon that subject, we quote what he says :—

"Cassillis is famous as the scene of the best of the ballads of Ayrshire.

"The Gypsies cam' to our gude lord's yett,
And O, but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
That doun cam' oor fair lady.
And she cam' tripping doun the stair,
And all her maids before her,
As soon as they saw her weel-faured face,
They cuist the glamourye o'er her.

'O come with me,' says Johnnie Faa,
'O come with me, my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye'

. . . . .

'Gae tak' from me this gay mantil,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow my Gypsy laddie.'

. . . . .

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the tither replied,
'She's awa' with the Gypsy laddie.'"

"There is the usual circumstantial account of the origin of the ballad. John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, a stern Covenanter, married Lady Jean Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Haddington,

a young lady already secretly betrothed to Sir John Faa, a gallant knight of Dunbar. In the absence of the lady's husband, her lover came to Cassillis disguised as a Gypsy, and persuaded her to elope with him. The 'Gypsy's Steps,' by which they forded the Doon, can still be seen. Unfortunately for the fugitives, the Earl returned sooner than he was expected. He immediately set out in pursuit of the lovers, and captured them with little difficulty. Sir John Faa and his Gypsy companions were duly hanged from the branches of the Dule Tree, and the lady was confined for the rest of her life in a small apartment of Maybole Castle, the quaint oriel window of which still looks up the High Street. There is ample proof that this account is pure fiction. John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, was devoted to his wife until her death in 1642. There may have been an erring countess of an earlier date."

. . . . .

Having thus recorded a number of stories indicative of the characteristics of Billy and the gang of Gypsies frequenting Galloway in the 18th century, let us now record a few interviews with some of the present-day tinkler-Gypsies of Galloway. Our first interview is with one who in many respects is a link between the customs and ways of the old race of tinkler-Gypsies and those of the present-day race :—

A Modern Gypsy Folk-Tale Teller.

Old Grannie, who often looks in to tell me a Gypsy folk-tale, is quite a remarkable woman. Her name, she says, with a vigorous rounded accent pleasant to hear, is Mary MacMillan or Cam'ell. She is a widow of some 75 years of age—her partner, a Crimean veteran, having died about a year ago.

Politeness is Grannie's weakness. "I humbly crave yer honcur's pardon," she said, curtseying low, "but a gentleman was kind eneuch to say ye had been tellin' him ye hadna seen Grannie for some time, an' had been asking for her health, an' I thocht there could be nae harm in askin' for the kind gentleman's health, seein' he had been kind eneuch to ask for mine. I hope ye're weel, sir?"

That is how she accosted me during a recent visit. Politeness is, however, a characteristic of the pure-bred tinkler, even though—as the late Mr Groome puts it about his Gypsy friends in *In Gypsy Tents*—they may have "a sharp eye for a little gift, a trait by no means confined to Gypsies," or tinklers either. Why, politeness is the best part of their stock-in-trade. How, otherwise, could they vend their paltry wares?

Old Grannie is a treat to listen to, and is possessed with the most useful gift a tinkler can

possess—that of persuasive eloquence. Daily she shoulders her *rooskie* (hawker's basket) and goes from door to door extolling her small wares, for, frail though she be, she is credited with not having a lazy bone in her body.

Grannie is no dissembler. Ask her to stop taking whisky, and straight she'll tell you, "I'll no' deny that I like a *cant o' peeve* (glass of whisky) in the *morgen* (morning), but ye wadna tak' it frae aul' Grannie, whun it keeps the verra breath o' life in her?"

A model, I should say, at circumvention; deep and "wide"! Yet that, too, is a part of her equipment; and, withal, old Grannie is honest, for where is the Gypsy who cannot reconcile honesty with *hukni* (deception of the *gadgis*—house dwellers)? Stress of circumstances and failing health had compelled her to seek the shelter of a common lodging-house, and the other day she told me she had handed her landlady 6d—"4d to pay my lodgings, 1d for a wee pickle o' tea, ½d for some sugar, and ½d for a wee bit o' saip to wash thae dirty "femmels," outstretching her hands, "an' I'm in awin her a ha'p'ny, for she kindly gied me a bake; but I'll pay her back her ha'p'ny. Puir aul' Grannie'll ne'er dee owin' onybody a ha'p'ny. Oh ay—savin' yer presence, kind sir—she'll shurely get back her *lousy* ha'p'ny."

A born folk-tale teller, but one wants to hear and see her tell her tales fully to appreciate them. The grip she takes of her words, her intonation, attitudes, and gestures, all make for

THE GYPSY FOLK-TALE TELLER.
Photo by J. P. Milnes.

a fuller comprehension and enjoyment of the tale. The tales she tells have generally fairylike titles such as "The King of the Fairies" (recorded in the *Galloway Gazette* of 11th June, 1904), "The Steed o' Bells," "The

Crystal Palace," and "The Bottle o' Water frae the Worl's End." Some of these she spins out for hours and never halts for a word, but space only permits me to record the gist of the shortest tale I have heard her tell.

Poor old Grannie, the teller of wonderful folk-tales—"Why art thou not more appreciated and better cared for?" I wondered as I ventured to put her in a position of being able to pay off that "*lousy* ha'p'ny."

"No, no, kind gentleman," she objected; but her protest was in vain.

"Weel, weel," she assented, "I hae naethin' I can gi'e ye," and then added as an afterthought, "Ye'll no be angry if I offer ye a wee pocket naipkin, kind sir, wud ye?"

Who could have refused Grannie's thoughtful kindness? and as she shouldered her "*rooskie*" *lightened*, one felt glad to think by a rare "wee pocket naipkin," she left also this benediction behind her, "May God bless you, kind gentleman, and mony thenks, wi' great kindness." But had I incurred the displeasure of this modern "Meg Merrilies," her parting shot in the cant language used by the Galloway tinklers, would likely have been, "*May the been gaugie sallach ye*" (May God curse you):

THE OLD TINKLER-GYPSY WIFE'S STORY — "HUMPY AND THE KING OF THE FAIRIES."

An old woman sent her son Tom to Hasley(?)town for messages, provisions, and what she required. Tom was a very intelligent lad, but there was a great hump on his back. The fairies had come several times to Tom. He had a great habit of taking his victuals outside. He always sat on the top of a big stone, and there he took his victuals and food. The wee fairies ("women bodies o' them") used to come, and one would say—

"It's a fine day, Tom."

"Yes, it's a fine day," said Tom.

"Ye'll gie me a bit of what ye hae there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ye are a guid lad, humpy. But there are twelve or thirteen o' us, and ye will hae to gie us a bit piece."

"Yes. I will give ye a share of what I get."

He never sat in the house, wet or dry, and his mother could never understand why Tom always sat outside for his meals, wet or dry, cold or warm.

One of the fairies said—

"Oh, Tom, you are going away to the town for soup and tea and things, and you will be very hungry, an' ye'll no can gie me a piece?"

"Oh, yes. I will give you and your sisters a share."

"Weel, we may be able to do you a good turn yet, when the opportunity comes, Tom," said the fairy.

His mother said to him —

"You are to go to Hasley to-morrow and bring so and so and sic' and sic'." Tom being very intelligent and educated, he goes for his mamma's messages. "He 'ficiates (officiates) all his business particularly." Returning home, he felt very tired, "very droosy" (drowsy) and hungry. He goes to a big bush, lays down his things, and lies down with his head on a green mound. He heard singing and bagpipes playing. He looked several times to see where this music was coming from. He could not see anybody nor understand where the music was coming from. So he lies down again. They commenced dancing round and round and singing—

"Monday, Saturday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday."

He began to sing the same and the King o' the Fairies cried out, "Who's that beautifully helping us with our fine song?"

"It is little Mr Humpy, sir."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go to him; catch the hump off his back and hang it on that big tree. And tell him to go home straight." They did so.

Tom went home, and his mother was that proud she didn't know what to do with him. She said—

"Oh, my son, the schoolmaster of the parish is the same as you were; he will give a good handsome sum, provided you will tell him how to remove that hump. The schoolmaster, when he got to know, came to Tom and said, "Tom, I should be glad to know how you lost your hump, and I will give you a handsome reward, and them also, if they will do the same for me."

"Please, sir," said Tom, "you will go to the town for some messages for your mistress. On the way back you will be very tired, and you will see a big tree. Stop 'fornenst it,' lie down with your head upon the ground, and you will hear beautiful music. And when you hear them singing, sing you with them the same, but you will not see them."

The schoolmaster set off to this town for some messages for his wife. On the road coming home he is tired. He lays down his parcels and rests his head on the green mound, and hears the fairies singing—

"Monday, Saturday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday."

"Aye," sings out the schoolmaster, "Friday too."

"Monday, Saturday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday."

"Aye, but Friday too."

"Who is this now, that is 'contrupting' (interrupting) us of our fine song?" shouted the King. (You see, the schoolmaster had said what he should not have said at all).

"Oh, it is the schoolmaster with his humpy back."

"Well, go to him, take down the hump off the tree, put it on his back, and tell him to go home."

. . . . .

Late one April night I visited an encampment of Marshalls, Wilsons, and Morrisons. Darkness had just set in when I reached the camp, and the red fire of the muir-burning was seen high up on the mountain sides. A wild looking lot sat round the camp fire. A young tinkler-Gypsy woman was feeding her baby, and the light of the fire cast a fitful glare upon another child, sitting half naked in the bed camp, and crying bitterly for his supper,

"Eh, eh," ejaculated a deaf and dumb tinkler, and Leezie Morrison explained that the dumbie was ever mindful of children, and though he heard not he always knew when they were in

distress, and often intervened if any one was rough with them, or even if any one swore at them.

Leezie pointed to the ground, meaning that they would be sent to the bad place if they

Photo by A. M'Cormick.

A Derelict Grannie and an Orphan Boy.

neglected their children, and the dumbie chuckled an assent.

Then Leezie made a sign or two with her hand—no deaf and dumb letters being used—and explained she was telling him he should get married. Dumbie again made a sound and

pointed to the front of his cap. Leezie interpreted this as meaning he would wait until he went to the place (Ayrshire) where the men (miners) wear lamps on the front of their caps. Suddenly one of the tinklers snatched a burning brand from the fire, and, rising suddenly, up went the end of the board on which he was sitting and down went the end on which I sat, and to my dismay I found myself rolling down an embankment into a ditch. My mind was uneasy until I heard him shouting, "O God, look at the rats running along the hedge," and perceived that the tinkler had merely picked up the burning brand to *chivvy* the rats along the hedge.

"Eh, eh," said the dumbie, and made a sign or two which Leezie interpreted as meaning that the rats were just running along the ditch by the foot of the hedge towards the water for a drink.

"Watch yer fingers," shouted William Marshall, "or ye'll get a sorn (thorn) in them." (Mr D. MacRitchie points out on p. 387, vol. II., of *Ancient and Modern Britons* that in the Seventeenth Century Description of Galloway it is stated that "some of the country people, especially those of the elder sort, do very often omit the letter *h* after *t* as ting for thing), but the tinklers seem to retain even more archaic forms and ridiculous transpositions.

"Naebody but a sintelplom (simpleton) would be feared o' a rat," said a Wilson.

"Oh God," said Leezie, "they fair terrify me since the dumbie's auntie was bitten by yin, and had to ha'e an operation in the infirmary."

"Oh," said William, "a delation (relation) of hers said she had spent owre lang in the pudlic (public) hoose that day, or she wad hae heard the babbie greeting suner. The greeting wakened the faither onywey, and it was him that squeezed the life oot o' the rat afore it let go."

This gruesome story led me to speak of the hardship of their lives. One tinkler said that one of his ancestors was born in the snow, and that that ancestor's twin sister was born in a smithy where the poor mother had been hurriedly carried for shelter. That led William to say, "Weel, a cousin o' mine was born on the street o' Tarbolton, an' my mither was fun' deid near Shennanton Brig in a snaw drift." And Leezie Morrison added—

"And my grandfaither (Protestant Willie Marshall) aye said that the fairies helped her awa, for whun found she was most beautiful, and the fairies had faitly plaited her hair. It was a' frozen on her breast, an' she was a' covered owre wi' the spangle o' hoar frost."

William, then pointing to a hardy little girl

who sat with her bare feet painfully close to the fire, said—

"That wee lassie was born on the green at The Ferry, and yer ain brither was the doctor. She was born the yin day, an' her mither was weshin' her duds in the burn the next nicht, whun

Photo by MARSHALLS: HARDY UPBRINGING. A. M'Cormick.

Henry (her gudeman) was gettin' the tea. Aye," added William, "ye ken the wumman folks daurna cook a bite for weeks efter a wean is born."

"Dear me," I said, turning to a young tinkler husband, "do you prohibit your wife too from cooking at such times?"

"By God," said he, "if she did, I'd break her jaw."

I asked Leezie why her father insisted on that, but all the answer I could get from her was—

"Oh, just because he's a clean aul' man."

This strange trait caused me to ask—

"Do you know what the *patrin* is?"

Several at once exclaimed, "A minister." I said, "A minister, or one who shows the path, is not unlike the meaning of the word; but a philologist would not admit that *patrin*, a minister, and *patrin* or *patteran* are the same. I explained that, according to the late Francis Hindes Groome, *patrins* are "heaps of grass or leaves laid at cross-roads to indicate to loiterers the route that they must follow."

"Oh," said Geordie MacMillan, "pull a wheen *femmel* (hand) ful's of *faizim* (grass) and lay't at the end o' the *drum* (road) or cross *drums* (roads), and twirl the ends o't the *lig* (road) the *hurly* (cart) went—that's the MacMillan chart a' the worl' ower."

"Aye, and the Marshall's chart, too," added William Marshall.

Bearing in mind these Gypsy traits, I asked William Marshall whether he thought the Marshalls favoured the tinkler or the Gypsy tribe most.

"By richts," said William, "we are Gypsy yins ('Gyptians?), for we leeve here, there, and

everywhere, a' owre the country; an' I'm shure we're as yellow as dockin's." His logic was not quite convincing.

"But are you not come of an older race than the Gypsies?" I then asked.

"Oh, aye, yer honour," he assented, "there are aul' dessidenters (residenters) wha leeved aboot Kilkcoobrie (Kirkcudbright) that tell't me our forbears were in this country *sixty* years before the 'Gyptians landed frae Ireland."

In attempting to fix a date William displayed woeful ignorance, but it is strange that nearly all the Scotch tinkler-Gypsies maintain that the Gypsies came into this country by way of Ireland.

I told them that I once heard a Gypsy describing tinklers as a "swarthy, dirty, pelted lot who never use soap."

"Aye," said Leezie, "we get oor skins weel eneuch washed, and though I'm aye weshin' mine, there's some o' us wad be the better to see saip oftener. There are upstart Gypsies that haud up their noses far aboon us, but we're come o' the real aul' oreeginals, and ha'e been far langer in the country than ony o' them."

I then related some stories about Billy, and a tinkler said that he had heard of Billy, when he was a hundred years of age, having a wrestling match with a powerful farmer. Billy had thrown

him with comparative ease, and, clapping him on the back, said—

"Tak' care o' ye're han'. There'll be the makins o' a man in ye if ye leeve till ye're a hunner," and William Marshall told a story about Billy having a wrestling match with a farmer in presence of a lot of his friends at Canobie. Billy was at the farm-house making horn spoons for the farmer at the time, and was easily vanquished before the gallery. When he was leaving, however, he invited the farmer to have another wrestle, and threw him three times in quick succession. The farmer was greatly surprised, and asked :

"Why couldn't you do that before?" and Billy's parting rejoinder was :

"O, ye hadna peyed me for the spunes then !"

Morrison then told about a cute dodge which enabled a tinkler to escape hanging for horse-stealing. A horse had disappeared from a certain farm ; it transpired that the farmer had two horses precisely like one another, and both the horse which the tinkler had obtained possession of and the farmer's were inspected by the court. The court asked if either the farmer or the tinkler had any mark whereby he could identify the animal. The farmer said the two horses matched one another, but the tinkler

went one better by saying he could tell his horse anywhere because it had a *slypey* (smooth) sixpence concealed under its eye-brow. He thereupon cut the horse underneath the eyebrow, and producing the *slypey* sixpence satisfied the court that the horse was really his. The tinkler had taken the precaution a month or so before he perpetrated the theft to cut the farmer's horse under the eyebrow, insert the *slypey* sixpence, and seal up the wound.

William interrupted the story-telling by yelling at a towsy-headed MacMillan boy:

"Watch that cuddy or it'll get drownded, an' ye'll be the only cuddy left in the camp."

"Ye're an iggorant (ignorant) aul' man," said another MacMillan, and added, "Do ye ken that boy has some of the maist naturable (natural) things in his heid ye ever listened to. Let them hear 'Dick Darby, the Strodgribber,' boy?"

In confirmation of the joke unconsciously perpetrated the boy scratched his towsy head and then sang and acted "The Strodgribber" (Shoemaker). The following is a verse of it with the chorus (to the tune of "Mush, Mush"):—

Photos by A. M'Cormick.

A MARSHALL. A KING AND QUEEN. MACMILLANS.

"My *manishi's*[1] rumpy and stumpy,
Raw-boned, farn-teckled, and tall,
And above all the *shukar dickin manishis*[2] e'er I saw,
She beats the old *ruffie*[3] and all.

Wi' my twang, twang, twang, fal di di do,
Wi' my twang, twang, twang, fal dal de,
Wi' my hub bi bub bi, fal di do,
Richt fal dal dal doodle dal de."

After the applause had subsided, Leezie Morrison said, "Losh bless me, that boy minds me o' my aul' faither (Protestant Willie) when he had a dram in. He used to shout 'I'm Willie Marshall, the Protestant tinkler, a kind-hearted fellow; Erchie, ye're a Papish,' and holding out a hapn'y in his horny paw, he'd say, 'Could ye pit a penny to that?'" A young tinkler-Gypsy woman then said that she once saw him nearly killing a child out of kindness for herself. Old Protestant Will, it appeared from the story, was very fond of that tinkler-Gypsy woman when she was a child, and one day he and she and another child had all been eating potatoes out of a pot, and Protestant Will had thought his little friend was not getting fair-play with the other child. He had warned the offender, but she paid no attention, and finally he hit her with a "sootherin' airn" that had been lying handy, and the favourite child then rushed out screaming, "The aul' man

1. Wife's. 2. Good-looking women. 3. Devil.

has killed the wean. She's lyin' on the flure wi' the bluid a' rushing oot o' her, *an' noo he's eating a' the tatties.*" I said that I remembered the cheery face of Old Protestant Will and likewise that of his bosom crony Erchie O'Neil, and repeated the war cry he usually emitted in reply to Protestant Will's: "Come on, I'm Erchie O'Neil frae the back o' Belfast; can fecht ony man, walkin' or creepin', be he as licht as a pig's blether or up to my ain wecht," I also recalled to them his favourite boast when he had a neggin o' whisky in: "I once hit an Irishman so hard that I knocked him through a plate-glass window, scaling thirteen tailors, and then sent him flying through a brick wall on the other side, and he's never since been seen."

Several anecdotes were told showing how simple minded, credulous, and superstitious, both these tinkler men had been. Of Erchie, one of the Marshalls related an amusing story: On arriving at a village in the North of Ireland, where a number of his friends were housed for the winter, a young tinkler informed Erchie of the death of a friend, and asked him to attend his lykewake the same evening. Erchie hailed this as an excuse for imbibing even a larger supply than usual of whisky. He had been asked to sit at the head of the table, where the

corpse was placed; but he had only had a drink or two, when his head dropped forward on the table and he fell sound asleep. The cloth, which hitherto concealed the corpse, was silently withdrawn; and with it the rest of the company withdrew to watch the after proceedings through the window. A sound was made on the window and Erchie awoke, mumbling to himself and feeling for his pipe; but on looking straight in front of him a look of ghastly terror came over his face; his hair stood on end, and for a moment he was rivetted to the chair. Then he staggered to his feet, and staring at the corpse — that of a pig — all the while, and with his back to the wall, he made for the door, and finally rushed out into the street shrieking with terror. He ever afterwards believed that his friend—who, by the bye, had died some months previously—had really been transmogrified into a pig The explanation is that the tinklers had bought a pig on the cheap that had died suddenly and mysteriously, and doubtless they could have explained how; and it occurred to them when they saw the corpse hanging up, that it would be a good joke to invite Erchie to attend its lykewake, but it would have been as much as their lives were worth had they tried to persuade him that he had been present at the lykewake of a poisoned pig.

Photos by A. M'Cormick.

"KING WILLIAM" FOOTS IT GAILY. MARSHALLS.

One of the tinklers said he would have to go and watch a pony whilst it fed along the road side. I then arose and bade them all good night; but a tinkler volunteered to see me safely along the road a bit, and without any signal, so far as I could make out, passing to the dumbie, he also got up and walked away with me. Whether it was native courtesy, or he had been asked to do it, I know not. Between these two on that pitch dark night, I walked for nearly a mile; and then, after thanking them and bidding them good-bye, the one said, "Gude nicht, and may gude luck gang wi' ye," and the dumbie endorsed that sentiment by ejaculating "Eh, eh." As I walked home, I thought of the tragic figure in the snow, and the fairylike work wrought on it by the hoar frost.

. . . .

The Gypsies are at great pains to prevent house dwellers from getting to know their language. Indeed, until recently, whoever communicated such information did so at the peril of their lives; and those who, like Grellmann, Borrow, Leland, Groome, and Simpson, obtained such information, had to act with great caution in using it. Even now, although one can learn so much from books upon the subject, Gypsies and tinkler-Gypsies have an ingrained aversion to giving information about their lang-

uage or cant. They have been and are still a much persecuted race, and being able to speak in a language or cant known only to themselves, serves as a sort of protection, and helps them round many an awkward corner. Need it be wondered, then, that they still regard their language or cant as a useful asset? There is scarcely any trait in the Gypsy that you don't find repeated—in a modified form, it may be—in the tinkler-Gypsy. In the following interviews our readers will observe that until you gain the Gypsies' or tinkler-Gypsies' confidence, they can prove themselves very ignorant; but once prove that you have their real interest at heart, they will frankly tell you all they know:

One day, accompanied by a parson, I happened to be walking along Buchanan Street, Glasgow, when I spied a Gypsy woman coming along. She was conspicuous by the bright colours of her dress and headgear, and by the leisurely way she came sauntering along, as if the whole place belonged to her, and as if she were strolling through a meadow instead of a busy thoroughfare. "*Shorshan pen* (How art thou, sister?)" I said in language known to every Gypsy, and raised my hat as I said so. But she moved not a muscle, and sailed on out of sight without ever looking back over her shoulder. That, surely, is the one way in which

a Scotch lady would not have acted under similar circumstances.

. . . .

Having become *afficionado* towards Gypsies I had undergone a course of pretty extensive reading upon the subject. That was a fortunate circumstance for me, because had I approached the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies without first having had some knowledge of cant, then I would have stood a poor chance of getting any information from them. Speaking of the reticence of the Scottish Gypsies in regard to their language Simson says—

"On speaking to them of their speech, they exhibit an extraordinary degree of fear, caution, reluctance, distrust, and suspicion ; and, rather than give any information on the subject, will submit to any self-denial. It has been so well retained among themselves, that I believe it is scarcely credited, even by individuals of the greatest intelligence, that it exists at all, at the present day, but as slang, used by common thieves, house-breakers, and beggars, and by those denominated flash and family men."

Until lately the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies were and still are despised and regarded merely as "common" tinklers having nothing in common with real Gypsies ; but now it is both clear that there is Gypsy blood in their veins, and

Photo by A "GENETAN," A. M'Cormick,

that their cant contains many words of real Romanes.

In one of my first interviews with William Marshall, the present head of the few descendants of Billy, who still travel Galloway, I had some experience of his reticence on the subject of language. He had told me about an old woman named Marshall, who lived at the Brig o' Dee, and who had horn spoons and ladles made by the Marshalls. As I was anxious to obtain photographs of such, I suggested that I might call upon her, but William said she might now be dead, as he had not seen her for nearly three years, and she was then "an aul' bodie *dringerin* on her feet."

"What's *dringerin*," I at once asked.

"Oh, just doated," he replied.

"Have you any other words like that?"

"No," he said emphatically; but I thought I observed a sort of shiftiness in his eyes, and when he added, "I maun awa'," I wondered if he could really be in possession of words similar to those I had learned from Simson's lists of Yetholm Gypsy words. I saw he was restless, and knew I must be quick if I wanted any information, because tinkler-Gypsies wont wait long when in that state.

"Have you any other word for a horse?"

"Aye," he promptly replied, "a mare," and I

would have dropped the subject; but he again showed that the subject was not to his liking by adding—

"I maun awa', for they'll won'er what's come owre me."

Have you no other word for a cuddy?" I asked.

"Aye, a *genetan* (half-breed mule)," he curtly replied; and as he made for the door he said "I maun really gaun, for the aul' wumman's waiting at the Brig-en'."

"Just one moment," I intervened, "would you call it an *aizel* or an *oozel*?"

Smiling frankly, he came back towards my desk and said—

"We ca't an *oozel*, but losh bless me, whaur hae ye picked that up?" His fit of uneasiness had passed off, and for upwards of two hours he communicated to me the cant words in use amongst the tinkler-Gypsies of Galloway. And so the Gypsy's advice—to talk to Gypsies in their own language if you wish to make friends with them—proved good even in the case of tinkler-Gypsies.

. . . .

It is said that in old times when Gypsies were being cruelly persecuted, they sometimes betook themselves to callings where their identity could be concealed. They often became sweeps, as-

the soot concealed their tawny complexions. One day a Marshall, a sweep, whose father was also a sweep, paid me a visit.

"I see," said he, "ye say in the *Gallovidian* that all the Marshalls are Protestants. Now, that's a d——d lie, for I'm a Catholic, but yer richt a' the same, for it was my mither was the Catholic, but what I called to say is that if ye can make me oot to be a freen o' aul' Billy's ye're welcome to do't if ye like, an' ye can pit it in the papers beside."

I made inquiries at him and found he hailed from the Mochrum district, where a branch of the Marshalls settled. I bethought me of the cant:

"Do you know any uncommon words?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Have you any other word for a horse?"

"Aye, a mare, of coorse," he replied.

"No, that is not what I mean—any strange word?"

"No, what ither word could there be?" he queried.

"Well, do you know any other word for a donkey?"

"Aye, a cuddy or a mule," he answered.

"Tut, tut—well, did you ever hear your father call your mother by any other name than 'wife' (hoping he would answer *manishi*)."

Photo by

PAPER FLAG VENDORS.

A. M'Cormick.

"No, never" (a halt for a second); "Aye weel, I wull admit it, 'a yammerin' blastie.'" And so, though there are indications of a Gypsy origin, I have failed in ridding up that bit of family history!

. . . .

The other day I espied an old man and woman, with a cuddy and cart, coming along a street. A little boy, with a bottle in his hand, came running up to them, and the old man and woman ran to meet him. The woman took the bottle and the man lifted a paper flag from the rails of the cart, which was gaily decorated with these, and handed the flag to the boy, who ran off cheering lustily, and soon after other boys followed suit, and trade was brisk for a time with the old couple. Their appearance suggested that they were tinklers, and after my first word with them, I could have sworn they were tinklers. I had gone up to the old man and said—

"What's an *aizel*? (tinklers' cant for a donkey) and he at once pointed to his donkey and replied—

"That's one."

Then I said—

"You are tinklers then?"

"No," he rejoined, "we are bad and bad enough; but, thank God, we are not so low down as tinklers."

"Well," I said, "*aizel* is tinklers' cant."

"That may be, but it's German tongue, and if you want the German, French, or Holland tongue, come to me and I can give it you grammatical true."

Further conversation elicited that he was born at Marseilles, was a *schneider* (tailor) to trade, fought in the Franco-Prussian war, and also for the Northern States in the American Civil War. He gave me the following as cant words used on the Continent :—

Aisel—cuddy.
Sheether—tailor.
Kippa—cap.
Hôte—hat.
Sho—boots.
Stevel—long-legged boots.
Bucksa—trousers.
Mushfakir (Eng.) — umbrella man.
Ruck—coat.

I was doubtful about the spelling of this last word, and on asking him to spell it, he said "R-u-c-ka."

The following conversation ensued :—

"What is the value of bottles?" I enquired.

"Fourpence hap'ny a dozen," he replied.

"And you give a flag for each?"

"Yes."

"How much profit is that on each transaction?"

"Nigh a hap'ny."

"How that?"

"Well, you see, the paper doesn't cost us the most of nothing, and we only lose our labour."

"And how much a week do you usually earn?"

"Oh, mebbe half-a-croon; or, if tredd be good, three shillings."

. . . .

As I passed Palnure one evening on my way to The Ferry, I observed some tinkler-Gypsies encamped. Further on, I met two women driving a "float," as they term a kind of light lorry. I had never seen them before, but asked if I might take their photo. They consented. As I fixed up my camera, I heard them comparing notes as to how best to circumvent me; and after taking their photo, and whilst fixing my camera on to my bicycle, I heard the one say to the other, "*Mang* to him, *mang* to him (speak him fair), and we'll get *barrie lowie* (big money)." Having obtained from them an address to which I promised to send them photos, I handed one of the women threepence, remarking that that was all the change I had. All at once the other flew into an assumed passion and shouted out, "An' am I to get nothing, me that has been hawking The Ferry a' day, and hasna made a sixpence to feed the six hungry bairns that are waiting for their supper at the camp?" I had spoken truly, and could not pander to her

trickery if I had been so inclined; and so I mounted my bicycle and left her still mildly fuming. On my return journey I called to see them at their camping ground. The first to meet me was the man whom I had on a former occasion, at the Market Field, Newton-Stewart, surprised by showing that I understood him when he spoke in cant. He at once turned to the two women who were busy cooking at the camp fire and said, "You have made right fools of yourselves; this man knows cant, but you're not the first he has made look silly in that way," and then turning to me, he added, "I'll never forget how ye took me down before big Henry Smith, the Gypsy." I told them that houses had ears, and that they should be more careful in future, as I had found their conversation so absorbing that I had spoiled the photo by forgetting to turn along the film, and had come to take them over again. Later on, an old cotman and his wife and dog came down to the camp to see what was going on. After listening for a little to the talk about taking photographs, the old man said: "The collie and the aul' wumman and me would tak' a gude photie," but I did not rise to that fly. The tinklers commenced to talk in cant, which at best is but a broken jargon. I remarked—

"The auld *gadgis* (house dwellers) would like

to know what we are *mangan* (talking) about," whereat the tinklers laughed. The old man looked at the old woman, who said—

"I think I maun awa' up to mind my kettle," and in a second or two the old man put his pipe in his pocket and said—

"An' I'll hae to awa' and water the beasts."

Later on a tinkler had gone up to the cot-house to get a kettle of boiling water, and when she came back she said—

"That aul' *manishi* (woman) says—'Losh bless me, I never did hear the likes o' yon. Wha's he, yon? He maun be yin o' ye, but he's better put on than the lave o' ye.'"

. . . .

Being in the neighbourhood of a town where some relatives of the Kennedies who travelled Galloway resided, I thought I should like to endeavour to ascertain whether they knew any cant words. I persuaded a friend to accompany me. The door was answered by a woman who had not by any means a characteristic tinkler face. Her face was too full and flabby. I enquired "Are you Mrs Kennedy?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Are you related to the Kennedies, the Galloway horners?"

"Aye, my gudeman was; but he's deid."

"Do you know any cant words?"

Photo by SETTLED MARSHALLS. J. P. Milnes.

"What may that be?" she innocently enquired.

"Oh, words known only to tinklers."

"No," she emphatically answered.

I then said—

"You were the wife of a Kennedy and don't know any cant words?"

"Well," she said, "ye see, I wasna aye a tinkler, though I married yin."

"But," I said, "what do you take me for? You lived with a Kennedy for twenty years and never picked up any cant words?"

"No, never."

Then the following was the dialogue:—

Myself: "What is a *grye*?"

Mrs Kennedy: "What is't yersel."

Myself: "A horse, is it not?"

Mrs Kennedy: "Weel, may be it is."

Myself: "What's *pani*?"

Mrs Kennedy: "What is't yersel?"

Myself: "Water, is it not?"

Mrs Kennedy: "Weel, may be it is."

But I had to prove my knowledge by giving about six different cant words ere she gave any direct admission of knowledge of cant. It turned out that she and her family, who stood silently around, eagerly listening all the time, knew cant thoroughly. An old woman who sat just outside an inner door of Mrs Kennedy's

house, after listening for a time, threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Weel, I never heard the likes o' that; I kent the Marshalls at the Brig o' Dee, and thae Kennedies for the past forty years, an' I hae come oot an' in this hoose for lang eneuch, an' I never did hear yae word o' that afore. Ye maun be yin o' them yersel." But the mixture of tramp and horner soon makes itself apparent. I asked her son to allow me to take a photo of him holding in his hands two baskets—specimens of his father's handiwork. He replied gruffly, "Wull ye gie me a shulling if I let ye tak' my photie?" Now, no pure bred tinkler would ever have contrived to get money in such an impolite, uncrafty manner.

As we were leaving, Mrs Kennedy shouted after me—

"Do you ken what a *manishi* (woman or wife) is?"

"Oh yes," I replied.

"Hae ye got yin?"

"Yes," I answered, thinking of my mother and sisters, and then, to avoid misleading her, I thought it wise to add—

"But I'm no' *ackomed* (married)," whereupon Mrs Kennedy flew into a passion, and, stamping her feet, she yelled at me—

"Eh man, ye haena the C-O-U-R-R-R-AGE."

My friend, who had beaten a speedy retreat round the corner, anxiously inquired what had gone wrong with her, and when I explained about the ambiguity contained in the word *manishi*, he then understood how I could afford to laugh, and has had many a hearty laugh at the little episode since.

To make the peace, however, I took the precaution to send them a number of the photos taken on that occasion, and apparently this had the effect of soothing her temper, because the next time she met me, she did not even allude to the incident: Some months afterwards I had been at a beagle hunt on the hills near Langholm. One of the hares was started quite close to me, and it sped past me with its ears flat against its neck, and with the beagles following closely on its scent. I happened to be standing on a hill and could watch the chase for miles around on either side. The hare ran gamely, but the hounds were not to be shaken off. The huntsmen, however, who had to follow on foot, found the pace too swift for them, and had to take up the chase in relays—a fresh one taking up the management of the pack whenever a huntsman fagged. Once the hounds had almost caught up on their quarry, when it disappeared into a wood, followed closely by the whole pack; but, as it emerged much sooner than the hounds,

it was evident that it had thrown them off the scent. The hare headed straight for where it had been started from. As it neared the spot where I had remained standing, the poor, terrified creature came panting up the hill, and it was pitiful to see it bobbing about, trying to find a place amongst the long heather, where it might conceal itself. Soon the baying of the hounds again started it, and I cared not to witness the final tragedy. Returning from this beagle hunt by the road to Langholm, I met a poor woman with a number of little children straggling along behind her. As I passed I said, "*Barrie davies nawken*" (good day, tinkler), whereupon she bent forward her head and hastened her steps, and all the children huddled closely in to her, much in the same way as, when alarmed, chickens creep under the wings of their mother. Strange to say, I had just been speaking to the friend, who was walking with me and who was also interested in Gypsies, about the reticence of the gypsy race, when this striking example happened. I said—

"That is a tinkler-Gypsy and I know her."

"Mrs Kennedy," I cried, and they hurried faster forward. I said to my friend—

"She does not want to admit she is a tinkler-Gypsy, but I'll make her speak."

"Did you get the photographs I sent you?" I shouted, and she immediately turned round and replied—

"Oh, it's you; I didna recognise ye. Yes, I got them, and mony thenks to you, kind sir."

Soon, to the great amusement of my friend, all of them, from the mother down to the youngest child, were plying me with cant words. Somehow I felt that these poor creatures bore a striking resemblance to the hunted hare as it bobbed about, trying to find a safe hiding-place amidst the long heather. Gypsies have been persecuted for centuries, and an insane law seeks to kill their hereditary roving tendencies, by compelling them not to stay more than a night or two at any camping ground. Could anything be better calculated to perpetuate their instinct for a free, wandering life?

CHAPTER VII.

(Tune—"Clout the Cauldron")

"My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've travelled round all Christian ground,
In this my occupation:
I've ta'en the gold, and been enrolled
In many a noble squadron:
But vain they searched when off I march'd
To go and clout the caudron."

From Burns's "Jolly Beggars."

ROM what race or races are the tinkler-Gypsies descended? That is a question to which, in the light of the present incomplete state of information on the subject, only an imperfect and conjectural answer can be given. A great deal of data has already been amassed, but much still lies awaiting its gathering, and we wish, by adding our humble quota, to strengthen the chain of evidence, and also, by arranging and focussing such evidence as has already been gathered, to help forward the solution of the above query. By-and-bye, when completer information has been recorded regarding the various gangs of tinkler-Gypsies,

Photo by Thos. Ferguson.

FROM AN OLD PAINTING, REPRESENTING BURNS'S
"JOLLY BEGGARS,"

In possession of Thomas Fergusson, Esq., Seaford, Kilmarnock.

those competent to analyse and pass judgment upon such information will probably be able to give an authoritative answer to the problem.

Mr David MacRitchie, author of *Ancient and Modern Britons*, has, in this discussion as in many others of a similar kind, borne the brunt of the work at a period of its history when information was scarce and more widely scattered. As an eminent Antiquary and Gypsiologist he possesses rare qualities for the conduct of such an enquiry. Of those who incline to the view that there were Gypsies in Scotland prior to the arrival, about the year 1505, of the wave of Romani-speaking Gypsies, Mr MacRitchie (in his *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts*), like a zealous pioneer, has so patiently and skilfully amassed and arranged the facts upon which he bases his conclusions that the task of others taking part in the discussion must always be very much simplified.

There is no mistaking the tinkler-Gypsy. His folk are unmistakably something different from the ordinary inhabitants of the country. We may be deceived by descriptions we read of peoples who have lived and ceased to be. Antiquaries may try to clothe the skeleton, and may even succeed tolerably well, but we are never quite sure whether or not the description is absolutely truthful. With the tinkler-Gypsy

race we have at least the advantage of studying their appearance, characteristics, and history from the live models, and the most casual observer cannot fail to note a strangeness and uncommonness in the appearance of those so-called "common" tinkler-Gypsies :—

> "O mark them well when next the group you see
> In vacant barn or resting on the lea ;
> They are the remnants of a race of old :
> Spare not the trifle for your fortune told."

But Hogg goes on to say that the Gypsies were descended from the Israelites—a contention still considered highly probable by many believers in the testimony of tradition, and the Gypsies themselves have a tradition that they hail from Egypt, but one which has not so far been proved to be founded on fact.

Whence, then, arises that unmistakable strangeness in the tinkler-Gypsies' appearance?

Habit and environment have undoubtedly played their part, but we consider that the strangeness in their appearance arises principally from a two-fold source, namely, from the lineage of the tinkler element and from the lineage of the Gypsy element in the composite breed of tinkler-Gypsies. It is generally conceded that Romani-speaking Gypsies must either have originally hailed from Hindustan, or at all events their forebears must have sojourned

SPOILING THE GAUJOES.

From the Etching by Jacques Callot.)

there for a very long period indeed. Their appearance, characteristics, and the preponderance of Hindustani words in *Romanes* conspire to prove that.

In these articles we have preferred to use the expression "tinkler-Gypsies" in place of the generic and loosely applied word "Gypsies." The use of that latter word has probably been caused by the haziness and incompleteness of the information hitherto at the disposal of students of the subject, but such use is undoubtedly misleading. *Petulengro* (Smith) was not so far out when he said there isn't "a drop of real Romani blood in the whole of Engaland," for it is perhaps impossible to find a pure-bred Romani-speaking Gypsy in England. But there are certainly people known by the name of "Gypsies." Gypsiologists may not even be at one as to whom should be included under such a name. Simson, the author of the excellent *History of the Scottish Gypsies*, is at great pains in marshalling his facts to prove, and in harping upon, his theory, "Once a Gypsy always a Gypsy," no matter though the family may have nine-tenths Gorgio (house-dweller) blood in their veins and have been settled in houses for many generations. But be the prepotency of transmission ever so strong in the Romani-speaking Gypsy race, the majority of

A Gypsy Troup on the March through Lorraine, 1604.

(From the Etching by Jacques Callot.)

Mr Simson's readers would go on holding to the popular notion that a Gypsy is a Gypsy only so long as he continues—in the exercise of his most distinctive characteristic—to roam about the country and live in tents or vans. So that we must be careful to avoid, as far as possible, this ambiguity which arises through the various readers holding different definitions of the word Gypsy.

Mr MacRitchie, on the other hand, in his *Ancient and Modern Britons* and *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts*, while he seeks to prove a little more proves at least, we think, that there were in Scotland, prior to the wave of Romani-speaking Gypsies of 1505, so called Gypsies, or, to put it more specifically, tinklers having characteristics similar to the Romani-speaking Gypsies. But then his definition of the word "Gypsies" is so elastic as to admit of the proposition that tinklers are Gypsies. He comes practically to the same conclusion in discussing the question as to the date of the arrival of the Romani-speaking Gypsies in Europe. "In effect," says Mr MacRitchie, "the inference to be drawn from all these statements is that if the Gypsies did not enter Western Europe until the fifteenth century they found on their arrival there that the ground was already occupied by a caste whose characteristics were those of the Gypsies themselves."[81] It has been shown by

other writers that there were tinklers in this country prior to the arrival of the wave of Romani-speaking Gypsies of whom Mr Crofton, in his excellent monograph *English Gypsies under the Tudors*,[82] shows the following, quoted by Pitcairn from the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, to be the first authentic British record :—

"1505, April 22. Item to the Egyptians be the Kingis command, vij. lib."

Mr Crofton also says :—

"It is at present by no means certain when the Gypsies made their first appearance in England. According to the views of Mr Kilgour, as expressed in several letters to *Notes and Queries* (London : Fifth Series, Vol. III.) in 1876, Gypsies have been in these islands from prehistoric ages. His chief reasons seem to be that they are called tinklers in Scotland, and Ipswich used to be spelled Gippeswic. He also believes that Hungary derives its name from Zingari ! Tinkler can be traced back to about the year 1200. Tinker and Tinkler were not uncommon titles at that time. Between the years 1165 and 1214 James 'Tinkler' held land in the town of Perth (*Liber Ecclesie de Scon*, Edinburgh, 1843) ; in 1265 Editha le 'Tynekere' lived at Wallingford, in Berkshire (Hist. MSS. Com., 6th report, 1878) ; in 1273 a

A Gypsy Troup on the March through Lorraine 1604.

(From the Etching by Jacques Callot)

'Tincker' and 'William de Tyneker' lived in Huntingdonshire (*Lower's Patronym. Brit.*, from Hund., Rot.); and before 1294 Ralph Tincler had a house in Morpeth, in Northumberland (Hist. MSS. Com., 6th report, 1878). All these seem to have had fixed abodes, and not to have been of the same itinerant class with which we now associate all tinklers, and which used to require the epithet 'wandering' to distinguish them. The fact is the prehistoric English Gypsy existence is very soon reached. All is surmise beyond the year 1500, though it is by no means improbable that the race sent scouts across the channel from France even before 1400, which is the date suggested by M. Paul Bataillard (*De l'Apparition des Bohemiens en Europe*, Paris, 1844, p. 53)."

It should be noted, however, that tinklers often—as was the case with Billy Marshall—possess a house into which they retire for a few weeks in the dead of winter, and that fact may readily account for the tinklers referred to by Mr Crofton having fixed abodes. And further, Mr Crofton points out:—[83]

"All Gypsies may be pedlars, braziers, or tinklers, but the reverse may not follow."

Tinklers, then, it has been proved, existed in this country prior to 1505, but the further and more difficult problems to decide, as to (1)

whether or not tinklers were originally a Romani-speaking race, or (2) whether the Romani words in tinkler-Gypsies' cant were introduced by a wave of Romani-speaking Gypsies of 1505 or by an anterior wave, still await to be solved.

The tinkler-Gypsies, like the Irish Crinks, are, as Mr Groome puts it, "but half and halfs, or rather a thimble full of Romani to a bucket of Gorgio blood."[84] The blood of this country undoubtedly bulks largely in their veins. But whence arises that so-called Gorgio (house-dweller) element in the tinkler-Gypsy? Tinkler-Gypsies, like Gypsies of the Romani-speaking order, go through very little ceremony in entering into marriage. In most cases they merely take one another's word as constituting marriage. They are, however, as a rule like the Romanies in preferring to marry one of their own kind. They seldom marry outsiders, and too often marry one of their own gang. As has been observed in a former chapter, marriage with cousins is of very frequent occurrence, and has much to do with the deterioration of the race. The preponderance of the so-called Gorgio element is not likely, then, to have come through marriage with house-dwellers. Upon this phase of the question the fact that tinklers had a secret language of their own, and still have the same in a more or less decadent state, has, as

THE HALT.

(From the Etching by Jacques Callot.)

The four illustrations of Callot's Gypsies are given by the courtesy of Mr David MacRitchie.

will afterwards be shown, an important bearing upon the question.

We see the process of fusion between Romani-speaking Gypsies and these ancient cant-speaking tinklers in force when Johnnie Faw, as a captain of a gang many of whose names were clearly Romani-Gypsy names, petitioned the King. Mr David MacRitchie has shown in his *Ancient and Modern Britons*,[85] that Faws—a synonym for tinklers—existed in this country long before the arrival of the wave of Romani-speaking Gypsies of 1505—and surely "Johnnie" was never a Gypsy name brought with them from the Continent? Anthony Gagino, or Gavino, the first Lord of Little Egypt of whom we read (July, 1505) in the history of the British Isles, may or may not have been of British extraction, but there can be no mistake that when *Johnnie* Faw as Lord and Earl of Little Egypt succeeded in getting King James the V., on 17th February, 1540, to befriend Gypsies, a fusion had taken place between the Romani-speaking Gypsies and the Faw or tinkler caste.

Mr David MacRitchie, in his *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts*,[86] states that the word "Faw" means "parti-coloured" (referring to the colour of an ancient race in the same way as the word "pict"—painted people—does), and was also applied to muggers, tinklers, and potters, and

suggests, on the testimony of Harry the Minstrel, that there were Faws in the Biggar district during the 13th century.

There can be no doubt that the Marshalls have also Gypsy blood in their veins. The appearance of the various members of the family prove it, and the presence of many Romani words in their cant confirms it. Tradition relates that the Marshalls have been tinklers in Galloway "time out of mind"; and it is likely that there were tinkler Marshalls in Galloway in 1505.

When pressed by legal persecution most Gypsies looked out for new names, and in cases where Romani-speaking Gypsies joined with the pre-existing roving bands of tinkler Britons they would naturally assume the name of the caste with whom they threw in their lot, and thenceforth the Gypsies with real Romani names would take such names as Faw, Baillie, Gordon, Marshall, Blythe, Macafie, Newlands, Maxwell, Yorstoun, Graham, MacMillan, Kennedy, Stewart, Scot, Ruthven, Young, Wilson, MacDonald, Macpherson, Campbell, Douglas, Watson, Wilson, Baxter, Neil, Norris, and so forth.

Borrow has some fanciful names—not often known to the Gypsies themselves—for Gypsy tribes.[88] The Marshalls he names *Bungyorers*—

(cutters of bungs or corks)—but these must be lost arts to the Scotch tribe of Marshalls, and the name is no longer applicable to them unless the drawing of corks could be said to entitle them to retain it!

In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr Groome regards some of the Gypsy names, given in the Privy Seal records, as fictitious or nicknames, *e.g.*, Towla Bailyow—*—tulla baulo*, fat pig (but c.f. *bailo*, pronounced *bailyo*, Russian Gypsy for "white").[89]

Not only are the Marshalls possessed of the same blood as Romani-speaking Gypsies, but it is probable that they were related to the Faas. We have seen from a former chapter (p. 106) that Billy Marshall had a daughter Jean, who was one of the many wives of Piper Allan. In the *Life of James Allan*, already alluded to, the following account of the nuptials is given :—[90]

"Allan next arrived at Moffat, where he met a Gypsy girl, who had been mending china and telling fortunes in that neighbourhood for several weeks. His manly appearance, added to the sweetness of his melody, soon captivated the heart of the vagrant brunette, and after an acquaintance of a few hours they agreed to be united, and were pledged (the Gypsy mode of marriage) in the presence of a gang of muggers,

who were vending their earthenware in the same place. Several days were spent in merriment amongst the *Faa gang* on account of the nuptials."

PIPER ALLAN.

But it would appear from the following account that the charms of the vagrant brunette soon ceased to fascinate Allan, and he outgypsied his Gypsy consort by robbing her of several pounds and then deserting :—

"Allan now determined to break his connection with this gang, and although he was amply

supplied with cash, having preserved most of what he had brought from Annan, yet knowing that his wife had several pounds in her possession, his covetous disposition prevailed over better feeling, and he hastened back to where he had left her, contrived to steal her pockets during the night while she slept, and took his departure for Edinburgh in a bleak winter night through a trackless country and an unknown path ; impressed at the same time with a dread of encountering any of Will Marshall's strollers. During his dreary walk he took a retrospect of his former misspent life, and such is human inconsistency after the commission of a very mean and unfeeling action, he made a solemn vow to reform, provided he ever reached a place of security. It is not, therefore, wonderful that on drawing near to Edinburgh his evil propensities began to return and gather strength."

To complete the chain of evidence to show that the Marshalls are probably related to the Faas let us turn to George Borrow's description of his visit to Queen Esther Blythe or Faa :—[91]

" I asked her if she had not seen some queer folks at Yetholm in her grandfather's time. ' Dosta, dosta,' said she, ' plenty, plenty of queer folk I saw at Yetholm in my grandfather's time, and not the least queer is he who is

asking me questions.' 'Did you ever see Piper Allan?' I said; 'he was a great friend of your grandfather's.' 'I never saw him,' she replied; 'but I have often heard of him. *He married*

ESTHER FAA BLYTHE, LATE QUEEN OF THE SCOTTISH GYPSIES.

one of our people.' 'He did so,' said I, 'and the marriage feast was held on the green just behind us. He got a good clever wife, and she got a bad, rascally husband. One night, after taking an affectionate farewell of her, he left her on an expedition, with plenty of money in his

pocket, which he had obtained from her and which she had procured by her dexterity. After going about four miles he bethought himself that she had still money, and returning crept up into the room in which she lay asleep and stole her pocket, in which were eight guineas; then slunk away and never returned, leaving her in poverty, from which she never recovered.'"

Probably, therefore, one of Billy's many wives was a Faa.

Mr MacRitchie, in his *Ancient and Modern Britons*, shows that the ancient races of Britons were like to Romanies, and that many of the foregoing tinkler-Gypsy names are those of broken clans.

There is a tradition, about the waning of the power of the House of Douglas once the most powerful in Scotland, which is often cited as the first reference to Gypsies in the history of Scotland. Crawfurd states that, after having been forfeited in the middle of the fifteenth century:—[92]

"The Barony of Bombie was again received by the Maclellans after this manner. In the same reign (that of James the Second of Scotland) says an author of no small credit (Sir George Mackenzie in his *Baronage MS.*), it happened that a company of Saracens or Gypsies from Ireland infested the country of Galloway,

whereupon the King emitted a Proclamation bearing '*That whoever should disperse them, and bring in the Captain dead or alive, should have the Barony of Bombie for his reward.*' So it chanced that a brave young gentleman, the Laird of Bombie's son, fortuned to kill the person for which the reward was offered, and he brought his head on the point of his sword to the King, and thereupon he was immediately seized (vested) in the Barony of Bombie; to perpetuate the memory of that brave and remarkable action he took for his crest a more's head on the point of a sword, and THINK ON for his motto."

In Sir George Mackenzie's account, in the *Science of Herauldry*,[93] an older authority (1680), the word Gypsy is not employed, but he adds "to the killer of whom (the more—the captain of the gang) the King promised the forfeiture of Bombie, and thereupon was restored to his father's lands as his evidents yet testifie." A diligent search has been made—through the Lyon King of Arms, Captain Hope, and the present descendants of the MacClellans—but no such "evidents" can be discovered, and so we must trust to the accuracy of tradition.

The late Mr MacClellan, London, who was the authority upon the history of the MacClellans, was also a firm believer in the

authenticity of the tradition. His son, Mr G. P. MacClellan, Baragali, Murree Hills, Punjaub, says that his father gives the date of the forfeiture as 1452, and of the reinstatement as 1455, and adds :—[94]

"You will note that both dates are given straight out; I lay stress on this point, as in several places where he was *not* absolutely certain of the dates they are left blank, and when making any statement of the truth of which he is in any doubt he invariably lets the reader see that that is the case; in this story he does not do so, and I personally am therefore sure that he had good grounds for his statements."

Mr MacRitchie supplies the key to explain the tradition.[95] The Black Douglas had caused a MacClellan to be hanged by a rope from a projecting stone in the Castle (Threave) wall, yet to be seen, and took his dinner calmly while his hangmen were doing so. The Black Douglas had been making desperate attempts to assert supremacy over King James, and Mr MacRitchie points out that it would be the Black Douglases, and not the King whom the MacClellans had invariably befriended, who had wrested from the MacClellans the lands of Bombie and declared them to be forfeited.

Two years after the death of the cruel Earl,

his brother, the last Lord, was confronting the army of King James in the open field. Douglas, it appears, was deserted by his vassal lords and their forces and fled into Annandale, where he lurked till the following spring, 1455, and afterwards escaped into England, from whence he made several raids into Galloway, and did not die until 34 years after the MacClellan's sword had severed the More's head in Galloway.

It could not, therefore, Mr MacRitchie points out, have been the nominal head of the clan whom the young MacClellan killed. Mr MacRitchie concludes that :—"The leaders of the Black Douglases, when finally brought to bay, were the chief's brothers—the Earls of Moray and of Ormond. Thus, the Gypsy or Moor of the MacClellan story was in all probability one of these. It may be that he was the Earl of Moray, who was killed at the crushing defeat of Arkinholme or Langholm—'durked' in Annandale, as the local tradition has it. But it is much more likely that he was the third brother, Hugh, Earl of Ormond, who is not said to have been slain on the field of battle as was Moray, but to have been taken prisoner and afterwards beheaded."

Doubtless the leader had retired with a following of irreconcilable Douglases, and amongst these we may not unreasonably assume

were at least tinkler Douglases, if not Gypsies, as the tradition asserts.

Tradition, then, in this case, as in so many others, does not seem to be so far out. The "More" would be a tinkler—probably either one of the Black Douglas race of tinklers, or, as

SITE OF THE BLACKMORROW WELL, NEAR KIRKCUDBRIGHT.
Photo by A. M'Cormick.

tradition suggests, a man named Black Morrow, of Irish tinkler descent, who was first drugged and then killed at the spot still known as "The Blackmorrow Well." Tradition is substantially correct, and if the word tinkler had been used in place of the word Gypsy, the tradition might be accepted as quite consistent with

present-day information. Tinklers may be regarded as a kind of Gypsies, but they have never been proved to be *de facto* Romani-speaking Gypsies.

What could be more natural than that the Douglases should, in the hour of defeat, come lurking into the neighbourhood of their ancient stronghold? These various castes would appear, then, to have their origin partly in special castes of ancient clans, and partly, but we think to a small extent only, in irreconcilable broken men of ancient clans. These irreconcilables would, for protection and concealment, join in with these wandering tinklers or tinkler-Gypsies, who, probably, vassal-like, also bore clan names, and in this way the tinklers or tinkler-Gypsies may in some few cases be actually related by comparatively recent alliances to some of the chief families in the country.

In the same way if we look at the tinkler-Gypsies of Ireland we will find that they go under such names as Fury, Somers, Reilly, M'Donald, Casey, Gorman, Hinds, Martin, Noon, Joyce, Tocher, Mayberry, Fennaughty, M'Morron, Royans, Donnaghue, Murray, Hunter, and so on.

These names were all given by an Irish tinkler, and he mentioned that Smith was a recent importation of English Gypsies. Doubt-

less the tinkler-Gypsies of England acquired their names in a similar manner. Until quite recently many of the tinkler-Gypsies in Scotland gave themselves out as being connected with some of the old clans. With some it might have been an illegitimate connection, with others it might have been that founded upon similarity of race. As may be gathered from what has already been said, the Douglas tinklers are probably partly descended from the broken men of the Black Douglas race and partly from a caste (of metal workers) thereof known as tinklers. Similarly with the Marshalls. The name is certainly not Pictish, but might have been acquired subsequently. That the Picts were finally overthrown in Galloway, and at the fortified promontory of the Mull of Galloway, tends to confirm the tradition about the Marshalls being descended from the Picts. Has history, however, ever recorded a case where a race was extinguished to a man by being defeated in battle? Many Picts would be absent from that battle, and many who were present would escape. Many would also—as we hear of going on at present in the case of the conquered Boers—marry into the conquering race. Mr MacRitchie again comes to the rescue with a valuable suggestion by pointing out that the Picts of Galloway were relentless

foes of Bruce ; that John Mareschal (1346-7) was the first to use the name Marshall as a surname, and that he too was throughout one of Bruce's most consistent enemies.[96] In that way Mr MacRitchie shows that it is highly probable that Marshall became the surname of a Pict.

Marshalls are probably descended from John le Mareshal de Toskerton, who in the year 1296 swore fealty to Edward I.

Assuming that a number of the Picts did escape, it would be quite natural that they should be found in along the peninsula of which the Mull of Galloway is the terminus. Toskerton is situated in that peninsula in the parish of Stoneykirk.

A Pict may have distinguished himself and been honoured by having the title of " Marshall " conferred on him, and afterwards continued to use Marshall as his surname ; or the Picts may have for a generation or two held themselves aloof and refused to intermarry with their conquerors, but eventually as the subject race they would have to take shelter as vassals under the conquerors. It was quite usual for the vassals to take the name of their overlord, and so a Pictish name may have had to give place to the name Marshall, or that result may have been achieved by the marriage of a Pictess with a Marshall, the bridegroom being probably a

Scot who, or an ancester of whom, had distinguished himself and had been honoured by being made a "Marshall."

The name Marshall may, then, have been acquired directly or indirectly by their Pictish ancestors.

So, too, with that other tinkler-Gypsy tribe, the Kennedies, now, alas! extinct in Galloway. Mr MacRitchie informs us that—[97]

The most notable of all those who bore the appellation of Kenneth, Kynadius, Kinat, or Cinead was assuredly the son of Alpin, who "was the first King of the Scots who acquired the monarchy of the whole of Alban, and ruled in it over the Scots." This was in the year 844, "the twelfth year of Kenneth's reign, and the Chronicles of Huntingdon tells us that 'in his twelfth year Kenneth encountered the Picts seven times in one day, and having destroyed many confirmed the kingdom to himself.'" Thus by the year 844 "the blackherds of Scots and Picts, somewhat different in manners, but all alike thirsting for blood," had completely fallen out amongst themselves, and the former had conquered the latter.

A worthy successor to that fierce Kennedy who encountered the Picts seven times in one day and overcame them may be found in the half tinkler-Scot half Romani-Gypsy who

acquitted himself so courageously at "The Battle of Hawick Brig."

From the graphic account of it given in Simson's History,[98] it would appear that in the early stages of the battle the Kennedies and the Ruthvens, who were allied on the one side, suffered badly at the hands of the Taits and Gordons, the allies on the other. Alexander Kennedy's part in the fray is thus graphically described :—

"Having now all the Taits, young and old, male and female, to contend with, Kennedy, like an experienced warrior, took advantage of the local situation of the place. Posting himself on the narrow bridge of Hawick, he defended himself in the defile, with his bludgeon, against the whole of his infuriated enemies. His handsome person, his undaunted bravery, his extraordinary dexterity in handling his weapon, and his desperate situation (for it was evident to all that the Taits thirsted for his blood, and were determined to despatch him on the spot), excited a general and lively interest in his favour among the inhabitants of the town, who were present and had witnessed the conflict with amazement and horror. In one dash to the front, and with one powerful sweep of his cudgel, he disarmed two of the Taits, and cutting a third to the skull, felled him to the

ground. He sometimes daringly advanced upon his assailants and drove the whole band before him pell-mell. When he broke one cudgel on his enemies by his powerful arm, the townspeople were ready to hand him another. Still the vindictive Taits rallied and renewed the charge with unabated vigour; and everyone present expected that Kennedy would fall a sacrifice to their desperate fury. A party of messengers and constables at last arrived to his relief, when the Taits were all apprehended and imprisoned; but, as none of the Gypsies were actually slain in the fray, they were soon set at liberty."

The battle was renewed at Eskdale Moor, when the Taits and Gordons appear to have been "completely routed and driven from the district in which they had attempted to travel by force."

The tinklers, as we have remarked, seldom marry out of their own caste, and so amongst tinklers we are apt to find purer blood of the ancient tribes than amongst those who, with blood mixed by intermarriage, are entitled to call themselves the titular, though nominal, heads and chief families of these ancient tribes.

In a remarkable letter quoted in the *Times*, Herbert Spencer is said to have addressed the following advice to Baron Kaneko in reply to a

question respecting the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese :—

"To your remaining question respecting the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese, which you say is 'now very much agitated among our scholars and politicians,' and which you say is 'one of the most difficult problems,' my reply is

KIRK YETHOLM, HEADQUARTERS OF THE SCOTTISH GYPSIES.

that, as rationally answered, there is no difficulty at all. It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by intermarriage of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when varieties mingle beyond a certain slight degree *the result is inevitably a bad one* in the long run."

Is not that practically the result which followed the intermarriage of Romani-speaking Gypsies and tinklers? At first there were as offspring some splendid physical types with wild and mixed racial characteristics, but the type has steadily deteriorated. One of such early types was Matthew Baillie,[99] who would steal a horse from under the owner if he liked, but always left the saddle and bridle—"A thorough gentleman in his way, and six feet four in stature."

Another was James Macpherson,[100] the ancient freebooter and musician, the offspring of a beautiful Gypsy and a Highland gentleman, who grew up in strength, stature, and beauty seldom equalled. Macpherson is said to have been executed, and when about to be hanged he displayed both supreme contempt for death and nobility of nature. It is said that when standing at the foot of the fatal tree he played on his violin some of his favourite tunes, and then turning to the crowd he enquired if he had any friend to whom a last gift of his instrument would be acceptable. As no friend came forward, he broke the violin over his knee and threw away the fragments:

> "Sae rantonly, sae wantonly,
> Sae dauntingly gaed he;
> He played a spring and danced it round
> Below the Gallows tree."

Photo by Geo. Gibson, Coldstream.

CHARLES FAA BLYTHE, LATE KING OF THE SCOTTISH GYPSIES.

The courageous Andrew Kennedy, above alluded to as the hero of the bloody battle of Hawick Brig, and Billy Marshall himself, are other splendid types of the offspring of such early tinkler-Gypsy intermarriage. On the female side similar splendid types, such as "The Duchess Jean" and Madge Gordon,[101] resulted. Madge Gordon, who was, in her day, "accounted Queen of the Yetholm clans," was "a granddaughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon," and was said to have much resembled her in appearance. "Madge Gordon," continues a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "was descended from the Faas by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She was rather a remarkable personage, of a very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes (even in her old age), bushy hair that hung around her shoulders from beneath a Gypsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff as nearly as tall as herself. . . . If Jean Gordon was the prototype of the *character* of Meg Merrilies, I imagine Madge must have sat to the unknown author as the representative of her *person*." To such splendid female types Leyden's lines could more fittingly be applied than to the tinkler-Gypsy women of the present day—[102]

"While scarce the cloak of tawdry red conceals
The fine turned limbs that every breeze reveals,
Her bright, black eyes through silver lashes shine,
Around her neck the raven tresses twine."

Yea, the types have steadily degenerated since the days of "The Duchess Jean," Madge Gordon, Matthew Baillie, Billy Marshall, Alexander Kennedy, and James Macpherson.

In those tinkler-Gypsy battles we may see a continuation of the old tribal warfare that raged throughout Scotland, and which to this day the various tinkler-Gypsy tribes still perpetuate, though in a milder way. The contention that the tinkler element in the tinkler-Gypsy appertains to a descent from the ancient Scottish races accounts also for the varied complexions of tinkler-Gypsies. Speaking of the Yetholm Gypsies, Mr MacRitchie, in his *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts*, quoting from a writer of the year 1835, says—[103]

"The principal names of the Gypsies residing at Yetholm are Faa, Young, Douglas, and Blythe. The two latter are most numerous, but they are evidently not of the same race. The Douglasses, Faas, and Youngs are generally dark-complexioned with black hair, while the Blythes mostly are light-haired and of fair complexion."

Borrow describes a Yetholm Gypsy woman thus—"She had a full, round, smooth face, and

OFFICIALS OF GYPSY CORONATION AT YETHOLM.

(Photo by Geo. Gibson, Coldstream.)

her complexion was brown or rather olive, a hue which contrasted with that of her eyes, which were blue." [104]

The various tinkler-Gypsy gangs all differ in appearance, and can be quite easily distinguished. Borrow's description of a Yetholm Gypsy corresponds with a Baillie of the present day. The Kennedys were tall, handsome people with swarthy complexions and black hair. The MacMillans are tall, with fair to ruddy complexions and darkish hair. The Marshalls, on the other hand, are short in stature, swarthy complexioned and dark hair. Like their Pictish friends the Douglases—who are now sometimes black Douglases and sometimes red Douglases—when a Marshall becomes settled and marries into a non-tinkler family the result is often a family of red-haired Marshalls, and of such there are now quite a number in Galloway. It may be argued that the Scottish racial characteristics could be got by the intermarriage of pure Romani Gypsies with Scotch people of a more or less settled type. That may be true to some extent, but the hardship of the tinkler-Gypsies' life is one that detracts from the strength of that argument. It takes generations of training to inure them properly to the life. A non-tinkler-Gypsy may try it for some time, but he is not nearly so likely to continue

the life as those who have inherited the tendency from their ancestors or who have been tinklers or Gypsies from time immemorial.

But in addition to those objections to that manner of accounting for the presence of Scottish racial characteristics, if a Romani-speaking Gypsy had married an ordinary Scots man or woman the offspring might have spoken Romanes and Scotch, or probably even Gaelic, but certainly not tinklers' cant.

The relationship of tinkler-Gypsies to the ancient races and families of Scotland also helped them out of many an awkward situation. The Baillies of Lamington are said to have successfully intervened in favour of William Baillie, thereby thwarting the ends of justice. Similarly, Billy Marshall, despite the many crimes with which tradition associates his name, enjoyed a singular immunity—so far as can be learned from Law Books—from trial for his crimes.

Tradition has it that on one occasion—when he is said to have killed his former chief, Isaac Miller—he at same time killed, for her infidelity, one of his own wives with whom Isaac had been too familiar.

Tradition also affirms that Gordon of Kenmuir liberated Billy, on that same occasion, after his precognition had been taken.

GYPSY CORONATION AT YETHOLM.

(Photo by Geo. Gibson, Coldstream.)

It is also said that the Selkirk family had interceded more than once on his behalf. In a former chapter it has been shown that Billy befriended two of the ladies of the Selkirk family, and therefore merited consideration at the hands of the family. But it is more likely that Billy's claim to being related to a well-to-do family of Marshalls, and to having had an uncle who "commanded a King's frigate," weighed more with the Earl in taking an interest in Billy till his death, and, as tradition affirms, in offering a hundred pounds to the tinkler-Gypsies if they would allow him to lay Billy's head in the grave—a privilege which the Hammermen had previously declined to grant as the Earl was not a member of their guild. The tinkler-Gypsies are also said to have declined. They must have been both wealthy and proud the tinkler-Gypsies of those days!

For a similar reason it would be that the Duchess of Gordon saved Tam Gordon and the "Duchess Jean" from paying the penalty for serious crimes. And so it may have come about that the ancient relationship between the tinklers and the Gordon race or family, presumably known to the Duchess of Gordon, may now be the reason—although unknown to him—that a certain nobleman is still regarded as the hereditary chief of a settlement of Gypsies.

On the other hand, Mr David MacRitchie points out, in *The Monthly Review*[105] for May, 1905, and on the authority of the Hungarian scholar Emil Thewrek de Ponor, that the Gypsy captaincy was vested in the nobility

WATSONS.
(Photo by A. M'Cormick

of Transylvania and Hungary, that the voyvodeship or captaincy was an office of State bestowed on distinguished personages as a reward of merit, but not on Gypsies, and suggests "that Scotland may not have differed from Hungary in that respect, when in the

Privy Council writ the Scottish King calls the Master of the Egyptians 'our lovit,' an expression (signifying beloved) which, in the legal phraseology of Scotland, denotes a loyal subject."

Some also may think that the mere fact of

WATSONS.
(Photo by A. M'Cormick.)

being the landowner of the ground on which the Gypsies have their headquarters would account for the title, but, in view of the actions of the forebears of those now holding the hereditary chiefship, we incline to the reason first above given as being the only satisfactory explanation.

The tinkler-Gypsies have always contended that they came into Scotland by way of Ireland, and the theory above advanced confirms the tradition. The Picts, Dalriads, and Scots all seem to have sojourned in Ireland, and the Scots and Dalriads at all events appear to have entered Scotland by way of Ireland, and the tinkler element in the tinkler-Gypsy would in most cases be likely to descend through families pertaining to such tribes. We may see a lingering trace of the Irish origin of Scottish races as well as of Scottish tinkler-Gypsies in the periodical visitations which Billy Marshall and his gang appear to have made into Ireland. It appears that "now and then, by way of improving themselves and seeing more of the world, they crossed at Donnaghadee and visited the counties of Down and Derry." The folk tales of the tinkler-Gypsies must also to some extent have been handed down to them from their forebears on the tinkler side.

Mr MacRitchie, in his *Ancient and Modern Britons*, also shows that the Marshalls' plan of "ruddling" or keeling their faces to conceal their appearance is of ancient—probably Pictish—origin, and a further indication of their antiquity may be found in their use of very old Scottish and other archaic words, and also in using such words as—Delation for relation, susplain for explain,

Photo by IRISH TINKLERS. Miss Eva White West.

deturn for return, soosand for thousand, sorn for thorn, pudlick for public, sintelplom for simpleton, potagree for photograph, desidenter for residenter, you and you like for such as you.

The fact that Billy Marshall is designed in the title deeds of the dwelling-house he owned as "brazier" and on his tombstone as "tinker" leads us to remark that John Bunyan was also designed as brazier and tinkler, and here again the distinction we have sought to draw between "tinkler" and "Gypsy" helps to clear up a point. Mr Groome gives the following fresh link to the chain of evidence to attempt to prove that John Bunyan was a Gypsy :—[106] "In the *St. Mary Magdalene's*, Launceston Parish Register (Vol. I., fol. 74), is this entry in 1586: 'Marche the IVth daie was christened Nicholas sonne of James Bownīa an Egyptīa rogue.'" He explains that "Egyptīa" and "Bownīa" are evidently "Egyptian" and "Bownian," otherwise Bunyan, and controverts the argument of the Rev. John Brown, of Bedford, who, in his *Life of Bunyan* (1885), as well as in the article "Bunyan" in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, contends that Bunyan cannot have been a Gypsy, because "Bonyons" had been settled in Bedfordshire since 1199, if not earlier. Mr Groome also points out that although Boswell is a Gypsy name, it is also an old and honourable York-

shire name; but the simple and natural explanation is that Bunyan was of that so-called Gypsy class sometimes called braziers, as Bunyan admittedly was, and sometimes called tinkers or tinklers, as Bunyan also admittedly was. He may or may not have had Romani blood in his veins, but Mr Leland in his *Gypsies* shows that he had many Gypsy-like characteristics.[107] He says :—

"I should have liked to know John Bunyan as a half-blood Gypsy-tinkler; he must have been self-contained and pleasant. He had his wits about him too in a very Romanly way. When confined in prison he made a flute or pipe out of the leg of his three-legged stool, and would play on it to pass time. When the jailer entered to stop the noise, John replaced the leg in the stool and sat on it, looking innocent as only a Gypsy-tinkler could—calm as a summer morning. I commend the subject for a picture."

The evidence so far available does not warrant the conclusion that there were any of the Romani-speaking Gypsies in this country prior to the arrival of the wave first authoritatively taken notice of in 1505. Until direct evidence is brought to controvert Mr Groome's view of the subject, we prefer to accept his opinion as that borne out by the facts available up to date.[108] "Mr Groome," says Mr Eggeling,

Photo by IRISH TINKLERS. Miss Eva White West.

in reviewing Mr F. Hindes Groome's article in *Chambers's Encyclopædia* "on linguistic grounds, lays down a perfectly sound axiom, which no one, I think, can gainsay, that the modern Gypsies (*i.e.*, Romani-speaking Gypsies) were descended not from successive waves of Oriental emigration, but all from the self-same European Gypsy stock, whenever that stock may have first been transplanted to Europe." Adopting that statement as a basis, it is practically certain that, as Mr MacRitchie and Mr Crofton have both in substance indicated, when the Romani-speaking Gypsies arrived in Britain somewhere about the beginning of the sixteenth century they found Gypsy-like castes wandering about this country much in the same way as the Romani Gypsies themselves were wont to do. These castes would be the bards, tinklers, cairds, horners, faas, muggers, potters, jugglers, and such like, who were castes of tribes which formerly inhabited certain parts of Great Britain. Some of these names seem now to be synonymous, and it would now be difficult to prove whether in its origin each name represented a distinct caste. Their distinctive features have at least become intermixed, and traces of the characteristics of all of them may now be found in tinkler-Gypsies.

On the arrival of the Romani-speaking

Gypsies in Scotland it is clear that a fusion took place with the tinklers, the offspring being the tinkler-Gypsy race, and, as one would naturally expect, the resultant composite cant (language) confirms that theory.

The strength of the cant basis which predominates in the tinkler-Gypsy language, and which they still prefer to term cant (*i.e.*, cainnt speech), would seem to indicate that, however mongrel or effete it may now be, it was at one time a language. Apparently the language of these castes differed. Mr D. MacRitchie, Mr John Simson, and Professor Kuno Meyer have all contributed largely to the elucidation of what Shelta or Sheldru, the cant in use amongst the tinklers of Ireland, is, and Professor Meyer has shown it to be none other than the same language as was used by the ancient bards.[109] It has been said that if Shelta exists in Wales it has still to be discovered. If a real Welsh tinkler-Gipsy can be found, we believe, however, it will not be difficult to ascertain that besides Romani words he uses cant words either of the Shelta or some other form derived from some language used by ancient inhabitants of that country. An obituary notice has just appeared in *The Cambrian News* of the death, at Llanycyfelin, of Grace Mannion, aged 80, widow of Larry Mannion, tinman, and, strange to say,

IRISH TINKLER-GYPSIES

we happened last summer in Galloway to interview a "traveller" woman named Mannion, and she knew some words of the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies' cant. She said, however, she hailed from near Manchester. Mr Groome's description of Evan Roberts, the ancient bard of Wales, points to the conclusion that the blood of some of the ancient inhabitants of Wales as well as Romani blood flowed from his veins:[110] "No, the light only revealed a hale old man of middle stature, with snowy hair, who, to look at, might be a divine, a poet, or a legislator—anything rather than a 'stancient Romani chal.' His voice, too, high-pitched and voluble as any Welshman's, helped him, though not for long, to keep up his *incognito* in the ensuing discourse." His appearance, also his name, his calling and voice "voluble as any Welshman's," all point to his having something besides Gypsy blood in his veins. Each case requires to be considered on its own merits, and doubtless there have been cases where Gypsy blood has been mixed with that of ordinary house-dwellers. In such cases the language would be Romanes, plus the language in use by such house-dwellers at the time of the intermixture or subsequent thereto. But in many cases—where bards, tinklers, cairds, horners, faas, muggers, potters, and jugglers, and such like castes have married

Romanies—the language is something that has been handed down from the tribe of which they were castes, plus a smattering of Romanes. The Sheldru or Shelta or Minkler's thari of the Irish

ORCADIAN TINKLER-GYPSY BOYS.

tinkler is such a language, and the language of the Gaelic-speaking tinkler-Gypsies of the West Highlands is apparently also a form of Sheldru or Shelta.

From what is stated by Mr G. Alick Wilson,[111] Shelta, although bearing a similarity to

Gaelic, is not intelligible to Gaelic-speaking people. The tinkler-Gypsies, however, of the rest of Scotland, and of Orkney and Shetland and part of the north of England, have a language, which they term cant, which is different from

PERTHSHIRE TINKLER-GYPSIES.

both. A Shelta-speaking Irish tinkler tells us that when he came into Galloway he didn't know a word of the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies' cant, and the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies couldn't understand a word of his Shelta or Sheldru. That is not strictly true, because during a short catechising we took down a few of his Shelta words

and found that there were certain words used by the Irish tinklers and known to the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies. We subsequently tested a Galloway tinkler-Gypsy with the words, and the following were the results :—

	Irish Tinkler-Gypsy.	*Galloway Tinkler-Gypsy.*
Tinkler's talk	Minkler's thari	Cant
Tinkler	Minkyer	Nawken
Hat	Caidi	Caidi, Howfie, scroof, gougl
Cuddy	Prancer	Aizel
Drink	Shkimmera	Peeve, rauniel
Whisky	Skyhope	Peeve
Night	Darki	Darkment, ratti
Town	Gry	Vile, gaave
Money	Thanig	Lowie
Children	Kinchen	Kinchen
Woman	Beur	Manishi, beur
Boy	Suiblean	Chavie
Girl	Lackeen	Gourie
Pipes	Stumera	Tchutli (a tobacco pipe)
Water	Pani	Pani, montyclear
Bread	Pennam	Pennam
,,	Durra	Habben
Coat	Tyug	Tyug, toggrie, schokie
Yourself	Your gels	Your nesis
Boots	Vrogies	Taehis, strods
Soldier	Gora wollahs	Kliesti

"*Misli* and don't *thari* another *lubba* for the *beur* of the *kain* is *sunnyin ye* in the *pee*." (Move on and don't speak another word for the woman of the house is watching you or looking into your face.)

The Irish tinkler's assertion, however, is substantially correct. The words known to both—

caidi, *kinchen*, *beur*, *pani*, *pennam*, and *tyug*—are common enough to be known by almost any "traveller," but there seems to be a marked absence of Romani words in Irish Shelta, when compared with Galloway cant.

It will be seen that the Irish Shelta and Galloway cant differ widely, and the words selected in this case happen by accident to have an undue proportion of Romani equivalents, as cant words proper seem to predominate over Romani words in the composite language. My tinkler friend assured me that Irish tinklers don't know Romanes, and he led me to understand that the Romani words used by him—pani and pennam, like durra and gora wollahs—were "H'Indian," and that he learned them when a soldier in India. Canon Ffrench also confirms this view. He says in a letter to the writer hereof:—

"Our Irish tinklers are not Gypsies—in fact, I doubt if there are any Irish Gypsies. There were a very respectable family of Gypsies who frequented these parts some two or three years ago; they had a very nice living van such as that pictured on page 54 (page 234 hereof) of the journal you sent me, clean and in good order and nicely got up in every way, and outside they had a tent such as that pictured on page 48 (page 214 hereof), but these people were English Gypsies."

M'Larens: Forfarshire Tinkler-Gypsies.

(Reproduced by kind permission from Dundee "Evening Telegraph.'

A tinkler-Gypsy woman named Stewart hailing from Perthshire, and a non-Gaelic-speaking tinkler-Gypsy man named Campbell from Argyleshire, both informed us that the cant used in Galloway was practically that used by Perthshire tinklers, but they assured us that the Gaelic-speaking West Highland tinkler-Gypsies had a cant which they didn't understand, and which Gaelic-speaking people could no more understand than Galloway people could understand the meaning of the Galloway tinkler-Gypsies' cant words. That Cumberland, Galloway, Argyleshire, Perthshire, Inverness-shire, Caithness-shire, Orkney, and Yetholm tinkler-Gypsies all use the same cant—which is something different from the Shelta or Gaelic cant—should give a basis and distribution sufficiently pronounced to cause philologists to wonder if it would not be worth while to examine patiently lists of cant, although it has dwindled into something like a jargon. It must have been a language that has made a lasting impression upon these wandering castes. Cant may turn out to be merely a kind of *lingua franca*. Shelta did not, and when philologists' efforts in that direction were crowned with success, surely even greater effort should be put forth to solve this even more complicated problem.

The debris at the mouths of rivers and

conglomerite rock have proved invaluable aids to geologists, and so, too, might something valuable yet be ascertained by patient search amongst, and a comparative analogy of, these tinkler-Gypsy cants (languages).

Sufficient data may not yet be to hand. In Sir Walter Scott's day little seems to have been known of the tinkler-Gypsy language, for he seems to have availed himself almost entirely of words which will be found in the Appendix to *Bamfylde Moore Carew*. Yetholm and other lists are now, however, available. The lists collected by us in Galloway and from Perthshire and Argyleshire tinkler-Gypsies, with any other information in our possession, are at the disposal of any philologist interested in the subject. These lists will be appended, and with the following results, of enquiries made at selected places in Great Britain and Ireland, imperfect though these are, will, we hope, help to stimulate and encourage further enquiry. A circular was addressed to a correspondent in each of the places named in both of the following lists, asking that a tinkler-Gypsy should give the English for the cant words in the first list and the cant words for the English words in the second list. The results are shown in the schedules, and if any reader can supply further information they will confer a favour by communicating same to the writer hereof :—

CANT WORDS.	ENGLISH MEANING.						
	Cumberland.	Galloway.	Argyleshire and Perthshire.	Aberfeldy.	Inverness.	Kirkwall.	Yetholm.
Watches	?	Another country	Another country	Another country	? Timekeeper	Country	
Aizel	Donkey	Donkey	Donkey	Cuddy	?	Drunk (no cant word for ass at Kirkwall)	Donkey
Jan	Know	Know	Know	Know	?	I know	Know
Syet	?	Yes	Yes	Yes	?	Yes	?
Ruffie	Devil	Devil	Devil	Devil	Devil	Devil	Devil
Mort	Wife	Wife	?	Wife	Woman	A wife	Wife
Strammel	Straw	Straw	Straw	Straw	Straw	Straw	Straw
Blaw	Meal	Meal	Meal	Meal	Meal	Oatmeal	Meal
Faizim	Hay or hair	Hay or hair	Hay, hair, wire, and wool	Hay	Hay	Horsehair	Hay
Chaet	Anything	Anything	Anything	Thing	?	Anything	Thing
Cowie	Anything	A thing	Anything	Something and anything	?	A man (mistaken for cowe or cowl)	?

CANT WORDS.	ENGLISH MEANING.						
	Cumberland.	Galloway.	Argyleshire and Perthshire.	Aberfeldy.	Inverness.	Kirkwall.	Yetholm.
Test	Head	Head	Head	?	Head	Head	Head
Belliment	Door	Covering at mouth of tent	Door	Door	Door	Door	Door
Larkeen	Girl	Girl	Girl	Girl	?	Fleshmeat	?
Shukar	Good	Good	Good	Good	? Sweetening	Money	Good
Grib	Plough and dig	Plough, take, and dig	Dig	? Food (mistaken for grub)	? Meat	Work	?
Morgen	?	Morning	Morning	Morning	?	The dawn	?
Mashlam	?	Tin and ice	Wire	?	? Muffler	Solder	Metal
Yergan	Tin	Tin	Tin	Tin	Tin	Tin	?

NOTE.—Although the query marks denote that the meanings are either doubtful or have not been forthcoming, it is thought that a little patient research would enable all the ellipses to be filled up.

Similar lists were sent to Clonegal and Sligo in Ireland, York, Keswick, Cockermouth, Aberystwyth, Exeter, Tremadoc, Pontefract, and Maidenhead in England, and Wick and Oban in Scotland, all without any satisfactory response being received.

ENGLISH.	CANT EQUIVALENTS.							
	Cumberland.	Galloway.	Argyleshire and Perthshire.	Aber eldy.	Inverness.	Kirkwall.	Yetholm.	Ireland.
Eyes	Ogles and Yaka	Ogles, Yaks, Winklers and Deekers	Winklers	Yaks ..	Blinks ..	Winklers	Yaks ..	Lu-oks
Look	Ogle, Deek.. ..	Ogle, Deek and Pyre	Deek	Deek ..	Deek ..	Dick.. ..	Deek ..	Soni
Boy	Chavi	Chavi, Chavo ..	Chavey, Gaidi, and Callach	Chavo ..	? Kiddie ..	Chavi ..	Chauvie ..	Grockagh
Cat	Matchka	Matchka and Neowinchaet	Neowinchaet ..	Matchka ..	Crocker and Kattler	Maskie ..	Matchka ..	Creepagh
Dog	Jougl and Buffert	Yucal, Jougl, Buffert, Yaffin, and Yelper	Buffert, Yelper, and Jugal	Juckal ..	Buffert and Yelper	Buffert ..	Jucal ..	Cameragh
Irishman	?	Dal and Yerra-chan Connach-man	Dal	? Bark ..	?	Dalcowe .	?	?
Devil	Ruffie and Beng	Ruffie and "Tam"	Ruffie	Ruffie ..	Ruffie ..	Ruffie ..	Bing, Ruffie	Meedhall
Water	Pani	Pani and Montyclear	Pani and Montyclear	Paunie ..	Pani and Montyclear	Monteclear	Paunie ..	Sgich

ENGLISH.	CANT EQUIVALENTS.							
	Cumberland.	Galloway.	Argyleshire and Perthshire.	Aberfeldy.	Inverness.	Kirkwall.	Yetholm.	Ireland.
Tinkler	?	Nawken	Nawken	Nawken	?	?	Nawken	Nakers and Minkers
Housedweller	Gaugie	Gadgi	Gadgi	Gadgi	Gadgi	Country Hantle	Gadgi	Gik of the kaina
Steal	Chore	Chore	Chore	Chore	Chore	Chore	Choar	Beegin
Hold your tongue	Stall yer thadian Nickso bullien	Stall yer mangan or whuddin	Stall yer mangan or whuddin	Stall yer mangan	Stall yer weezan	Nix yer mangan	Chee Chee	Geckaj your tharal
A Tramp	Needi missler	Needi	?	Buck	?	Nawken	?	Railla-gioc
Eggs	Yerras	Yerras and Kecklers	Yarras	Yerras	Kecklers	Yarras	Yarras	Roomogs
Tent	Runk	?	Wattle	Raunkeen	Kain	Wattle	?	? Nunock
Tin	Yergan	Yergan and Mashlain	Yergan	Yergan	Yergan	Yergan	Chinda	Grin or sthan
Church	Kangri	Kangri and Whidden chaet	Kanli	Kangri	?	Whidden-Kain	Cang-geerie	Lady-kena
Another Country	Watches	Watches and Monkery	Watches and Monkery	Watches	? Lormos	Been-Monkery	?	Grellamin
Boots	Strods	Strods and Taehis	Taehis	Tiyekas	Strods	Tighchees	Teyakas	Grellimy

FORFARSHIRE TINKLER-GYPSY.

(Reproduced by kind permission from Dundee "Evening Telegraph.")

Professor Sayce shows[112] that Tubal Kain was the first tinkler noted in history, and that the Kenites will have been a clan of wandering blacksmiths like a clan of smiths who once wandered over Europe; and Professor H. Van. Elven gives us some notion of who these wandering smiths were and of the nature of their workmanship :—[113]

"Prior to the middle ages in the dawn of history, and also during the little known period of the settlement of Celts, Gauls, and other Eastern peoples in the West of Europe, the Gypsies have played a very important rôle in the introduction of bronze working into the West. Our archæological collections and our proto-historic data warrant us in saying that the Celts and Gauls were preceded by a brown race of medium stature, knowing how to make and work in bronze, who, concurrently with the Phœnicians and the Pelasgians or Etruscans, brought into Europe the art of working in bronze.

"On the other hand, it is proved by our numerous archæological deposits of the bronze age, which are unreservedly attributed to nomadic prehistoric founders, that the Celts, Gauls, and other peoples coming in from the East were accompanied in their movements by nomadic founders, coming like themselves from

the East. These nomadic smiths are the Gypsies, and their appearance in Europe dates not from the fifteenth century but from about

TINKER (ROUMANIAN "CALDERAR") OF GROSS-SCHEURN, TRANSYLVANIA.

(Photo by Theodor Glatz.)

the year 2000 B.C. These beliefs rest upon the following data :—The objects discovered in our archæological deposits of the bronze age are all

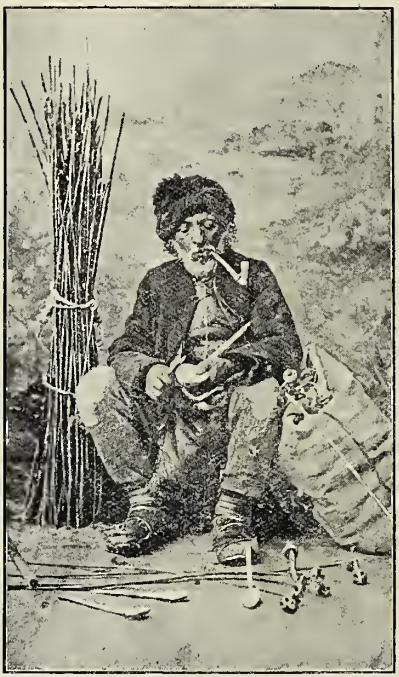
those of a small-handed race, or resemble the ornaments of Buddhist idols. Their *technique*, then, is of Hindu origin.

. . . . .

"The Aryan peoples had long roamed from east to west, and from north to south, before they finally settled in Europe. Wherever the invaders went their nomadic metal workers accompanied them, but as a caste apart, living by preference in secret places such as caves and woods. In a cavern at Sinsin, and in many other Belgian localities, hoards of bronze objects have been found which belonged to these metal workers of the bronze age. The Sinsin hoard is remarkable for the number, the quality, and the finish of the bronze objects, whose ornamentation, executed on the spot, is derived from moulds or from designs which are certainly of Eastern origin.

"After the settlement of the Aryans, the nomadic metal workers continued to wander from one colony to another, repairing articles of ornament, arms, and armour, and manufacturing and selling the objects of the hoards. Especially they visited fortified places, where markets were held, like our modern fairs. For a long while the prehistoric Gypsies confined themselves to the bronze industry, an artistic and sacred mystery. But a little while about a century

before the Roman conquest we see a division taking place in metallurgic art. Certain nomadic iron smelters settle down in the mineral regions



GYPSY "LINGURAR" (SPOONMAKER) OF TRANSYLVANIA.
(Photo by Joh. Nicklas.)

and become, if not the originators, at least the principal leaders of our steel and iron work. The unaltered minority continued to roam about,

working chiefly in bronze and copper, but sometimes in gold and silver."

In such descriptions we find a people whose

GYPSY "LINGURAR" (SPOONMAKER) OF TRANSYLVANIA.

(Photo by Joh. Nicklas.)

characteristics and occupations bear a remarkable resemblance to tinklers and tinkler-Gypsies, and we wonder if Professor Elven would not be

inclined to admit "tinklers" to be synonymous with the Gypsies in whom he discerns these ancient nomadic smiths.

It would be passing strange if it could be proved that some of the curious forms of Romani words, and even Romani words unknown to the English Romani-speaking Gypsies and still in use amongst the tinkler-Gypsies, have been brought over by these ancient nomadic metal workers of Hindu origin. The opinion, however, above quoted of that eminent Gypsiologist, Francis Hindes Groome, appears to be the one most strongly supported by the facts adduced, and there is so far not sufficient evidence to prove that such Romani words were not introduced by the wave of Romani-speaking Gypsies first taken note of in 1505.

Castes resembling tinklers in a more or less singular degree would seem to be scattered over the face of the globe. The *Gypsy Lore Journal* shows that there are tinkler-Gypsy-like castes in the following places, viz. :—Hungary[114] (The Calderari), England[115] (Tinkers), Italy[116] (Zingari-Calderai), Asia Minor[117] (Ruri), Montenegro[118] (Majstori viz Artificers), Venezuela[119] (The Chingareros), Ceylon[120] (Telugus), Ireland[121] (Tinklers), Spain,[122] Palestine[123] (Kenites), Switzerland[124] (Doerfers, or the Homeless), Crimea[125] (Elektschi), North Western Bohemia,[126] Egypt[127]

(Berber and Rhagaran Tinklers), Belgium[128] (Nieumarktenaars, Boemiens, and Nutons), Transylvania[129] (Lingurari and Calderari). While tinklers or tinkler-Gypsies are seemingly indicated in each of these instances, careful local enquiries would require to be instituted in almost every case before it could be demonstrated that tinklers or tinkler-Gypsies are alluded to.

To sum up, then, the appearance, manners, and customs of present-day tinkler-Gypsies, the descriptions of the characteristics recorded of those of former days, their cant (mixed with Romanes) language, the extraordinary interest taken in tinkler-Gypsies by aristocratic families bearing the same names, all tend to show that the tinkler element of the tinkler-Gypsy is of Scotch (possibly chiefly nomadic metal workers of Hindu origin), and the Gypsy element is of Gypsy (Hindustani), extraction.

CHAPTER VIII.

" Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some on nags, and some in rags,
And one in a velvet gown."

WHAT a storm of hatred the "German" Gypsies have aroused throughout Scotland and England! The cause must indeed have been grievous to create such a universal persecution of them. It was a sore thought to me that Gypsies could be such a scum of rascality as they were said to be in the newspapers. Hearing of the arrival in our neighbourhood of a band of these wanderers, I made up my mind to see them for myself.

The services of a lady interpreter (Miss Drummond, Dumfries) were duly obtained. The prospect of a visit to a gypsy encampment always thrills me with a delightful excitement, and the fact of my Gypsies being on this occasion foreigners, the language of the country from whence they hailed being unknown to me, and the Romanes differing widely from English

Romanes, of which I have a smattering, made my proposed visit unusually exciting. I confess to having mixed up a great number of questions in Romanes with my prayers the previous evening, and when most folks were still asleep we were speeding our way to the gypsy encampment. Whilst walking up a steep brae, near to the gypsy encampment, we enquired of a lad, "Have you seen the German Gypsies?" "Yes," he said. "What are they like?" "Just like black devils! And they helped themselves to cabbages oot o' Aaron Marr's gairden, and bought bread at the baker's and forgot to pey't, and when he ran after them they just lauched and said 'No moneish.'"

When we reached the encampment there was no one astir. A hasty consultation decided my line of action. Fortified, by my kind interpreter, with two German sentences, I approached the principal tent, and peeping through the door, I looked down upon three sleeping figures—an old Romany *Dye* (wife), her *Rom* (husband), and what appeared to be their son—all lying on comfortable, clean, raised beds, and, to my surprise, all wrapped in elegant sleeping suits.

"*Wollen Sie nicht aufstehen?*" (Are you not going to get up?) I asked. The old man blinked and said something in German, which I could not follow. Then I fired off my second

sentence—"*Eine junge Dame ist hier, die deutsch spricht*" (There is a young lady with me who speaks German). Again he replied in German and did some more blinking, and wound up by saying "Cigaretto?" with which request I at once complied. Then, having run short with my German, I said in Romanes, "*Latcho Divvus Romanichal*" (Good day, gypsy man), and he eagerly replied, "*Latcho Divvus Romanno Rye*," and, turning to the others, he said, "*Romanno Rat*" (Romany blood), and in a moment the old woman hopped out of bed, the others followed, and how the news was spread I know not, but soon the Gypsies poured out of every tent. They swarmed around us, asking for *bischen* ("*bischly*") *Geld* (a little piece of money), and *moneish*, *alte Stiefel*, *alte jackets*, and so on.

My young lady friend explained to them that I was deeply interested in the gypsy race. I asked them several questions in Romanes, which they understood perfectly, but they said their language was different, and my lady friend said she observed they mixed up German and Romanes a good deal. The chief was asked in German if he would mind answering some queries which I had prepared, and he at once assented. The following are the questions and answers:—

"Are you *Zigeuner?*" (gypsies). "No."

Photos by A. M'Cormick.

"German" Gypsies in Galloway (July, 1906).

"*Calderari?*" (potmenders). "Yes." "Are you *Lingurari?*" (spoonmakers). "No." "Are the *Calderari* and *Lingurari* real *Zigeuner?*" "There is a world of difference between the real *Zigeuner* and the *Calderari.*" They also admitted being known as *Chaudronnier.*

"What is the cause of your coming to this country?" "Because we were advised it was a free country, with better opportunities for making a living."

"Is it on account of the tax levied on horse-dealing in the country you have abandoned?" "Yes, that is so."

"Is it because there is likely to be civil war when the Emperor Franc Josef dies?" They explained that they came from Alsace Lorraine, Münster, and different parts of Germany, and had travelled in Transylvania, Bohemia, Italy, and such like, and as apparently they have travelled in many countries that may have accounted for their answering "yes" to that query.

"Is it, as the newspapers have suggested, that you are German spies to take note of fortifications, roads, etc.?" They pooh-poohed this query.

"Do you consider that the police have been unfair to you? Have they harassed you?

Have the people treated you unkindly? Have you had a chance to earn a livelihood by horse-dealing, etc.?" They said they had on the whole not been treated unkindly, but they believed some of the other Gypsies had not been so fortunate.

"Why do you allow your folks to beg so persistently?" It was explained to them that begging created prejudice, that they would obtain more sympathy and help if they did not insist on getting "moneish," and that Scotch people can't tolerate inveterate begging. They answered they were *so arm* (very, very poor) and had *kein Geld* (no money), and as they were hampered by ignorance of the language, they could do little so far at horse-dealing or as *Kessel-flicker* (pot-menders), and so they must beg to live. As an indication of their desire to work, they produced this certificate from a friend in Paisley:—

"This is to certify that the Gypsy man can mend pots and pans at a very reasonable price —the one he shows costs sixpence, which is cheap to what we pay here.

"(Sgd.) S. Lehmann.

"Cross Restaurant."

"From a monetary point of view do you find Scotch people kinder or the reverse than the

MARONO DAMMO AND CHAPOS

MARONO DAMMO

people of the country from whence you have come?" They answered, "We like this country very well, and find the Scots kinder than the English."

"Have you ever met any English Gypsies?" "Yes, lots." "Could you understand their Romanes?" "Yes; but English *Romanes* is very different from ours." "Have you met any Scotch tinkler-Gypsies? What think you of them?" "Yes;" but they refrained from criticising them.

"What strikes you most about the folks here? Are you taken with the country or the reverse? Do you intend to remain in this country?" They said—"We like this country and the people, but we are undecided as to where we are going."

We next expressed a desire to take their photos, but again their extreme anxiety to obtain *bischli Geld* became manifest. Being assured that we had no intention of taking their photos and then departing without paying, as they indicated had frequently been done before, they desisted. Like all Gypsies, they seemed to despise the *posh* and *posh* (half and half) blooded Gypsies, and so two poor women were excluded from the photos—and one of them sat at the mouth of her tent hurling violent language at the others, and assuring them that she was come of as good folks as they were.

The Queen-Marono Dammo—did us the honour of dressing specially to have her photo taken, and donned a lovely shawl, asking my lady friend if it was not *sehr schönes Tuch* (a very pretty shawl) and indicating to me in Romanes the various colours—*kaulo* (black), *selno* (green), *lollo* (red), and so forth. A crowd having gathered round, one of the *Romani-chals* caused considerable amusement by shouting in most approved Galloway dialect to a boy who was likely to spoil the photo—"Haud oot o' the road, boych." *Marono* kept telling me that the *Fräulein* had a "*shuker mui.*" "*Rinkenni?*" "*Ja-rinkenni.*" I pointed out the Sergeant, and asked her if he was a *moccoddo manush* (dirty, nasty fellow) like some of the other *prastermengros* (policemen), but she said "No, he is a most handsome man, and has been unusually kind and considerate." Having explained that I meant to pay the old Queen *trin trin gorishis* instead of giving to all of them, I paid the money to her, and she thanked me and returned to the mouth of her tent smiling most sweetly but complacently all the while —for her myrmidons knew their duty! She did not even, while pretending to conciliate us, require to say *mang prala mang* (beg on, brother, beg on). They begged most inveterately. I gave them a few pence, and then turned my trouser pockets inside out and ran

back to the Queen, and said in Romanes—"Tell them to *atch mangan*" (stop begging). She at once complied, and I shall never forget the strange rattling sound she uttered like what might have been the war chant of a host of people. She afterwards came close up to me and said I must have *Romanno Rat* (gypsy blood) in my veins, when I took such a great interest in Gypsies. Her order had the desired effect with all except one *didakei* (half-caste) gypsy woman, who followed holding on to me and begging most persistently. "*Ja kair!*" (Go home), I said. Still she clung to me. "*Jal to beng!*" I shouted, and the other Gypsies laughed, but still the cry was for *moneish* and "*bischli Geld.*" At last in my extremity I said to one of my friends, "Hold my bike," and catching the *chi* by the shoulders I tried to jump her on to the bike; and when she struggled to get free I hopped on, and moved off amidst roars of laughter and cries of "*Guten Morgen Fräulein-latcho divvus Romanno Rye ta shukar bakt!*"

Of course, their visit produced the usual *furore*. Doors were bolted, and cannie shopkeepers either blocked the entrance to their shops with their own manly forms, or, deeming discretion the better part of valour, put the key of the door in their pockets, and stood on the

Photo by J. Dunn.

'GYPTIAN-WISE.

Photo by A. M'Cormick.

MARONO AND HER ROM.

footpath feigning that they had no connection with the shop. Stories were at once set afloat and exaggerated. Here it was that a gypsy woman had sprung at a man and scratched his face, but on inquiry the incident out of which the story had been exaggerated reflected not the slightest discredit on the gypsy woman. Indeed, it was manufactured out of the simplest of good-natured joking. In another case, a shop, which the shopkeeper assures me the Gypsies had never entered, was said to have been completely ransacked.

A gypsy woman was also said to have got the better of a greengrocer, into whose shop she had gone to buy vegetables. The greengrocer held up a cabbage, and the gypsy woman answered "*Nein, nein*," whereupon the shopkeeper laid down nine cabbages, and the gypsy woman quickly whisked them into her *monging guno* (begging bag), and putting down a penny departed proud of her bargain. Unfortunately when I chaffed *Marono* about her cleverness in getting the nine cabbages for a penny, she said she only regretted it was not true. There must have been some real cases of depredation or complaints could hardly have been so numerous, but the above prove that there were many cases of "giving a dog a bad name and you may hang him." There are stories also about their

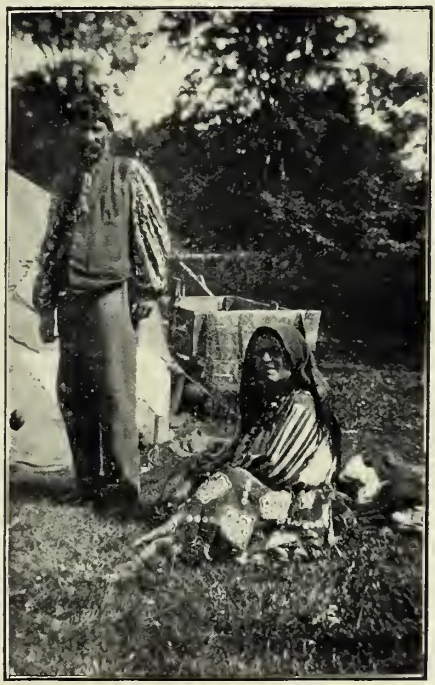
acting rudely and roughly to people who refused them alms, but it is difficult to ascertain the precise facts in each case. Assuming, however, for argument that everything is true that has been alleged against them in the newspapers, are our own actions towards them all that could be desired from a Christian nation, and the foremost among the civilised nations ?

The newspapers have been filled with letters from correspondents condemning the Gypsies, but few of the writers ever made the experiment of trying to find out if they possessed any good qualities ; and if they did discover any such qualities, then they kept the knowledge severely to themselves. Let us look at a few extracts from some of my correspondents who have approached the subject sympathetically:—(a) "I hasten to tell you (as I know your interest in the Gypsy folk) that walking up from Dumfries yesterday I came upon the German Gypsies' camp on the road between Holywood and Friars' Carse, outpicketed by three bobbies as if they were thieves and blackguards. My Romany is too slight to be of any use, but their eyes glistened when they heard '*Guten Tag Freunde wie geht's?*' from my Galloway tongue, and glad I was to interpret for them to the police, who, of course—asses as they all are—know nothing but the Dumfries dialect. I spent half-an-hour with them smoking,

talking, and laughing, thereby irretrievably damaging my reputation in the eyes of the too well-paid, fat, and sleek men in blue. They will be in Dumfries to-day, and are anxious to get home, having been deceived by information they got in Germany as to the prospects here. I daresay you'll think it worth while to spend a return ticket and go and interview them. Only one—a half-breed evidently—descended whiningly to beg for 'moneish.' She didn't get it, though, but got a 'through pittin'' from the headman. One glance at the swarthy skins, *svelte* forms, glistening teeth, gypsy love of jewellery, and *bon enfant* attitude to those who show sympathy, show them to be no *Gorgios*, but true Romany. All they would take from me—all I offered, in fact, for their mien was independence itself—was a stick of tobacco. I would have spent more time with them, but I had 11 miles to walk for dinner, so *vacuus procedit* if not *cantat*." (b) ". . . I came upon the poor nomads about 3.30 in the afternoon at a colliery village called Throckley, 5 miles from the city (Newcastle-upon-Tyne). They had already travelled 15 miles from Hexham, and were destined to travel another 15 miles before they could find rest for their weary bodies and their worn-out horses. . . . I did not like to intrude on the

privacy of their poor meal, but my fellow-countrymen had no such scruple. Some pushed and stared and sneered. A young *chi*, with a deportment like a queen, jumped up, walked round, and said in broken English, 'Stan' back!' and they stood back! . . . I shall never forget these foreign Romany folk sipping their cups of coffee. I thought of the champagne flowing at Gosforth Park! . . . The *chabos* themselves called me *Kushti Romanno*, and begged for cigarettes and pennies. They patted my back and mounted my bike, and fell off and shouted; then all hands pushed at the back of the van when we came to a steep part of the road. . . . A policeman now interfered, and said the van must not go on to the moor at this point. . . . Meanwhile he telephoned to the central police station. He told me he had no instructions. Why had the county police not wired? Here was a bad case of cruelty to animals. He blustered away at me and the Gypsies in the usual style. Had it not been for domestic reasons I should have broken out into open rebellion against policemanisation, but it would only have resulted in a charge of 'drunk and disorderly,' and respectability would have turned up the whites of its eyes. . . . There were some handsome young *chies* about with their uncombed hair and travel-stained

skirts, and the contrast between these festival people and the poor Bohemians was to me unspeakably sad. A man jeered at me and



POSING FOR "BISCHLI" GELD
(Photo by J. Dunn.)

said, 'They stink.' Oh, for George Borrow and Long Melford! Dirty! Yes, I felt dirty, too, covered with road dust. Where were

the hospitable baths of Novo Castra for us travellers? . . . . But no! another stoppage. Presently a personage with silver lace and his peaked cap took command, and the vans were all moved away from the land of promise, and the weary, merciless, unpitying Harass continued. Hospitable Newcastle! Never let that title be claimed again! Is it not all chronicled in the local Press how the pony fell after crossing the Tyne and the men of Gateshead put their shoulders to the vans?" Even so, and much more to a similar effect writes a gentleman who made a long trekk with the Gypsies to see for himself how they acted and how they were treated. In many cases, be it said to their credit, newspapers have loudly condemned the conduct meted out to these Gypsies by Hooligan mobs. One Christian gentleman—Pastor Geyer, an Austrian, though minister of the German Protestant Church, Glasgow—deemed it his duty as a minister of the Gospel to offer these poor oppressed wanderers spiritual ministrations, not because they happened to come from Germany, but because they had souls to save. Amongst other Christian acts done by him on their behalf, he appealed through the columns of the Press for clothing for the scantily-clad Gypsy children to be baptised by him. All

honour to the generosity of the kind folks who promptly complied with the good pastor's appeal, but one minister of the Gospel expressed the hope that no one would respond to the pastor's request since we had enough oor people in Scotland without any German Gypsies, and yet such as he beg for money to send missionaries to preach the glorious Gospel, but when they have the heathen brought to their own door they would spurn them from it and persecute them. Alack-a-day! Where is the vaunted zeal of the young ministers who go abroad to preach the glorious Gospel to the benighted heathen? Is it too drivelling, commonplace, and unheroic to preach the Gospel to such heathen at our own doors? Why did not an Archbishop and a Moderator, ever zealous for the honour and missionary prestige of their Churches, write a letter to the newspapers enjoining pastors in each district to show at least a friendly interest in these despised and down-trodden Gypsies? All credit to the Parson who, probably at great personal risk, achieved, what the police either could not or would not do, by staying the fury of that *un*-British Perthshire mob, who stoned—a grievous wound being inflicted on a gypsy woman—and otherwise maltreated a gang of the foreign Gypsies. Surely if the Gypsies were as bad as they

were said to be Pastor Geyer's and every other Christian's duty was on that very account all the more clear! But a leading member of one of our Protestant Churches told the pastor he had no business to "cast pearls before swine." Shame upon such canting hypocrites whose sham religion makes religion a byword and is a stumbling-block to the acceptance of a Gospel that has loving kindness and charity for its root principle, and may Pastor Geyer's own conscience reward him richly through the knowledge of a Christian duty faithfully discharged in the face of spiteful opposition, jealousy, and boycotting!

I do not for a moment doubt that much exaggeration and malignment has crept into newspaper accounts and letters, and I hope that, on calmer reflection, the Gypsies' hereditary detractors may see that they have allowed resentment to upset the balance of their reason, and that in the stoning of the Gypsies, spitting in their food, harassing them, compelling them to over-work their horses, driving them from camping grounds of which they had actually paid the rent, and boycotting those who, rightly or wrongly, considered it their duty to proffer friendly treatment to the Gypsies, they have simply been acting unthinkingly, and proving themselves capable of doing even more

inhumane things than anything attributed to the poor, despised, down-trodden Gypsies. Why, the wonder is that the impulsive and passionate nature of the Gypsies has been held so well in check, and, speaking with some knowledge of them, I say we ought to be deeply grateful to them for having kept their tempers so well curbed under great provocation. Undoubtedly the police have had a most difficult task to carry through. The machinery of the law is not adapted for such emergencies, and so the law devised a plan whereby each district hustled them on to the next. It may be that each constable did his part kindly, but the aggregate of such treatment when continued from 6 a.m. till 11 at night, as happened, can only be characterised as inhumane. Only two criminal cases appear to have been raised against any of them, the one for trespassing—or, more properly, trespassing at the instigation of the police—having ultimately been abandoned, the worst of all examples to the Gypsies—and the other for passing a base coin, which the Gypsies maintained had been palmed off on them, and which they in turn merely tried to pass on to another. If they stole, as was so constantly averred, why was the first reported case of theft not acted upon, and the thief popped in jail? That would have been an

"AN EARLY VISIT"

example the Gypsies could have understood. The head and front of their offence is their inveterate begging, and doubtless it is most reprehensible, but there is always this can be sa'd in mitigation—these Gypsies are a strange people, a peculiarly constituted people—and who dare blame them for that?—a people who carry with them to our doors the customs, habits, manners, style of dress, and speech of the East, and put into practice the latest recommendation of scientists as to the desirability of living a simple life in the open air. In short, they are here on show—and a show well worth paying to see for those who can appreciate it—and in that view is there any grave wrong in asking for a trifle for allowing you to inspect them either at their encampment or at your own doorway, if they should present themselves there for exhibition? Why should people be allowed to come gazing at these poor wayfarers, watching their every movement, and taking photographs of them, if they are not prepared to pay for it?

It is needless now to discuss the right or the wrong of admitting them into this country. The law having permitted them to land should from the outset have treated them firmly but kindly within the limits of the law. Dare the law have meted out such treatment, as it has to

these poor wayfarers, to any subjects of His Majesty? Some folks condemn them on account of their roving habits, and because they are not at precisely the same stage of development as themselves, forgetful of the fact that our own forebears are supposed also to have come westwards, and that but a thousand years ago we were a race addicted to raiding and reiving. Begging and pilfering were the chief complaints made against them, and indeed all the world over these easily detected delicts are the only ones they are addicted to. But what of their hereditary detractors? There is much veneer about our modern civilization. When "German" Gypsies come amongst us, or in times of war, what horrid passions gain the ascendency! And even in times of peace there are known to be "tricks in every trade," gigantic swindles and pious frauds in every trade and profession, that the law is not sufficiently perfected to cope with—yea, even many of such "open secret" crimes are practised under the very guise and cloak of religion and charity! In view of our inhumane treatment of these unfortunates in a strange country, there is more aptness than seems in Borrow's comparison of the Scots and the Gypsies: "'Ay, but the Scotch are'—foxes, foxes, nothing else than foxes, even like the Gypsies—the difference between the Gypsy and

Scotch fox being that the first is wild, with a mighty brush, the other a sneak with a gilt collar and without a tail."

Let my readers try to picture the condition of a band of Scottish Gypsies in Germany with no knowledge of German, and it will help them to understand the full poignancy and pregnancy of meaning of that one word *moneish*, the use of which by the German Gypsies has been their chiefest reproach. Why, if our own Gypsies were harassed and hustled as these were they could not exist *without* trespassing, begging, and stealing, the very things the stupid policy of the law was hastily improvised to prevent.

I must only speak of these foreign Gypsies as I found them. They begged inveterately. They, however, appreciated kindly treatment, and my lady friend said they repeatedly said "*Die Leute verstehen uns nicht*" (The people misunderstand us), from which she gathered they would not fail to reciprocate kindness. Although those interviewed by us were merely of the *calderari* species, a caste corresponding to our tinkler-Gypsies, they were comfortably dressed, had nice clean beds, appeared to be clean themselves, bore no traces of drunkenness, and, speaking most politely in high German, as my lady friend assured me they did, I came away with a much

better impression of them than I had gathered from reading of them in the newspapers. I have also read of the gypsy women being condemned for their décolletées costume. I found, however, they were simply attired as one would expect to find, and as one does find, Gypsies attired everywhere, but let Emerson's noble tribute defend them on that score :—

" The sun goes down and with him takes
The coarseness of my poor attire ;
The fair moon mounts and aye the flame
Of Gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls ! you scorn our race ;
You captives of your air-tight halls,
Wear out in-doors your sickly days,
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you, dames, to task,
And say it frankly without guile,
Then you are Gypsies in a mask,
And I the lady all the while."

CHAPTER IX.

HERE'S wee Tammie Twenty, the auld tinkler bodie,
Comes here twice a year wi' his creels and his cuddy;
Wi' Nancy, his wife, sae gudgy and duddy,
It's hard to say whilk is the queerest auld bodie.

From Wee Tammie Twenty in "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet."

In this Galloway of ours it is interesting to take stock of the various types of mankind one meets there. A clever, observant Aberdonian once remarked at a public dinner in Galloway that he had been struck by the abnormal number of large and regular featured men gathered around the table. The remark was completely justified by the appearance of the guests. At a tinkler-Gypsy camp where there is so much that is interesting, if one has only the knowledge to assess things at their proper value, one must not omit to take stock of the types one sees there. The Marshalls are interesting as types of the Picts or Romani-speaking Gypsies. But even the swarthy, short, thick-set William Marshall, the present head of the remnants of the Marshall gang, is not in our opinion nearly so striking or so interesting

THIS SKETCH IS FROM "THE ...ERLINZIE'S WALLET"

a type as that of his partner in life, who is an O'Neil. Arriving early one morning at an encampment of Marshalls, the writer hereof found Katie O'Neil or Marshall busy dressing a little grandchild with his scanty garments. The old tinkler-Gypsy woman is black-haired, squat, and swarthy in complexion, with a tinge of red in it. There is a look, wiped all over her face, that gives one the impression she is labouring under a constant grievance against society. This same look is common to others of her own lot, and still it does not, so far as we are aware, imply that they are cross-grained. On the contrary, we have always found them most civil and polite. To our surprise, the skin on the body of the grandchild was almost as dark as one would expect to see on a Mongolian child. Unfortunately the camera can't produce colour, but the child is still alive and its colour will bear out what is here recorded. The Irish tinkler-Gypsies are said also "to be dark haired and of swarthy appearance, and they seldom marry out of their own caste."[130] One of the illustrations to a former chapter showed William Marshall with his arm round the neck of his partner in life, Katie O'Neil. That illustration is a remarkable photo in many respects: in Mr David MacRitchie's *Ancient and Modern Britons*, p. 397, we find:—

"In the century preceding this discovery of a trans-Atlantic 'White Man's Land,' the kings who ruled in Dublin were Northmen, the first of this line being Olave the White, who conquered Dublin in 852, 'and founded the most powerful and permanent of the Norse kingdoms in Ireland.' And it is said that, five hundred years before this, the 'supreme King of Ireland' was a man bearing the Icelandic name of Neil, Nial, or Njal (remembered as 'Nial of the Nine Hostages')."

That "Nial of the Nine Hostages" was none other than the "Niall of the Nine Hostages," who finally conquered the Picts. Founding partly on tradition and partly on history, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., in his *Duke of Briton*, tells in words worthy of such a splendid theme the thrilling tale of how the last of the Picts sacrificed themselves rather than submit to the usurpers. The great King "Niall of the Nine Hostages," with his invading Scots, after a slaughter which extended over six days, remembered as the "Bloody Half-dozen," had hemmed the remnants of the Picts into a disused fort at the extremity of the promontory of the Mull of Galloway. There the Picts made their last stand. Niall and his swarthy followers had either killed or starved all the Picts save Donachy the Leech and his sons, Trost of the

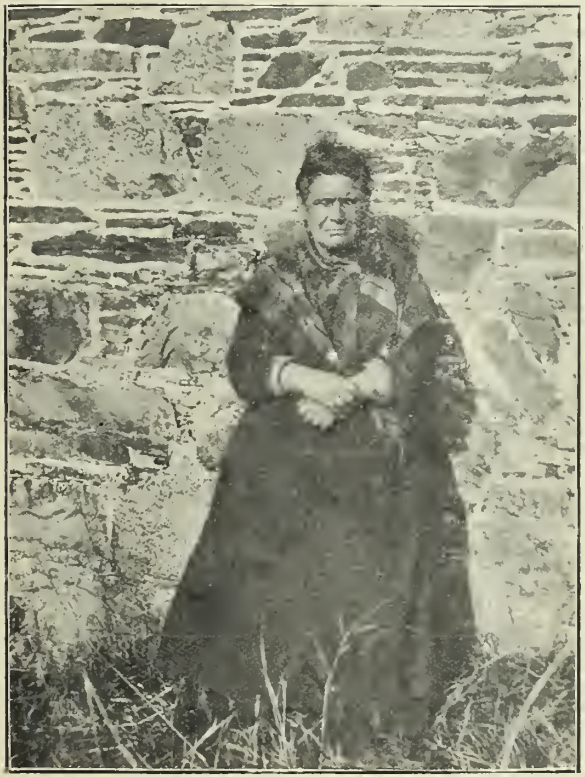


Photo by KATIE O'NEIL OR MARSHALL. A. M'Cormick.

Long Knife and Faelchu. A traitorous druid priest named Sionach the Fox, who was fighting for the Scots against his erstwhile friends, had suggested peace to Niall in order that the secret of brewing heather ale should be revealed by Donachy Lia and his two sons. They alone knew that secret, and it was due to their possessing the secret of preparing the *biadh-nan-treun*, the compressed food by virtue of which Pictish hunters were able to endure almost incredible fatigue and privation, that these three remained strong and healthy, sustained by a secret store thereof. Feigning to discuss terms of peace, here is how they acquitted themselves according to that author's fine version of it[131] :—

"'Why, this is well now, Donachy Lia! We could not kill out the breed of you. Haste thee, man, and make known to us that whereby you shall be none the poorer and we the better off.'

"'Nay, my lord,' answered the old man, 'but this is no matter for haste. You would wring from my bosom that which is known to no living soul but those of my house. It comes not readily to my lips. Nothing but the extremity of our danger would have stirred it. Give me but a little time to reflect and prepare myself.'

"'Such time thou shalt have as I give the old

wolf when my hound is at his throat,' exclaimed the king furiously, while a flush deepened on his brow, the darker in contrast with the gleam of his pale blue eyes. 'What! a rebel taken with arms in your hands, and you dare to talk to me of time. Out with it at once, dog of a Leech, or by the bloody eye of Eochy Mac-Luchta! thou shalt die a thousand deaths.'

"'You are the conqueror, O King,' replied Donachy, bowing his grey head, 'and with the conqueror rests the power. Your will shall be done, though it may not be from my lips that you learn the secret. Life is well-nigh sped with me; it is not worth buying. But my sons there are young men; the light of day is still dear to them. They know my secret. Trost of the Long Knife, my eldest born, is willing to buy our lives by revealing the secret.' Niall clutched the *slat-n-eanchann* as if about to dash out the brains of him who dared thus to parley with him; but his cupidity got the better of his ire, for this famous secret of heather ale had long been the source of much of Crindal's wealth.

"'Let Trost speak then,' roared the king, 'and let his words be few. And look you, ye dogs! if any falsehood is attempted, I swear by the Rock of Cashel that death is the least thing ye shall suffer. Ye shall be torn piecemeal with hot pincers.'

Photo by "VAGRANTS." J. P. Milnes.

(By permission of Messrs Thos. Agnew & Sons, publishers of the large Plate.)

"'My words shall be few, Niall,' said Trost. 'Life is sweet, and for nothing less would I part with what I have vowed to die rather than reveal; but none of my race must live to see my shame. See here, King Niall, before I speak, my father and my brother must be taken to yonder brow and cast into the sea! I have spoken.'

"'Ho, ho!' laughed Niall, 'be it as you will. It is a strange request, but one easily granted.' He made a sign to some spearmen, who promptly seized the defenceless men and bore them to the brink of the cliff. The crowd pressed round, bloodthirsty Sionach foremost of all. Faelchu and his father exchanged a brief, earnest glance, then closed their eyes, and a score of strong arms flung them out into the abyss. In the deep, green water beside the Black Rocks there was a hissing splash. Two circles of white foam drifted away with the tide. Donachy and Faelchu sank to rise no more. Trost looked on with folded arms.

"'One more condition, King Niall,' he said, 'without which you cannot learn what you desire. This secret must pass from me not to thee, nor to any but one of my own race. To Sionach, the arch-druid, alone will I reveal it.'

"'Three boons a man may ask from a king,' growled Niall, 'and no more. Thou hast had

two—the death of your father and brother. This also I grant, but beware how you try me further! Sionach, we will withdraw a space. Keep your sword in hand. This man is unarmed; he cannot harm you.' He motioned back the crowd; Sionach and Trost were left standing alone. Trost, with hands behind his back, turned to walk along the brow; the druid followed him warily. But not warily enough for the old hunter. Where the cliff was steepest, the brink most abrupt, Trost turned like a flash, wrapped his sinewy arms round the druid, crying out, 'The secret dies'—next moment both men disappeared over the edge and were never seen again. A cry of baffled rage broke from the crowd. Many agreeable visions of rivers of good liquor to be brewed from the herbage under their feet were shattered, and from that day to this no man has ever revived the art of brewing ale from heather":

> "But now in vain is the torture,
> Fire shall never avail;
> Here dies in my bosom
> The secret of heather ale."

Little did William Marshall dream, when he put his arm round his consort Katie's neck, what an emblem of peace his strong arm represented—a probable representative of the Picts and of the last reputed king of the Picts, swear-

Photo by

ENGLISH GYPSIES IN GALLOWAY.

Jas. Dunn.

ing fealty to a probable representative of "Nial of the Nine Hostages," and of the conquering Scots who overwhelmed the Picts. One could hardly have expected that happy result to come about without a protest. Nor did it ; for when William put his arm round his consort's neck, she uttered this mild protest, "Yer no aye sae kind to me when we're gaun lie at nicht."

Gypsies have peculiar views of family relationships, *e.g.*, old Sarah Boswell of Blackpool was known amongst the English Gypsies as "my Aunt Sara." There is also a similar loose use of the word "uncle" amongst them—William Marshall once gave me the word "sister" as an equivalent for the word "wife"—and in view of the fact that history shows that the Scottish Nials conquered the Pictish Marshalls, it is a curious coincident that William Marshall should say—"I ca' her (alluding to his consort) the *baurie rye* (great king), but she's just a *baurie mort* (braw wife) for a' that."

It must have been a long time since the tinkler-Gypsy O'Neills came over, for they have little or none of the Irish brogue. The only difference noticeable in their dialect is that they speak quick and jerkily, with a harsh guttural accent.

Tinkler-Gypsies are generally anxious to get their children baptised, and it is told of a

tinkler-Gypsy—probably Billy Marshall—who, when questioned at a christening as to his fitness to hold up the child, replied, "I could hold up a stot if necessary." Formerly, however, it was said that at Keltonhill Fair they used to have an allocation of the children.

What a lively function Keltonhill Fair must have been. The poor tinkler-Gypsies must have had a busy time of it between drinking, cutting purses, vending wares, horse dealing, and stealing. In that last department the Gypsies hold that they steal under divine authority, but there are others besides Gypsies who shelter themselves behind the Deity when performing acts of dishonesty. The following story is told of a farmer who invoked the Deity to help him—in a case of extremity—to score a success in cheating. The farmer had been conducting family worship on the morning of a certain Keltonhill Fair day, and this is said to have been the tenour of his prayer[132]: "Oh Lord, again the great day of Keltonhill Fair has come round. Let us go in hope and come back in pleasure, neither cheating nor being cheated, but raither by the raitherest gie the cheat than get it." The poor tinkler-Gypsies would require to have recourse to their 'cutest dodges to draw level with such a keen blade as that old farmer must have been.

"URSARI" (BEAR-LEADERS).

(Photo taken by Mr A. MacNeur at Hazlewood, Creetown, Kirkcudbrightshire.)

Tinklers have as a rule very loose notions about matrimony. Even the customs of jumping over a budget to constitute marriage, or of breaking the marital knot over a dead horse are now almost unknown. Mr David MacRitchie, quoting from a description supplied by an Irish lady, gives particulars of a system of *exchanging* wives common amongst Irish tinklers—proving that polygamous habits were not confined to the Galloway tinklers[133]:—"The tinklers seem to think very little of the matter, which they designate by the somewhat vulgar term of 'swap.' To the following 'swap' or exchange a friend of mine was an unseen witness. Tinklers are great horse-dealers, and the one in question was no exception to the rule. Seeing a promising young foal in the possession of a fellow-tinsman, he longed to become its owner. How to do so was the question, for tinkler Number Two refused to part with the animal. Some months later the two men met at the village fair in question. Number Two had a very ugly old wife, with only one eye whom he longed to 'swap'; while Number One was the possessor of a young and pretty one, whom, so far, he had no wish to dispose of in the usual way. But business was business, and so good an opportunity was not to be lost, so he offered the pretty young wife for the old one

with the one eye, provided the coveted foal was given, too, so as to make the exchange equal. Tinkler Number Two demurred, but over a few

"URSARI" (BEAR-LEADERS) OF ASIA MINOR.

(Photo by P. Sebah.)

friendly glasses the bargain was concluded. He got the young wife, and gave in exchange the foal and the 'old woman,' as he called her.

In all these 'swaps,' horses, money, so much whisky, perhaps a new budget, or a suit of clothes, form part of the exchange."

"URSARI" (BEAR-LEADERS) OF TURKEY.

(Photo by P. Sebah.)

(The five illustrations of foreign spoonmakers, tinkers, and bear-leading Gypsies are given by kind permission of Mr David MacRitchie, Joint-Secretary of the Gypsy Lore Society during its brief but highly useful existence.)

As a connecting link between Billy Marshall and the present generation, we shall now record some information about a few of the clan who have lived their lives, and departed since his day :—

Some sixty or seventy years ago a well-known figure in the Thornhill District was Moses Marshall, one of the Kilmaurs breed of Marshalls. About that date he would be about sixty years of age. He walked very erect, and was invariably dressed with a frock coat having large white buttons. At that time he had a good grey horse, and mostly a donkey as well. He was always spoken of as one of the most respectable of the tinkler-Gypsies. Once or twice every year he camped with his wife and family (of whom there appear to have been three sons —John, William, and Charles) sometimes at the "Wee Wood" near Campleslacks, and sometimes at the foot of Crichope Linn, both in Closeburn parish. A favourite place of call during those visits was William Martin's "Smiddy," where he was wont to give great amusement by the yarns he told. There used to be a fair at Wanlockhead many years ago, at which the cottagers sold their cows at the end of the season, not being able to winter them. On one occasion there was a large gathering, and the tinklers were well represented—the Kennedies,

Baxters, and Moses Marshall, with his followers, being there. Moses was a steady man, but the others had taken drink, commenced to fight, and wanted to draw Moses into the quarrel. He got hold of an old "hame blade" (part of horse collar) and laid about him right and left, to the terror of all around, and speedily cowed his assailants. The old smith having been at the fair buying a cow was an eye witness, and used to delight in relating this story. He said the thrashing of the Kennedies and Baxters by Moses was like Samson slaying the Philistines.[y]

Another link of the past was a somewhat droll and eccentric character named Billy Marshall, who frequented Northumberland and is said to have been a "thorough nomad and vagrant." About fifty years ago this scion of the clan Marshall, like the famous Billy, evinced Pictish characteristics by living in a cave known as Cuddy's Cave on Hazelrigg Hill, near Chatton, in the north of the county of Northumberland. His wife Peggy and himself tramped the northern part of Northumberland singing and selling ballads (locally known as "ballants"), one of his favourite songs being very appropriately "Willie, we have missed you," which first came out in the fifties. After the death of his wife, Billy wore her petticoat

Photo by "CUDDY'S CAVE," ON HAZELRIGG HILL, NEAR CHATTON, NORTHUMBERLAND, Fullarton James.

and bonnet with an "ugby," and hence was afterwards dubbed by the county folk "Peggy Marshall."

Francie Marshall, of whom an illustration (to a former chapter) showed him sitting clipping tin, is a good representative of the Kilmaurs branch of the family. He appears to have belonged to Mochrum. It is said his forefolks were blacksmiths there, hailing originally from Kilmaurs. Francie was a short, wiry, active little man—full of fun and frolic, and never more at home than when taking part in a ruction. He lived near an Inn in the village of Kirkcowan, and whenever he heard the noise of fighting in the street he would say to his wife, "Gie me the *pammler*"; and out he would rush and into the thick of the fight, scattering the crowd in all directions. On one occasion, however, it is said that his "sootherin' airn" played him false. Francie had a grievance against a certain man, and spying him through the window one day Francie picked up his "sootherin' airn" and, concealing it under his coat tails, warily followed his foe up the street. He struck him on the back of the neck, and the man fell stunned at his feet. Francie proceeded to make rings round him, brandishing the "sootherin' airn" aloft, but when he got in front of his enemy to his consternation he saw he had felled the wrong man. He rushed up

the back garden, and it is said that it was with the greatest difficulty they dissuaded him from committing suicide. He lived almost opposite the churchyard at Kirkcowan, and his house was a great place for old and young to foregather to hear Francie's droll tales. One night a visitor had drawn a stool towards the fire, and was proceeding to light his pipe. His eye caught something on the hearth.

"Bless my life, Francie," said he, "what's this ye hae got here?" pointing to an epitaph on the hearth-stane.

"Oh," said Francie, "I was juist owerby in the yaird—(alluding to the churchyard)—and I noticed that lying an' I thocht it would make a gran' hearth-stane!"

Francie was famed far and near as a maker of "sole cloots" for ploughs. One day a farmer came wanting him to do some repairs to a plough, but Francie was on his high horse. He said he had no time to do it. The farmer pressed him, but Francie was obdurate, saying that "he had nae time for such coorse wark as there was to be a marriage in the village, and he was working day and nicht putting preens in brooches and making bits of jewellery for marriage preesents." Whether Francie ever did work in anything but the baser metals is not known, but from far and near he was sought

as a handy man for all kinds of smith, plumber, and tin work. A farmer aptly described him thus: — "There was siccana humoursomeness about Francie that a' folks buist (must) like the wee bodie."

These were all fine types of the tinkler-

SNUFF "MULL" MADE BY BILLY MARSHALL.
(Photo by J. P. Milnes.)
(By kind permission of Mr Hugh Carter, Selkirk Arms, Kirkcudbright.)

Gypsy, and help us to gather some idea of what Billy Marshall must have been. We have seen, as an illustration to a previous chapter, a specimen of Billy's handicraft as a horner in the fine horn mug presented by him to the Earl of Selkirk, and we now give as a further illustra-

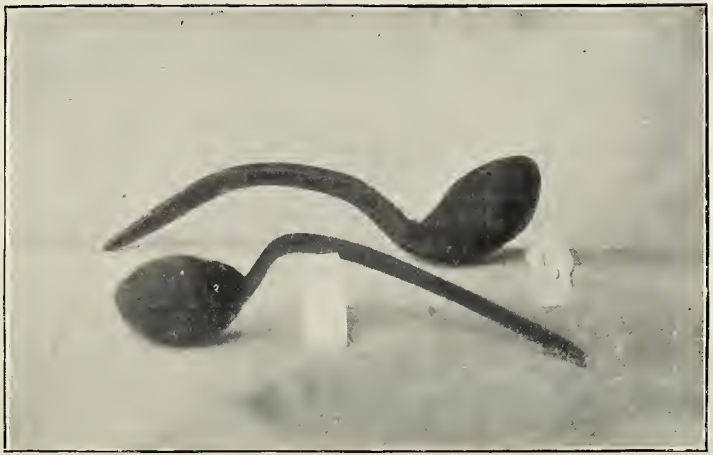


Photo by HORN "DIVIDERS" MADE BY BILLY MARSHALL. J. P. Milnes.

(Both Ladles are now in Mr M'Cormick's possession.)

tion specimens of horn snuff "mulls" and horn "dividers" of Billy's own workmanship. We are also permitted by the kindness of Dr Trotter, the author of *Galloway Gossip*, to give as an illustration a specimen of a flat-iron made by Billy in 1746, and we now quote from *Galloway Gossip* the Doctor's apt description of Billy's ordinary avocations, and incidentally of the flat-iron :—"He use't tae make bagpipes, an' horn-spunes, an' flat-airns, an' bress an' siller brooches, forbye tins, an' boosums, an' bee-skeps, an' orra things o' that kin'. A hae a flat-airn in the hoose o' Billy's mak, wi' the date 1746 (1759?) on the upper side o't. It's gettin' faint noo, but it's still heicher nor the rest o' the airn, an' the airn's lang an' nairra an' thin, but it's a gran' yin for dressing necks an' breasts." We are informed that, despite its being a century and a half old, the iron is still in daily use, and that Mrs Trotter cannot be tempted to hang it on the drawing-room wall with a nice blue silk ribbon to adorn it, as she can't find any iron of modern invention to "airn necks an' breasts" as well as it does.

That Billy worked in various metals is confirmed by the following tradition which shows Billy in a new guise—that of a counterfeit coiner: In one of the old cottages at Lagwine, where the forebears of the M'Cullochs—still

Photo by

SMOOTHING IRON MADE BY BILLY MARSHALL.

T. A. M'Murtrie.

(By kind permission of Dr Trotter, Perth.

represented there—lived, he was busily engaged one day melting a copper or brass pan and making pennies. His wife—"Judy" on this occasion—was his helper keeping his blow-pipe going, and he was overheard shouting—"Blaw, Judy, woman. Blaw, or ye'll spile the folk's coppers." Probably these coppers were similar to the old card pennies referred to by Mr Sampson at page 157 of volume III. of *The Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society.*

The tradition that Billy killed one of his wives for a frailty committed with Isaac Miller, whom he also killed, and then assumed the kingship of the clan, is confirmed as to his having killed the former chief and thereafter acted as his successor by the following circumstantial details given in *The Life of James Allan*, p. 49, et seq. :—

"Matters went on thus for a season, when I was sent one morning to rouse our chief, who had agreed the preceding night upon an excursion to Ayr. On entering the place where he slept, what was my surprise at finding him lying dead on his shake-down. The floor was covered with blood, and various stabs appeared to have been inflicted on his body; at his side this (drawing a long blood-encrusted knife from his bosom), yes! this identical knife which I had bought at the fair of Ayr twelve months before,

Photo by "THE GOOD SAMARITAN." J. P. Milnes.

(By permission of Messrs Leggatt Bros., publishers of the large Plate.)

and had sold it to Will Marshall the day before the murder was committed; but what durst I say? He was powerful and amongst his friends, whilst I stood alone, and in a strange country. I, however, secreted the knife for my own preservation, as he had bought it of me when no one was present, and I have every reason to suppose that he left it there in order that I might be thought the murderer, as the knife was known to be mine; but I am determined to retain it, and will on my death-bed (by presenting it) try to awaken his conscience to a sense of his guilt. He had for some weeks before been hinting that he was nearly related to our chief by his mother's side, but that, I have since been informed, was false. The death of our king was no sooner made known, when, on account of Will's pretended kindred, he took upon himself the management of affairs, and began by ordering the body of the deceased to be buried the same night, as privately as possible, in an obscure place; nor was any cognizance taken of the affair, though his sudden death, and the suspicious circumstances attending it, were well known through the country. But Will having failed in implicating me, he reported that our chief had been his own murderer, and has since that period acted as our leader, in which office, to do him justice, he behaves with impartiality;

but I am positive that his guilty conscience renders his existence miserable, for ever after the affair of the cave at Cainmuir (Cairnsmore),

A FOURTH CAVE RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON CAIRNSMORE IN "THE RED STRAND" (SEE PAGE 76).

(Limelight photo by J. Dunn.)

Kirkcudbrightshire, he dares neither travel in the dark nor sleep alone."

We have adopted the plan of narrating incidents, whether handed down by written records or merely by tradition, in the life of Billy Marshall and his gang, and their successors, because we think that from these incidents the fairest estimate of them can be obtained.

Billy was no ordinary or humdrum individual. He had blood in his veins that compelled him to be a ruler, even though he had to kill his former chief to obtain his kingly power. He is unique in his way. In him we see a dual personage—probably the last in this country to represent in so glaring a form the peculiar characteristics of Romani-speaking Gypsies and the Picts. Place and time both conspired to cause these characteristics to blossom forth in the person of Billy. The laws of the country were oppressive to the Gypsies, and were unevenly administered by weak and vacillating executive officers. To Billy, descended from one of the races who had formerly owned the whole country, the laws of the country, and particularly the land laws thereof, must have been unbearable. Bit by bit the whole country had been filched by land grabbing aliens. When Billy attained to his kingship, he saw the last act of the drama being performed. Ancient commons and pieces of waste ground and runrig lands were being enclosed, and cottages demolished; and cottars,

small farmers, and the roving tribes were thereby thrown out of employment, homes, and camping grounds. It was fitting then that a man of Billy Marshall's strength of body and will, and one who doubly grudged that encroachment on the rights of the people, should come to the front at such a crisis, and be hailed as the leader of "The Levellers," who, as already shown, took up arms in vindication of their rights. But there is ample evidence that Billy followed in the footsteps of a previous freebooter, the notorious Rorie Gill of old[134]—

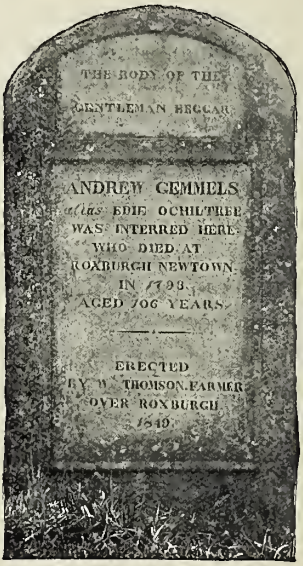
> "Yet break we not the orphans' bread,
> Nor bring down woe on the widow's head;
> We pass without harming the child of care,
> Nor wish we industry's meed to share;
> We only take from the lordly Thane,
> What honesty deems ill gotten gain;
> And even the foeman's blood to spill,
> Was ne'er the desire of Rorie Gill."

The crimes laid to Billy's charge were brutal enough, but even these should not be held proven unless some unpublished records bring fresh light upon the traditions which have handed down the story of these crimes. We gave, in a former chapter, an excerpt from the Court Books at Wigtown which referred to the incarceration of the wife and two children of "young" Marshall for cutting purses, and that record may refer to Billy Marshall; and

the only other direct reference which the Law Records have so far divulged is the following[135]:—"*New Galloway, 16th May, 1744.*—There being one vagrant person named William Marshall taken by the constables of Carsphairn and transmitted by them to this place. The Commissioners and Justice of the peace, at their meeting here, Does hereby ordain the said William Marshall to be transmitted to Kirkcudbright, and there to be detained in your close goall until he be properly lifted by some one of His Majesty's Officers. To the Magistrates of the Burgh of Kirkcudbright.—JAMES MCADAM PRY." That may have reference to the occasion on which Gordon of Kenmure let Billy slip after taking his precognition, for the Court Books do not divulge any further trace of the incident.

In mitigation of the crimes attributed to him by tradition, and assuming that the traditions are well founded, it may be pleaded that (1) some of these crimes, such as "correcting" and punishing any members of the tribe, were justified by the Laws of the Gypsies; (2) some of these crimes, such as his polygamous habits, were due to strongly inherited Pictish tendencies; (3) most of such crimes were, if not exactly in his time then in a generation or two previously, frequently committed even by the

nobility of the land; and (4) some of his crimes were directly due to bad laws unevenly administered and to persecution. As a quaint illustration of the extent to which that persecu-



"EDIE OCHILTREE'S" TOMBSTONE.

From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

tion was carried, the following quotation is taken from entries in the cash book anent the erection of the loft in the old Church of Minnigaff[133]:—

"8thly. And in regard the Session are informed that it will be very disagreeable to

most of the parishioners to have the two tinklers of Monnygoff to sit before them in said loft, it is hereby expressly provided that the said tinklers, or any in their name, are not to be

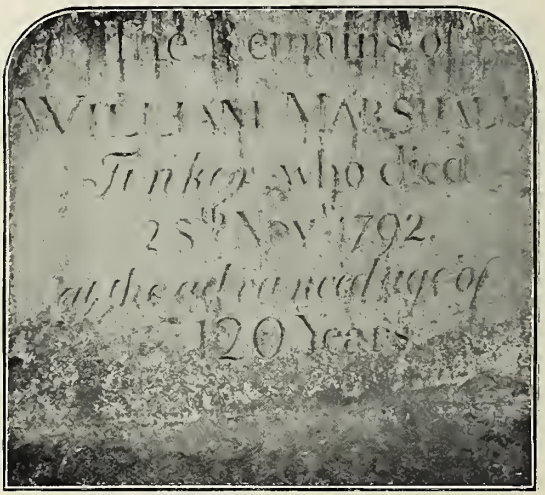
BACK OF "EDIE OCHILTREE'S" TOMBSTONE.

From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

allowed to offer for any seat excepting the number nearest the gavel wall on each side of the loft.—(Signed) EBENR. STOTT, *Modr.*" The two tinklers would probably be the head of the Marshall gang and the head of a large gang of

Youngs whom tradition also says had Minnigaff as their headquarters.

A noted compeer of Billy Marshall was Andrew Gemmil or Edie Ochiltree, who, as he appears in the pages of the *Antiquary*, was



BILLY MARSHALL'S TOMBSTONE, CHURCHYARD, KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

(Photo by T. H. Barclay.)

a native of Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire, where many of his descendants yet reside. He was well known throughout the whole of Galloway, and there was not a farm-house in the whole shire but had received a visit from the sturdy

beggar. He was "twenty years a soldier, twenty a garrison fogie, and twenty a beggar."

When Billy Marshall was taken prisoner by the soldiers who quelled "The Levellers," he managed to escape "by the assistance of his

BACK OF BILLY MARSHALL'S TOMBSTONE, CHURCHYARD, KIRKCUDBRIGHT.
(Photo by T. H. Barclay.)

intimate friend Edie Ochiltree, or Andrew Gemmil, then a private soldier in the regiment of the Black Horse." Andrew Gemmil and Billy Marshall both sorned on the public and set the laws at defiance. Public opinion, how-

ever, has neither been unjust nor unkind to their memories. Both of them have had monuments erected to their memory at public expense.

Billy proved plucky to the end. During his last illness some one hinted at the likelihood of its being the last:

"Na, na," quo' he, "every pin in my auld tabernacle's o' richt gude aik; feint a fear o' me this time yet." But, like his friend Andrew Gemmil, he had at last to "behold the end o't." One version[137] states that "he subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from Dunbar, Earl of Selkirk," and it adds, "Lord Daer attended his funeral as chief mourner to the Churchyard of Kirkcudbright, and laid his head in the grave"; but, on the other hand, tradition affirms that that honour was denied to the Earl of Selkirk, and Mactaggart[138] affirms that Billy "was buried in State by the Hammermen, which body would not permit the Earl of Selkirk to lay his head in the grave merely because his Lordship was not one of their incorporated tribe." Billy, however, had evidently some reason for gratitude to the Earl, and the present of the carved horn mug, which Billy had given him, proves that he had not forgotten the Earl's kindness.

The traditions of Galloway are replete with

Photo by

MARSHALLS AND A WILSON.

A. M'Cormick.

blood-curdling tales that make Billy Marshall's crimes sink into insignificance. The exploits of Rorie Gill have been recorded in verse by Joseph Train[139] :—

"Well was our trip to St. Mary's Isle
Paid with the jewels of Devorgoil ;
Merrily on from Kenmure we
Fast galloped to Castle Kennedy ;
The currach we launched, we sailed the pond,
We pillaged the Castle, and stript the ground ;
And this night from Cruggleton we must bring
The stud of the Gallovidian king—
This golden spur once gleamed on his heel—
His was this baldric of burnished steel ;
And long ere the morning my merry men will
Bring his best geldings to Rorie Gill."

. . . .

"Oh ! it was the searching bloodhound's yell,
And the tramping of horsemen down the dell,
And the shouts of many a forrester brave ;
Ho ! now they reach the robber's cave."

. . . .

"And long ere his men could rise on the hill,
Stiff hanged on a wuddie was Rorie Gill."

. . . .

In the *Traditions of Galloway* and Mr Crockett's *The Grey Man* are recorded the horrible deeds, upon which we need not here dwell, of "Sawney Bean" and his incestuous, cannibal, cave-dwelling crew.

. . . .

Tradition has also handed down a gruesome tale known as "The Murder Hole." "The Murder Hole" of tradition was situated near the

Rowantree Schoolhouse. It is said to have been "eighty feet deep, from which human bones have been brought up." In connection therewith, perhaps the most blood-curdling and exciting of Galloway tales is told in the *Traditions of Galloway*. It relates to a gang of waylayers and murderers who lived at the Rowantree Toll on the borders of Galloway and Ayrshire, and tells of a youth who had been stormstayed and spent the night in their house, and how he managed to escape by throwing the blood-hounds off his scent. Tradition says that when these wretches were brought to book they confessed before their execution to having put fifty victims out of sight in "The Murder Hole." Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., in *Good Words* for December, 1894, gives another version of the story as told to him when a lad by his mother as they were travelling in a postchaise to Ayr. Sir Herbert's account of the tradition winds up with this interesting observation :—"The ethnologist may perhaps trace in this low-statured, swarthy band of murderers a survival of the aboriginal, pre-Celtic race in Britain, of whom the Irish chronicler, MacFirbis, wrote long ago :—

"'Every one who is black-haired, who is a tattler, guileful, noisy, contemptible; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh and

Photo by A. M'Cormick.

THE "MURDER HOLE" OF TRADITION.

inhospitable person ; every low thief, every slave or churl, every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly, and the promoters of discord among the people, these are the descendants of Firbolg.'"

The "Murder Hole" of tradition is in danger of being lost sight of in the "Murder Hole" of romance. Mr Crockett, in his *Raiders*, removes it, for strategic purposes, about seven miles away to the end of Loch Neldrichen in the midst of the wilderness of the Galloway mountains. Alas ! the traditional "Murder Hole" is in danger of being forgotten. The younger generation know only that of the "Murder Hole" of romance, and the good farmer at —— seems to be in league with the novelist in helping to make that of tradition and that of romance one and the same. It appears that some of his sheep had fallen into the "Murder Hole" of tradition and been drowned, and so, despite its traditionary depth, he managed to fill it up, and now all that marks the scene of the real "Murder Hole" is a luxuriant growth of rashes.

If Billy sinned, according to the aristocratic idea, it was only because he arrived a little late upon the scene. His purer Pictish blood may have prolonged his Pictish tendencies. George

Photo by R. Dinwiddie.

THE "MURDER HOLE" OF ROMANCE.

Borrow in his *Romany Rye* says, "Does not a blood spot, or a lust spot on the clothes of a blooming emperor give a kind of zest to the genteel young god? Do not the pride, superciliousness, and selfishness of a certain aristocracy make it all the more regarded by its worshippers? . . . . Why is there a beggar or trumpery fellow in Scotland who does not pretend to be somebody? Is not every Scotchman descended from some king, kemp, or cow stealer of old, by his own account at least?" Thus we see that what is deemed an honour in one family tree may prove a perpetual blot in another. An example of that kind came recently under our notice. One of the Marshalls had been out fighting our battle in the Boer War. A rumour was circulated that young Marshall had been executed for some grave crime. Fortunately the Surgeon who had attended him in his last illness happened to return to this country and hearing of that untrue and malignant rumour at once wrote to the local newspaper to this effect :—[140]

"I found him to be a quiet and inoffensive man, who had many friends and, I believe, no enemies. I attended him in his last illness of enteric fever, and can only say that he showed the spirit of a Christian man in his last passage. For the sake of his widow and children I would

be glad if you would demolish the aforesaid rumour."

A curious mixture Billy undoubtedly must have been—a law unto himself when the country was almost devoid of policemen or executive officers to enforce properly the laws such as they were. He gave many occasion to hate him, but these had to bottle up their hatred for he sorned on them with impunity. Others treated him kindly—some because they knew about his descent, some because they dreaded him, and some because he was an interesting character who carried from house to house the "tittle-tattle" of the district—and in return he appears to have proved grateful to them. In that state of matters we must not fail to note what he accomplished. In point of fact, "frae the braes o' Glenapp to the Brig-en' o' Dumfries" he played the part of an overlord—though his was a kind of catholic superiority for which he could produce no title.

Under these circumstances, what might have been the result had the control of his gang been in weaker hands? Probably the very crimes attributed to him were essential to terrorise his gang and bring them into subjection. A strong man physically; a splendid wrestler; a good boxer; famous at the quarter staff; a master handicraftsman, and member of the Hammer-

men's Guild; possessed of ingenuity and an ever-ready wit; quick to assert the rights and avenge the wrongs of his gang, he was an ideal leader for such a gang, and well for the district through which they roamed they had such a strong man as leader. Even the notorious "Piper Allan" had to admit that as a leader, "to do him justice, he behaves with impartiality." Little wonder, then, that—

> "The duddy deils, in mountain glen,
> Lamenteth ane an' a,' man,
> For sic a King they'll never ken
> In bonnie Gallowa', man."

But his popularity did not end with those of his tribe. He was appointed leader of "The Levellers" by the cottars and farmers—which proved how firmly they relied on his integrity and ability. That we may err by judging him by the present-day types is confirmed by a gentleman living who says that his grandmother maintained that Billy, whom she had often met, was "something far above the *ordinary* tinkler."

His life was in a manner a final protest against usurpation and aggrandisement on the part of the white race over the dark. Might had despoiled and was despoiling the dark of their rights, and Billy raised a last unavailing protest on behalf of his race against the law that "Might (or its modern equivalent, money and brain power) is

right." The kindlier nature in us applauds his protest, but civilization shrieking "Might is right," and with hands oft-times dripping with blood, marches forward, fulfilling the destiny of the world.

The peculiar circumstances in which Billy, possessing a gypsy chief's prerogatives and the tendencies of a Pict, was placed, and the kindly, mellowing influences of time may have softened memories of his crimes; but these crimes, if tradition errs not, will always stand against him in the eyes of modern civilization. Despite these *traditionary* crimes, however, Billy is held in kindly remembrance throughout the length and breadth of the ancient province of Galloway.

Let us try to think kindly of him. As a Gypsy chief he played his part nobly in the eyes, at all events, of his own subjects. As a Pictish chief he was the victim of the tendencies of his race. As a man he appears to have had the saving grace of gratitude. Over and over again did he risk his own neck to repay a kindness. In a measure, Galloway owes Billy a debt of gratitude for holding so well in check his gang of ruthless desperadoes, and we are glad the tinkler-Gypsies nowadays seldom appear before the Courts for other than petty misdemeanours, and as to such crimes we, who do not know what it means to be daily on the

borders of starvation, should surely avoid judging harshly these sorely tempted folks. Soon the tinkler-Gypsies will be absorbed by the Gorgios whom they despise, and then information about them will only be obtainable in books.

"If 'if's' and 'an's' were pots and pans
There would be no use for tinklers"

is a well known proverb, though one not likely to harm tinklers, but gradually they will cease as a separate race if they don't cease the making of pots and pans and adopt more remunerative trades.

In conclusion, our feelings and wishes about Billy Marshall, the most notorious and noteworthy of the tinkler-Gypsies of Galloway, may best be given expression to in the equivocal language of his own favourite toast :

"May ne'er waur be among us."

ERRATA.

Page.						Line.
6	For	Gypsologist	read	Gypsiologist	.. ..	10
36	,,	8	,,	3		6
37	,,	initials across	,,	initials, a cross	..	23
45	,,	avocation	,,	avocations ..	..	11
146	,,	6	,,	62		24
147	,,	George	,,	Peter		7
151	,,	a	,,	at		29
203	,,	*mu*	,,	*mui*		7
206	,,	through	,,	throw		19
229	,,	7	,,	72		14
241	,,	hands	,,	tongue		6
255	,,	*vafardes*	,,	*vafedi*		9
257	,,	*Rom'ni chel*	,,	*Rom'ni chal* ..		15, 18, 29
263	,,	*Boshauiks*	,,	*Boshaniks*		25
283	,,	hale	,,	haill		3
293	,,	8	,,	80		19
315	,,	Simpson	,,	Simson		23
342	,,	Egyptians	,,	Egyptianis		9
348	,,	1505	,,	1505 [87]		12
367	,,	Andrew	,,	Alexander		1
382	,,	Simson	,,	Sampson		13
471	,,	Neldrichen	,,	Neldricken		11

APPENDIX.

Note on "Shivering the back-lill"

(page 43).

THE following instructive excerpt is taken from Mr D. MacRitchie's article on "The Proof Sheets of 'Redgauntlet,'" *Longman's Magazine*, March, 1900:—

". . . . One detail overlooked by Mr Lang is that Scott did not refer to Steenie Steenson as having 'the finest finger for the back-lilt,' but for the 'back-*lill*.' There is no doubt about this, for the marginal addition is written with unusual clearness, and, moreover, it was so printed in the first edition of the novel. Indeed, Dr Jamieson, in his Scottish Dictionary, quotes that very passage as one of the examples of the use of 'lill.' There seems to have been a good deal of confusion between 'lill' and 'lilt' for a very long time, as far back as *The Book of the Howlat*, wherein there is mention of the 'lilt-pype.' Possibly this confusion is due to the printers. At any rate it is beyond question that the 'lill-pipe' was the bag-pipe, and that both that name and the companion 'doudle-sack' (whence the adjective sack-doudling in Wandering Willie's Tale) are derived from the same source as the Dutch *lullepijp* and *doedelzak*. It would be out of place here to enter further into the complications of 'lill' and 'lilt,' but as it is certain that Scott used the first of these forms in the passage referred to, the spelling 'lilt' ought to disappear from all future editions of 'Redgauntlet.'"

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b Mr William Thomson, "ex-cobbler," Kirkcudbright (since deceased).
c Mrs Simpson, Arthur Street, Newton-Stewart.
d Mr Hugh Carter, Selkirk Arms, Kirkcudbright.
e Miss M'Crae, Ailsa Cottage, Ayr.
f Mr Hugh Carter.
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q Mr George Hunter, retired schoolmaster, Ringford, near Kirkcudbright.
r Mr Alexander Morton, solicitor, Newton-Stewart.
s Mr Alexander Stroyan, retired farmer, Benfield, near Newton-Stewart (since deceased).
t Do. do. do
u Mr James M'Guffie, Palnure, near Newton-Stewart.
v Mr George Macmillan tinkler-Gypsy.
w Mrs Simpson.
x Mr James Lawson, Marchhall Road, Prestonfield, Edinburgh.
y Mr Thomas Melrose, Thornhill (since deceased).

TINKLER-GYPSY CANT VOCABULARY.

In this Vocabulary, as in Smart & Crofton's *Dialect of the English Gypsies*, we have endeavoured to adhere to a phonetic orthography, and "the vowel sounds are expressed and pronounced as follow :—

ai	as in	bait	e	as in	net	eu	as in	feud
a	,,	gnat	ei	,,	height	u	,,	nut
aa	,,	baa	i	,,	knit	oo	,,	cool, foot
au, aw	,,	caul, caw	ō	,,	eoal	oi	,,	foil
final é	as	ai in bail	o	,,	not	ou	,,	foul
ee	as in	beet						

As to the consonants the majority are pronounced as in English."

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
A			
Adder	.....	linki	
Anything	okrie	.....	
Apples	kranshers	kranshers, pauvers	
Apron	foredrum [1]	.....	
Arch (of a bridge)	.....	forge	
Ass	aizel, oozel, seefer	seefer	
Aunt	"sister,"[2] naismort's, prawl	.....	
Away	awast,[3] avri	avri	
B			
Bacon	guffie, mass, tiger, sawnie	.....	
Bad	shan	shan	
Badness	shannas (? ness)	.....	
Bag	gauni	gōni, gōi	
Baker	habben kairer	.....	
Baker's shop	habben keir	.....	
Barley	rules	.....	

1 "When ye're *bingin avri* (going away) to a t'ither *watches* (beat) in the *morgen* (morning), gin ye meet a *manishi* (woman) wi' a big back burden o' *nawkens'* *chaetery* (tinklers' tins), an' wi' a elean *foredrum* (apron) an' heavy *tramplered* (footed), ye couldna meet a sonsier or luckier thing in this worl'."

2 William Marshall says he would eall his aunt his sister!

3 "Ye're a *beenship* (nice) *gadgi* (gentleman) an' I'm *jawin* (going) *awast* (away) the morn's *morgen* (morning), an' whun I *nash* (go) *avri* (away) I hope the country *hantle* (folks) wunna be *glogin* (laughing) at ye or making a *cull* (fool) of yer *nesis* (self) for *mangan* (talking) to us and us-like."

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Barn	graunzie	granzi	
Basket	rooskie	ruskie	
Beans	rattlers	.....	
Beautiful	barrie, baurie	barrie	
Bed	kip,[1] wuddrus	wuddrus	
Bedclothes	kinchens' toggerie, wautheries [1]	.....	
Beef	mass, carnis	carnis, mast	
Beer	rauniel	ringel	
Beggar	.....	sprachin manishi	
Bell	chaet, yaik	.....	
Big house	bara kier	gran-ciar	
Boat	.....	beerie [2] bawt	
Bog	.....	ged	
Bone	flint	.. ...	
Bonnet	nabchit (cap), scroof (good bonnet), caidy (hat), gougl (hat), howfie (mutch)	howfie, caidi, scroof	
Bookcase	yaik	.....	
Boots	strods, taehis, chaetery (old boots)	strods, teahis	
Bottle	vallin, maachte,[3] rootlie, rouble	.....	
Bowl	brickler	brockler	
Boy	chavo, chauvie, gourie	chavey, gaidi, callach	
Black or black man	caulo, callo, kaulo	.....	
Blankets	coories, kinchins' toggerie, wautheries [1]	coories, toggery	
Blind	shan winklered [4]	.....	
Blood	yerrim	bin yerram	
Brackens	.....	rockens	
Brat or apron	foredrum	.....	
Bread ,, (good)	pennam, pennam (skuker)	habben, nalin, pennam	
Break	pagger [5]	marred	
Brooch	bin-chitri	bin-chaet, bin liuer (silver), princkler, ginn	
Broth	shauch	shach	
Bud		coldni	
Bull		bovi	
Butcher		carnis-cowl	
Butcher's shop		masser-kier	
Butter	smout	smout	

1 A good bed is a *shuker kip* or a *wautherie*, a bad bed being a *shan kip*.
2 *Binsi bire* is a winged boat.
3 *Jaw't* (drink) oot of the *maachte* (bottle).
4 A *gadgi* (house-dweller) wi' *shan winklers* (bad eyes) an' canna *deek* (see).
5 I'll *pagger* (break) your *test* (head).

English.	Galloway Tinder-Gypsies.	Perthshir- and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
C			
Cabbage	shauch	... .	
Cat	matchka, nyowinchaet	neowinchaet	
Calf	.....	routler	
Camp (or tent)	.....	wattle	
Can	drum	.....	
Candle	blinkin, mumlie, glim	blinkan, blinklum	
Cap	nabchit	.....	
Cart	hurley, float	whirli	
Cartshed	.....	whirliceir, whurli-kean	
Chair	bettiment, yaik	.....	
Chapel	dalwhuddin chaet	.....	
Cheat	gladdher (Irish)	.....	
Cheese	keal, chizcazin, kaisim,[1] kaisin	kaisum, kaj	
Chemise	gawd	.....	
Child	gothlin (Irish)	conyin, lurin, lairin	
Children	chauvies, kinchen [2]	.....	
Choke	rachle [3]	.....	
Church	cangrie, cangeerie, liggie	kanli, kangrie	
Clock	tartler, teckler, tattler	.....	
Clogs	thatches	.....	
Clothes (old)	chaetery,	cleidim, cleidin,	
Clothes	toggerie	toggery	
Clout	.....	fichel	
Coach	. ....	postigi	
Coal	yag	yag	
Coat	shuha, schoochie, flaffer, tog or tyug,[4] swinger	tog, guffin, hinger	
Cold	sheelra	.....	
Collier	yagger	.....	
Come	bing	bing	
Coney	.....	bunti, muiti	
Coin	lowie, lour	.....	
	½d, hira or curdee	.....	
	1d, a wun	nyuck, wun, wing	
	2d, dnce wuns	jnce wuns	
	3d, thrums, 3 nyuck (Irish)	.....	
	two 3d-bits, duce thrums	.....	
	5d, fippence or 5 wuns	.. ..	
	6d, a sy or sigh	.....	
	6d, midjik (Irish)	.....	
	4d, a crocker	.....	

1 *Shuker beenship kaisim* is awfully good cheese. A Galloway farmer's wife says *kaisim* denotes the cheesy part of milk.

2 *Smug* (kiss) the wee *kinchen* (child) and *faik* (give) it a *wun* (penny) to put in its *femmel* (hand).

3 "*Rachle* (choke) that *gadgi* (house-dweller) till I get at his *swag* (pocket)."

4 A *shuker* or a *barrie tog* means a greatcoat.

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
	1/-, a hog	hog	
	5/-, a youp, yoick yockora, bull	yowp	
	2/6, half do.	.....	
	£1, a rij	.....	
	£5, a flimsy	....	
	£10, duce flimsies	.....	
Corn	geeve, greenam	greenam, gran, grannam	
Cow	routler, hurley, gournie	routler, bad, banyie (milk), gownie, govni	
Cow-house	.....	routler-ciar	
Cranks	jumpers	.....	
Crown	yowp	yowp	
Cruelty man	gadgi [1]	.....	
Cuddy	aisel, oozel, hoosel, seefer [2]	.....	
Cup and saucer	brickler [3]	.....	
Cursing	sallachin	sallachin	
D			
Day	davies	.....	
Daylight	beenlightment, heenlightie	.....	
Daughter	prawl	.....	
Death	moulid	moudit, mullet	
Deserter	nasher	.....	
Desk	yaik	.....	
Devil	ruffie, "Tam" [4]	.....	
Dig	grib	grib	
Dog	yucal, jougal, buffert, yaffin	buffert, yelper, jugal, yaffin	
Donkey	aisel, oozel, hazel	oozel	
Door, Doorway	belliment, [5] jigger [6]	belliment, jigger, [6] doris [7]	
Dozen	jukal	jucal	
Drink	peeve, bumie	pieve, peeve, sgeamhas	
Drinking-house	peevan-kier	peevan-kien	

1 "Hoy, would ye *ja'ri* (move on), here's the *gadgi* (cruelty man) coming."

2 *Seefer* is sometimes applied by Galloway people to anything foolish or knavish.

3 "*Bric* for the cup and *kler* for the saucer," so my tinkler friend explained!

4 The use of the word "Tam" for the Devil or Spirit of Darkness occurred in an attempt by a tinkler to frighten his wife. He said "*Shunnas, di deekum?* (Keep still, do you see him?) He's *bingin* (coming) nearer. It's 'Tam' (the Devil) *bingin aree* (coming this way)." Then the woman arose and said, "Let's *nash* (depart) oot o' this."

5 *Chaet* o' the *belliment* is the screen over the tent door.

6 *Jilt* the *jigger* is shut the door.

7 *Droog en doris* is shut the door.

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsi	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Duck	.....	quaker, quacker, quacki	
Dying	mouly in'	.....	
Dyke	chaet	garry	
E			
Earth	lennam	.....	
Ease nature	jeer	.....	
Eat	ha	.....	
Eggs	kecklers, yarras, yarrows	cacklers, yerras, tunnock	
Eight	.....	och	
Eye	yak, ogle, deeker, winkler	.....	
Execute	rachle	.....	
F			
Face	yack, mun	.....	
Farm	.....	cran	
Farmhouse	keir	cran, kain, crancair	
Father	naiskel	naiskel, datair, gather datan (little father)	
Father-in-law	.....	datchen	
Feared	trash [1]	.....	
Feet	peeries, tramplers	.....	
Fences	.....	kashtees	
Field	slang [2]	.....	
Fight	marn	.....	
Fine	been, bin	bin, been	
Fine man	been gadgy, been cowl	bin gadgy, bin cowl, baurie been cowl	
Fine woman	been manishi, beenship mort	been manishi, beenship mort, calleach ma, bori raunie	
Finger	femmel	fable, famble, femme	
Finger-ring	fanni	grani, granyi, graineol	
Fire	yag, glimmer	yag, glimmer	
Fire-irons	glimmer chaets	.....	
Firelights	glimmers	.....	
Firewood	chaetery, kashties, filshes, yag	kashties, filshes, yag	
Fish	matchko, flattrin	flattrins	
Five	fō, punch	cuig	
Fivepence	grossum (4d) and a wun (1d)	.....	
Flesh	carnis	.....	
Flour	varro	.....	

1 "I'd be *trash* (afraid) to *fek* (take) *okrie* (anything) off her for she's a *peevie* (drunken) old *manishi* (woman)."

2 *Slang* the *grye* (put the horse into the field).

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Folk	hantle [1]	hantle [1]	
Food	habben,[2] pennam	habben, pennam, prass	
Fool	cull	.....	
Foot	peerie, trampler	.....	
Fortune-telling	dukkerin' (Eng.) [3]	.....	
Four	.. ...	cair, ceithir	
Fourpence	grossum	.....	
Fowl	cauni	gaunie	
Frog	.....	frod	
Frosty	sheelra	.....	
G			
Garden	garry	gadi, garry	
Gentle	bin, been, baurie	bin, been, barrie	
Gentleman	been gaugie, baurie rye	.....	
Gentlewoman	been mort, been raunie, baurie manishi, been gourie	.....	
Gill	chant [4] or cant	.....	
Girl	a young beur (Shelta)	gourie, gowrie, rackli, dilli	
Glasgow	.....	Glazi	
Go	nash, ja, bing	jan, ja	
Go away	ja avri, javri, ja'ri	ja avri	
God	Been Gaugie	Been Cowl	
Good, great, grand	been, shukar, beenship,[5] baurie, baré, baro	beenship, sucar	
Good day	beenship davies, baurie davies, shukar davies	.....	
Good metal or tin	beenship mashlam	.....	
Goodness	shukarness	.....	
Good night	beenship ratti	.....	
Go in	.....	ja anee, or ja andree	
Going	bingin', jawin'	.....	
Go on	nash avri, j'avri	.....	
Granary	graunzie	.....	
Grand, good, great	been, baurie, baré, baro	baurie	

1 "The *horny* (policeman) *feckit* (took) me *avri* (away) an' the country *hantle* (folks) a' *stallin'* (standing) *deekin'* (looking) at me, an' he *feckit* (put) me in a *darkment* (black-hole) in the *staurdie* (gaol)."

2 "What's a mill?" "The thing ye get the *habben* (food) oot o' for the *grye* (horse) or for our *nesis* (selves)."

3 Galloway tinkler-Gypsies know this expression, but they say: "*Grib* (take) the *femmel* (hand)" is "the aul', aul' style o't." "*Grib* her *femmel* and *fek* the *lowie*" is "Tell her fortune and get the money."

4 A *chant o' gatter* is a glass of beer; a *cant o' peeve* is a glass of whisky.

5 "*Beenship davies, nawkens,*" or "*Baurie dews, nawkins,*" is "Good day, tinkler."

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshir and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies	This space is eft blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Grandfather	nais-gadgi, naiskel's-naiskel	gran-naiskel	
Grandmother	naismort's-naismort	gran-naismort	
Grass	fizam, faizim	.....	
Great, good, grand	been, baurie, baré, baro	baurie	
Ground	lennam [1]	lennam, lennum	
Gull	.....	feddar	
Gypsy language	Romani	.....	
H			
Hair	faizim [2]	ballast, faizim	
Hand	vast, femmel, fammel	.....	
Handbasin	femmelchaet	.....	
Handcuffs	yaiks [3]	.....	
Handkerchief	wype	plashti	
Hang	rachle	.....	
Hang him	grib him	.....	
Halfpenny	curdee, hira	.....	
Hare	a baurie maccam, swishy (Eng. Rom.)	.....	
Hat	nabchit (cap), scaf, scroof (good bonnet) caidy, gougl, howfie (mutch)	.....	
Hay	faisim, carse, cass, cás, pennam	faisim	
Head	test, [4] block, [5] cowie [6]	.....	
Hedge	chaet	.....	
Hen	raunie (? kaunie), kaunie, jirgin, [7] kani [7]	caunie gauni	
Herring	flattern	flattern, scadden	
Hill	.....	grani, montanes	
Hold your tongue	atch yer mangan, stall [8] yer whuddin, stall yer mangan	.....	

1 "If ye meet a *gadgi* (house-dweller) *jawin'* (going) to his *gribbin* (work) wi' *duce gryes* (two horses) to *grib* (plough) the *lennam* (ground) *ja* (push) on, there'll be *baurie lowie* (big money) that *devas* (day)—yin o' the luckiest things in the worl' if ye meet that in the *morgen* (morning)."

2 *Faizim* oot o' the *slang* (field) = hay; but *faizim* on the *test* (head) = hair.

3 "*The horneys* (policemen) are *jawin' avri* (going away) with the *yaiks* (handcuffs to put on their *femmels* (hands)."

4 "If ye meet a carroty *tested* (headed) *mort* (wife) on her bare *tramplers* (feet) whun ye're *bingin' awast* (going away) to the *watches* (country) in the *morgen* (morning) turn back into the *keir* (house), for ye'll get neither luck nor *lour* (money) that *devas* (day)."

5 *Deek* (look) at his *block* (head).

6 *Pagger* (break) his *cowie* (head).

7 *Jirgin* is a hen "ettled to be killed." *Kani* is a hen "ettled to be kept." *Moud* the *caunie* is kill the hen.

8 "*Stall* (stop)! there's the *cleechy* (policeman). *Shangos* (listen)!"

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Horn	nab	.....	
Horse	grye, greham	grye, cappel, giffin, prod	
Horse-dealer	grye-fennnler, grye-gribber, grye-fekker	.....	
Horse-hair	.....	faizim	
Hot	fisho (given as Highland cant, ?fait chaud, Fr.)	.....	
Hound	jugl, buffert, yelper, yaffin, seefer	buffert, yelper, jougl, yaffin	
House	kair, keir	keir, kain, kean, kian, kiam, kair, ciar, tve	
I			
Ice	mashlam	.....	
Iron	sausfer, yergin	.....	
Irish	Dal, Yerrachan [1]	.....	
Itch	reef	.....	
J			
Jewels	chitri, chaetery	chitri	
Jewellery	chitri, chaetery	chitri	
Jug	.....	maisi	
K			
Kale	shauch	.....	
Kettle	blawkie, drum, jougl [2]	ringan, blawkie	
Kettle props	chitty bawks, cheeties, chaet-filches	.....	
Key	thraw, cowie, chaet, yaik	.....	
Kill	moolie, moud [3]	.....	
Killed	rachelt	rachelt	
Kill it	moolit it	.....	
Kilt	.....	hinger	
Kindest	cothiest	.....	
King	baurie riah, rajah or gadgi	.....	
Kiss	smug, [4] grib [5]	.....	
Knife	churi, choori, cutlan	choori, cutler	

1 "Are you a *Yerraehan* (Irishman) or a *Sothern* (Protestant)? Do you *ja* (go) to the *dal whudden chaet* (chapel) on the *Beenlightic* (Sunday), or do you *ja* (go) to the *eangrie* (church) on the *Beenlightment* (Sabbath)?" "That's a real nice thing na," said the old tinkler woman who uttered the above. Is the word *Yerrachan* related to *Dubh Eireannaeh* ("a black Irishman") and *Eirionnaich* ("Irish") referred to on pp. 45 and 135 of Vol. I. of Mr D. MacRitchie's *Ancient and Modern Britons?*

2 A *jougl* of *monteelear* is a can of water.

3 I'll *moud* ye, I'll *moolie* ye—I'll kill you.

4 *Smug* (kiss) the *barrie manishi's* (good-looking woman's) *mui* (mouth). *Smug* the *gourie* (kiss the young lassie).

6 Let me *grib* (kiss) yer *mui* (mouth)?

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Knocker	chaet, yaik	.....	
Know	jan [1]	.....	
L			
Lamb	.....	meggar	
Lassie	gourie	.....	
Leeks, and that class of vegetables	.....	hotchets	
Lice	paries	.....	
Licence, pedlar's	stiff	.....	
,, cart	big slangs	.....	
,, pedlar's certificate	wee slangs	.....	
Light	glim	dickman, dickli, glim	
Listen	deek, shannas,[2] pyre it,[3] ogle it [3]	.....	
Little	.....	bin, chico, picannini	
Loaf	habben	.....	
Lodgings	monkery,[4] loudlie, libbitch stallin, shan keir [5]	.....	
Look	ogle, deek,[6] pyre [7]	.....	
M			
Mad	rauge [8]	.....	
Magistrate	riah	.....	
Man	gadgi, cowl, cull	bodachan, gaugie, cowl, cull, glom, glomhach	
Marriage	aukaman	.....	
Marry	akhom [9]	.....	
Matches	spirnies	dickman, blinkins, dicklies, spurnies, spirl, spirli	
Meal	blaw,[10] varro	blaw, varrie	

1 "Do ye *jan* (know), *gadgi* (house-dweller), what a *weed blawkie* is?" "Yes, a teapot." "Then ye *jan* mair nor plenty, and I can tell ye nae mair."

2 *Shannas* (bark)! some one *bingin' aree* (coming this way).

3 A tinkler says *pyre* and *ogle* are the older cant words for look and listen. *Ogle* (listen) the *gadgi mangan* (house-dweller talking).

4 *Deek* (see) if ye can get *stallin* (staying) in a flash *monkery* (lodging-house).

5 A *shan keir* is a bad lodging-house.

6 *Deek* (watch) the *cato* (man) owre the *chaet* (hedge). *Deek* (look) round the corner if ye *deek* (see) anybody coming. *Deek* for my *habben*—go and look for something for my supper.

7 *Pyre* (look) at his *barrie test* (big head).

8 Fair *rauge* (mad) wi' *shannas* (rage).

9 "Are ye *akhomed* (married), or are ye only gaun aboot wi' that wumman?"

10 *Jaw* (put) the *blaw* (meal) in the *blawkie* (pot).

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Meat	habben (food), mas[1] (meat) carnis (flesh	.....	
Metal	mashlam	.....	
,, (old)	aul' grue	.....	
Mild	baurie	.....	
Milk	thood, yerrim[2]	yerrim	
Mind, to	jan	.....	
Minister	barra rye, patteran or patrin[3]	.....	
Money	lour, lowie	dius, jius, duce, lewr, grip, grop, goup, blunt, hog	
Moonlight night	shuker ratti	.....	
Moorfowl	.....	morghee	
Morning	morgen[4]	.....	
Mother	naismort	camir, naismort	
Mountain	.....	graini	
Month	mui, mooey, mun	mun	
Move on	nash avri, jaw drom, ja'ri, ja'vri	.....	
Mutch	howfie, mort's howfie	.....	
Myself	my nesis	.....	
N			
Name	furnish	.....	
Neck	gorget	.....	
Neckerchief	wype	.....	
Needle	.....	carthoun, carthron	
Night	ratti, darkment	darkment, darkie	
No	ruffert	ruffert	
Nose	nabchit, nabchaet	.....	
Nine	.....	nye	
Ninny	cull	cull, hantle	

1 *Shuker mas* (fat meat).

2 I have heard an inhabitant of a remote part of Galloway describing curdled milk as *yerrined* milk, and in an old Scotch poem, "The Broken Bowl," it is so described.

3 Is this word the same as "padrin"—a priest? The minister certainly points out the path for his flock, but the tinklers do not know their "chart" for the road by the name *patteran* or *patrin;* indeed, I have seldom met even a Gypsy who knew the word *patteran.* Tinkler-Gypsies have, however, a similar custom to the Gypsies. Here is a tinkler-Gypsy's description of it:—"Pull a wheen *femmel* (hand) fuls of *faizim* (grass), and lay't at the end o' the *drum* (road) or the cross *drums* (roads), and twirl the ends o't the *lig* (way) the *hurly* (covered cart) went." A tinkler told me if he wanted to stop at the next village, after putting down handfuls of grass as above indicated he wou'd go a little further and put down three or four more handfuls at most; if, however, he intended to go right on through the next village he would put down a number of handfuls indicative of the distance he intended going. "That," he assured me, "is the char o' the —— clan a' the worl' ower."

4 Did you *fek* (tak ony heenship *paplers* and *yerrim* (porridge and milk) in the *morgen* (morning) o ye *habben* (breakfast)?

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
O			
One	yaik	yaik	
Onions	.....	hotchets	
Ourselves	our nesis	.....	
P			
Pail	pingle, pinkie	pingle, pinkie	
Pan (a wee)	skew	.....	
Parsley	.....	green chitris (vegetables of all kinds)	
Peas	hohies	.....	
Peats	glimmer yaiks, mauds	glimmers	
Pedlar's licence	stiff	.....	
Penis	carie	.....	
Penny	wun, wing, hira	hiri, wun, wing	
Pepper	.....	hot chitri	
Person	.....	deasag	
Petticoat	inside toggerie	tog	
Pheasant	wild caunie	.....	
Pig	grumphy "old cant for a pig"	grifi, grumphy, muo;	
Pins	.....	jaglers, prinklers	
Pipe	tchitlow, fluffan-chaet, "aul', aul' cant"	chutshi, stiumer (bag pipe), tutchi pluffan-chaet (tobacco pipe), tutsi	
Pistol	powiskie	.....	
Plantation	baysh	.....	
Plough	grib [1]	.....	
Pocket	swag [2]	.....	
Policeman	catch-gadgi, naiscowies, horny, [3] cleechy, kliesti, poskie, poskay, catch-cowl, catch-cowie	bathoma, theekie, shan gaugie, reeler, horny, vria	
Poorhouse	.....	gruhbin kier	
Porridge	paplers [4]	paplers	
Pot	blawkie, [5] chaet	blawkie, ringan	
Potatoes	moulins [6]	neds, moulins, spuds	
Pot lid	blawkie cowie	.....	

1 *Grib* (plough) the *lennam* (ground). *Grib* is a generic word meaning—plough the ground, hang him, shoot him, throttle him, steal from him; "do any mortal thing you can put into it. It's the main cant word."

2 A pickpocket is a *shan gaugie* (bad man) who would *grib* (ripe) yer *swag* (pockets). He would *jaw* (put) his *femmel* (hand) into yer *toggery* (pockets).

3 "*Bing* (take) the *grye* (horse) *aree* (away), and no' let the *horny* (policeman) b *deekin* (looking) at his *shan tramplers* (sore feet)."

4 *Paplers* and *yerrim* (porridge and milk).

5 *Weed blawkie* is a teapot.

6 *Moulins* and *flattrins* (potatoes and fish).

English.	Gal oway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Pound	rij, flimsy, flaffer, clach [1]	.....	
Prattler	.....	lurin	
Prison	staurdie, quod	.....	
Prostitute	loudnie, wapsi	loudnie	
Protestant	sothern	. ....	
Pudenda	bight	... ..	
Put	jaw (?)	.....	
Q			
Queen	baurie raunie, head mort (woman) o' the city, been manishi,[2] baurie manishi,[3] baurie mort, been raunie	.....	
R			
Rabbit	maccam, merryfeet, misferret	muitis, buntis	
Rags	fechles	.....	
Rat	rattan	raccan	
Red	.....	hi-colour, carni, ruadh	
Rich	been, baurie, baré, barro	.....	
Ring	fanni [4]	.....	
Road	drum, tober, lig	lig, drom	
Rock	bar, clach	bar, craig, clach	
Romp	loudnie	loudnie, shan gonrie	
S			
Sabbath	beenlightment, beenlightie	.....	
Salt	salliment	lon, salliment	
Sand	.....	cretum	
Screen	chaet	.....	
Sea	baurie pauni, monty-clear, barri pani, barrie montyclear	pani, monteclear	
Self	nesis	.....	
Serpent	.....	lupi	
Servant	dill	.....	
Sell	wann er	.....	
Seven	ducc (Irish cant)	sava	
Shawl	morts plashtie, wype	wype	

1 A *clach* (pound) of *rules* (barley) for the *shauch* (broth).

2 "The *been manishi* (good woman, *i.e.*, Queen) in the big *gaave* (town)." "What big *gaave?*" "The big *gaave* (London), in the t'ither *watches* (England)."

3 The present William Marshall calls his better-half the "King," but she says she is only a *baurie manishi!*

4 *Mort's fanni* is a ring on a woman's hand.

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Shears	snips, snypes [1]	sneepers	
Sheep	bakrie, bokra	bakrie, meggat, carey, me, mi, kani	
Shilling	hog	midjik, hog	
Shirt	dreeper (Fifeshire), gawd, kirmush, miltyng	carmush, smeish, miltang (coat), gad	
Shoes	strods	.....	
Shoemaker	strodgribber	.....	
Shoot him	grib him	.	
Shop	kier	chovi	
Shut	cleg, klissen	.....	
Silver	lowie	. . .	
Sit	baish	.....	
Sit down	baish down [2]	.....	
Six	sy	shaya, sigh	
Sky	beenlightment	rimnies, beenlightment	
Sleep	slump	.....	
Smoke, smokin	fluffan	chitshi, chutshi	
Soap	pelt	.....	
Soldier	kliesti, klistie, waglin	.....	
Son	praw	.....	
Sour milk	.....	rodgered yerrim	
Soulder	sother	groder, soister	
Speak	mang	.....	
Spectacles	.....	winklers	
Spoon	tillum, tellum, beefie	tillum	
Springwell	montyclear	beenship montyclear	
Stack	.....	stogi	
Staggered horse	megrin [3]	.....	
Stake	.....	nanwil	
Steed	graisi	..	
Steal	chor, [4] choar, lagged (Irish cant)	....	
Steal from him	grib from him	....	
Stick and staff	kashti, filch, [5] castie [6]	filches (sticks), kashties (fence stobs)	
Stick (good)	banrie kashti, shukar kashti	.....	

1 *Manishi's* (women's) *snypes* (shears) for *gribbin* (cutting) *toggerie* (clothes).

2 *Baish* (sit) down on the *bettiment* (chair).

3 "*A megrin* is a staggered horse, or a *gry* (horse) that would *ja* (fall) on to his *test* (head)."

4 *Chor* a *gaugie* is steal from that man.

5 *Chor filches* is steal sticks.

6 A bit *castie* (stick) for a *glimmer* (fire).

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Stone	bar,[1] clemmie, clach, clack	clach, bar, outliers	
Stockings	olivers	hollofers, holovers	
Stop	stall [2]	.....	
Straw	strammel	strammel	
Street	drom	.....	
Strike	mar [1]	.....	
Sugar	sweetening	meali, mealish, sweetni	
Sunday	beenlightment, beenlightie	.....	
Sunshiny day	shukar davies	.....	
Swearing	sallachan, shan mangs	.....	
Sword	a barrie cutlan	.....	
Swine's flesh	guffie	.....	
Swindle	hing [3]	.....	
T			
Take	bing,[4] feck,[4] faik, fekkan	.....	
Tea	weed, taste	slab, weed	
Teapot	weed, blawkie	.....	
Teeth	dana [5]	.....	
Ten	.....	dec, chace	
Thief	chor	chor, choar	
Thing, a	chaet [6] (a generic word)	.....	
Three	.....		
Threepence	three nyuck (Irish)	tri, three nyuck	
Throttle him	grib him, rachle him, grib his gorget	.....	
Tick	chuck [7]	.....	
Tin	mashlam, yergan	yergan	
Tin cans	mashlam,[8] nawkens' chaetery	.....	
Tin dishes	pinkies	.....	

1 *Mar* (fell) the *gaugie* (man) wi' a *clemmie*, *clach*, or *bar* (stone).

2 *Stall* yer *mangan* is stop your talking.

3 "To *hing* a *gadgi* (house-dweller) is to sell him a horse for £6, pay him £3, and owe him the balance!"

4 *Bing* (take) it oot o' *deekment* sight. *Bing* (throw) it over the *chaet* (hedge). *Feck* (take) a *bar* (stone) and *mar* (fell) the *gadgi* (house-dweller).

5 A *shuker mui* is a good mouth or teeth.

6 *Chaet* o' the *bellíment* is the screen at the mouth of a tent. *Chaet* also stands for a knocker, a bell, a hedge, a pot, and such like; and *chaetry* or *chitri* stands for clothes, boots, firewood, scrap-iron, tin cans, and such like—*e.g.*, aul' *chaetry* (scrap-iron) for *been lowie* (good money); *nawken's chaetry* (tinkler's tin cans).

7 "I'm *jawin* (going) to the *habben keir* (baker's), but I hae nae *lour* (money) for *pennam* (bread), but I'll try to get it on *chuck* (tick)."

8 A *ucal* (dozen) o' *mashlam* (tin cans).

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Tinkler	nawkens, needi (given by a Northumberland tinkler), skillygows [1]	.....	
Tinkler's tools—punches, gimlets	borers, elsins, and jumpers	.....	
Tobacco	fluffan [2]	pluffan, mishi, thowi	
Tongs	glimmer chaets [3]	.....	
Tooth	dant	.....	
Town	gaave, vile	gav, gaff, gaur, vile	
Train	.....	rattler, hurly	
Tramp	sprachers	.....	
Tripods (for kettle)	chitty bawks, chitties	.....	
Tree or fruit tree	casti, kashti, fi'sh	.....	
Trouble	shannas [4]	.....	
Trousers	calshes, screevers	calshes, calisis, calsi, cleaspis, truther, cleashes, breckets	
Two	duce	duce, dius, juce	
Twopence	duce wuns	juce, jnee wuns	
Turnips	noytees	sneeps, runis	
U			
Umbrella	bummie, slums	.....	
Umbrella mender	mush fakir	.....	
Uncle	naiskel's prawl	.....	
V			
Vegetables	.....	green chitris	
Village	vile, gaave [5]	.....	
Village (large)	baurie vile, baurie gaave	.....	
W			
Walk	ja,[6] jaw	.....	
Walking stick	.....	kashtie	
Wand	.....	yaik	
Watch	teckler, yack	lodge, tickler, clocker	

1 A tinkler who had taken up house referred to travelling tinklers as *skillygows*.

2 *Fluffan* (tobacco) for the *tchutli* (pipe).

3 A pair of tongs are a pair of *cowies* (irons) for *gribbin* (catching) the *glimmer* (firewood).

4 "There's *shannas* (tronble) drawing nearder."

5 A *shan gaave* is a bad wee town.

6 *Ja* to *kip* is go to bed. *Jaw* to *chovey* is go to the shop.

English.	Galloway Tinkler-Gypsies.	Perthshire and Argyleshire Tinkler-Gypsies.	This space is left blank for the use of Cant Word Collectors.
Water	pani, montyclear	pani, monteclear, mire	
Waxcloth [1]	waxy, mar'ey (Cumberland tinkler)	... ..	
Wet day	pani deevies, penni devies	.....	
Whip	yaik,[2] chupni	.....	
Whisky	peeve, romani	peeve, piovin	
White	sneepa	.....	
Whore	loudnie	.....	
Wife	mort	.....	
Wife and child	mort and kinchin	.....	
Window	yaik, winkler, blinker, glue	blinkie, winkler, widdera	
Wire	.....	faizin, ratti, mashlam	
Woman	manishi, bewr, blewr	manishi, mort, cailleach, blon, beor, gouric, moirt	
Wood	casti, kashti	casti, kashti, vaysh (a wood)	
Write	grib	screeve	
Y			
Yes	syet	syet	
Young person	.....	gochlin	

1 A tinkler described waxcloth as *toggrie* (floorcloth) for the *keirs* (houses) to *fek* (put) down on the *lennun* (ground).

2 "A *shuker yaik* (good whip) for *paggerin* (lashing) the *grye* (horse); but ye maunna *pagger* (whack) the *grye* (horse), young man." *Yaik* is said by a tinkler to be *kinchin's* (children's) language, and is a generic word meaning a bookcase, a chair, a desk, a knocker, a bell, or a hat-peg, &c.

3 *Grib* yer *furnish* is write your name.

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